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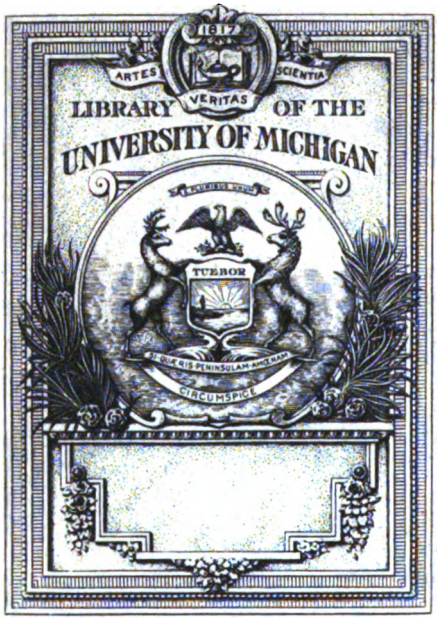

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LORD KAMES

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ELEMENTS

OF

CRITICISM.

THE SEVENTH EDITION,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ELEMENTS

OF

CRITICISM.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

WITH THE

AUTHOR's LAST CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL AND WILLIAM CREECH;
AND FOR T. CADELL, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
LONDON.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

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TO THE

KING.

SIR,

THE Fine Arts have ever been encouraged by wiſe Princes, not ſingly for private amuſement, but for their beneficial influence in ſociety. By uniting different ranks in the ſame elegant pleaſures, they promote benevolence: by cheriſhing love of order, they enforce ſubmiſſion to government: and by inſpiring delicacy of feeling, they make regular government a double bleſſing.

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THESE conſiderations embolden me to hope for your Majeſty's patronage in behalf of the following work, which treats of the Fine Arts, and attempts to form a ſtandard of taſte, by unfolding thoſe principles that ought to govern the taſte of every individual.

IT is rare to find one born with ſuch delicacy of feeling, as not to need inſtruction: it is equally rare to find one ſo low in feeling, as not to be capable of inſtruction. And yet, to refine our taſte with reſpect to beauties of art or of nature, is ſcarce endeavoured in any ſeminary of learning; a lamentable defect, conſidering how early in life taſte is ſuſceptible of culture, and how difficult to reform it if unhappily perverted. To furniſh materials for ſupplying that defect, was an additional motive for the preſent undertaking.

To

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To promote the Fine Arts in Britain, has become of greater importance than is generally imagined. A flouriſhing commerce begets opulence; and opulence, inflaming our appetite for pleaſure, is commonly vented on luxury, and on every ſenſual gratification: Selfiſhneſs rears its head; becomes faſhionable; and, infecting all ranks, extinguiſhes the *amor patriae*, and every ſpark of public ſpirit. To prevent or to retard ſuch fatal corruption, the genius of an Alfred cannot deviſe any means more efficacious, than the venting opulence upon the Fine Arts: riches ſo employed, inſtead of encouraging vice, will excite both public and private virtue. Of this happy effect, ancient Greece furniſhes one ſhining inſtance; and why ſhould we deſpair of another in Britain?

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In the commencement of an auſpicious reign, and even in that early period of life when pleaſure commonly is the ſole purſuit, your Majeſty has uniformly diſplayed to a delighted people, the nobleſt principles, ripened by early culture; and, for that reaſon, you will be the more diſpoſed to favour every rational plan for advancing the art of training up youth. Among the many branches of education, that which tends to make deep impreſſions of virtue, ought to be a fundamental object in a well-regulated government: for depravity of manners will render ineffectual the moſt ſalutary laws; and, in the midſt of opulence, what other means to prevent ſuch depravity but early and virtuous diſcipline? The Britiſh diſcipline is ſuſceptible of great improvements; and, if we can hope for them, it muſt be from a young and accompliſhed Prince, eminently ſenſible of their importance.

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tance. To eſtabliſh a complete ſyſtem of education, ſeems reſerved by Providence for a Sovereign who commands the hearts of his ſubjects. Succeſs will crown the undertaking, and endear GEORGE THE THIRD to our lateſt poſterity.

THE moſt elevated and moſt refined pleaſure of human nature, is enjoyed by a virtuous Prince governing a virtuous people; and that, by perfecting the great ſyſtem of education, your Majeſty may very long enjoy this pleaſure, is the ardent wiſh of

Your Majeſty's

Devoted Subject,

HENRY HOME.

December 1761.

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PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

PRINTING, by multiplying copies at will, affords to writers great opportunity of receiving inſtruction from every quarter. The author of this treatiſe, having always been of opinion that the general taſte is ſeldom wrong, was reſolved from the beginning to ſubmit to it with entire reſignation: its ſevereſt diſapprobation might have incited him to do better, but never to complain. Finding now the judgment of the public to be favourable, ought he not to draw ſatisfaction from it? He would be devoid of ſenſibility were he not greatly ſatisfied. Many criticiſms have indeed reached his ear; but they are candid and benevolent, if not always juſt. Gratitude, therefore, had there been no other motive, muſt have rouſed his utmoſt induſtry,

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duſtry to clear this edition from all the defects of the former, ſo far as ſuggeſted by others, or diſcovered by himſelf. In a work containing many particulars, both new and abſtruſe, it was difficult to expreſs every article with ſufficient perſpicuity; and, after all the pains beſtowed, there remained certain paſſages which are generally thought obſcure. The author, giving an attentive ear to every cenſure of that kind, has, in the preſent edition, renewed his efforts to correct every defect; and he would gladly hope that he has not been altogether unſucceſsful. The truth is, that a writer, who muſt be poſſeſſed of the thought before he can put it into words, is but ill qualified to judge whether the expreſſion be ſufficiently clear to others: in that particular, he cannot avoid the taking on him to judge for the reader, who can much better judge for himſelf.

June 1763.

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INTRODUCTION.

THAT nothing external is perceived till firſt it make an impreſſion upon the organ of ſenſe, is an obſervation that holds equally in every one of the external ſenſes. But there is a difference as to our knowledge of that impreſſion: in touching, taſting, and ſmelling, we are ſenſible of the impreſſion; that, for example, which is made upon the hand by a ſtone, upon the palate by an apricot, and upon the noſtrils by a roſe: it is otherwiſe in ſeeing and hearing; for I am not ſenſible of the impreſſion made upon my eye, when I behold a tree; nor of the impreſſion made upon my ear, when I liſten to a ſong *. That difference in the manner of perceiving external objects, diſtinguiſheth remarkably hearing and ſeeing from the other ſenſes; and I am ready to ſhow, that it diſtinguiſheth ſtill more remarkably the feelings of the former from that of the latter; every feeling, pleaſant or painful, muſt be in the mind; and yet, becauſe in taſting, touching, and ſmelling, we are ſenſible of the impreſſion made upon the organ, we are led to place there alſo the pleaſant or painful feeling

* See the Appendix, § 13.

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cauſed by that impreſſion * ; but, with reſpect to ſeeing and hearing, being inſenſible of the organic impreſſion, we are not miſled to aſſign a wrong place to the pleaſant or painful feelings cauſed by that impreſſion; and therefore we naturally place them in the mind, where they really are: upon that account, they are conceived to be more refined and ſpiritual, than what are derived from taſting, touching, and ſmelling; for the latter feelings, ſeeming to exiſt externally at the organ of ſenſe, are conceived to be merely corporeal.

The pleaſures of the eye and the ear, being thus elevated above thoſe of the other external ſenſes, acquire ſo much dignity as to become a laudable entertainment. They are not, however, ſet on a level with the purely intellectual; being no leſs inferior in dignity to intellectual pleaſures, than ſuperior to the organic or corporeal: they indeed

* After the utmoſt efforts, we find it beyond our power to conceive the flavour of a roſe to exiſt in the mind: we are neceſſarily led to conceive that pleaſure as exiſting in the noſtrils along with the impreſſion made by the roſe upon that organ. And the ſame will be the reſult of experiments with reſpect to every feeling of taſte, touch, and ſmell. Touch affords the moſt ſatisfactory experiments. Were it not that the deluſion is detected by philoſophy, no perſon would heſitate to pronounce, that the pleaſure ariſing from touching a ſmooth, ſoft, and velvet ſurface, has its exiſtence at the ends of the fingers, without once dreaming of its exiſting any where elſe.

reſemble

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reſemble the latter, being, like them, produced by external objects; but they alſo reſemble the former, being, like them, produced without any ſenſible organic impreſſion. Their mixt nature and middle place between organic and intellectual pleaſures, qualify them to aſſociate with both; beauty heightens all the organic feelings, as well as the intellectual: harmony, though it aſpires to inflame devotion, diſdains not to improve the reliſh of a banquet.

The pleaſures of the eye and the ear have other valuable properties beſide thoſe of dignity and elevation: being ſweet and moderately exhilarating, they are in their tone equally diſtant from the turbulence of paſſion, and the languor of indolence; and by that tone are perfectly well qualified, not only to revive the ſpirits when ſunk by ſenſual gratification, but alſo to relax them when overſtrained in any violent purſuit. Here is a remedy provided for many diſtreſſes; and, to be convinced of its ſalutary effects, it will be ſufficient to run over the following particulars. Organic pleaſures have naturally a ſhort duration; when prolonged, they loſe their reliſh; when indulged to exceſs, they beget ſatiety and diſguſt: and, to reſtore a proper tone of mind, nothing can be more happily contrived than the exhilarating pleaſures of the eye and ear. On the other hand, any intenſe exerciſe of intellectual powers, becomes painful by overſtraining the mind: ceſſation from ſuch exerciſe

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gives not inſtant relief; it is neceſſary that the void be filled with ſome amuſement, gently relaxing the ſpirits *: organic pleaſure, which hath no reliſh but while we are in vigour, is ill qualified for that office; but the finer pleaſures of ſenſe, which occupy without exhauſting the mind, are finely qualified to reſtore its uſual tone after ſevere application to ſtudy or buſineſs, as well as after ſatiety from ſenſual gratification.

Our firſt perceptions are of external objects, and our firſt attachments are to them. Organic pleaſures take the lead: but the mind, gradually ripening, reliſheth more and more the pleaſures of the eye and ear; which approach the purely mental, without exhauſting the ſpirits; and exceed the purely ſenſual, without danger of ſatiety. The pleaſures of the eye and ear have accordingly a natural aptitude to draw us from the immoderate gratification of ſenſual appetite; and the mind, once accuſtomed to enjoy a variety of external objects without being ſenſible of the organic impreſſion, is prepared for enjoying internal objects where there cannot be an organic impreſſion. Thus the Author of nature, by qualifying the human mind for a ſucceſſion of enjoyments from low to high, leads it by gentle ſteps from the moſt grovelling corporeal plea-

* Du Bos judiciouſly obſerves, that ſilence doth not tend to calm an agitated mind; but that ſoft and ſlow muſic hath a fine effect.

ſures,

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ſures, for which only it is fitted in the beginning of life, to thoſe refined and ſublime pleaſures that are ſuited to its maturity.

But we are not bound down to this ſucceſſion by any law of neceſſity: the God of nature offers it to us, in order to advance our happineſs; and it is ſufficient, that he hath enabled us to carry it on in a natural courſe. Nor has he made our taſk either diſagreeable or difficult: on the contrary, the tranſition is ſweet and eaſy, from corporeal pleaſures to the more refined pleaſures of ſenſe; and no leſs ſo, from theſe to the exalted pleaſures of morality and religion. We ſtand therefore engaged in honour, as well as intereſt, to ſecond the purpoſes of nature, by cultivating the pleaſures of the eye and ear, thoſe eſpecially that require extraordinary culture *, ſuch as ariſe from poetry, painting, ſculpture, muſic, gardening, and architecture. This eſpecially is the duty of the opulent, who have leiſure to improve their minds and their

* A taſte for natural objects is born with us in perfection; for reliſhing a fine countenance, a rich landſcape, or a vivid colour, culture is unneceſſary. The obſervation holds equally in natural ſounds, ſuch as the ſinging of birds, or the murmuring of a brook. Nature here, the artificer of the object as well as of the percipient, hath accurately ſuited them to each other. But of a poem, a cantata, a picture, or other artificial production, a true reliſh is not commonly attained, without ſome ſtudy and much practice.

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feelings. The fine arts are contrived to give pleaſure to the eye and the ear, diſregarding the inferior ſenſes. A taſte for theſe arts is a plant that grows naturally in many ſoils; but, without culture, ſcarce to perfection in any ſoil: it is ſuſceptible of much refinement; and is, by proper care, greatly improved. In this reſpect, a taſte in the fine arts goes hand in hand with the moral ſenſe, to which indeed it is nearly allied: both of them diſcover what is right and what is wrong: faſhion, temper, and education, have an influence to vitiate both, or to preſerve them pure and untainted: neither of them are arbitrary nor local; being rooted in human nature, and governed by principles common to all men. The deſign of the preſent undertaking, which aſpires not to morality, is, to examine the ſenſitive branch of human nature, to trace the objects that are naturally agreeable, as well as thoſe that are naturally diſagreeable; and by theſe means to diſcover, if we can, what are the genuine principles of the fine arts. The man who aſpires to be a critic in theſe arts muſt pierce ſtill deeper: he muſt acquire a clear perception of what objects are lofty, what low, what proper or improper, what manly, and what mean or trivial. Hence a foundation for reaſoning upon the taſte of any individual, and for paſſing ſentence upon it: where it is conformable to principles, we can pronounce with certainty that it is correct; otherwiſe, that it is incorrect,

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incorrect, and perhaps whimsical. Thus the fine arts, like morals, become a rational science; and, like morals, may be cultivated to a high degree of refinement.

Manifold are the advantages of criticism, when thus studied as a rational science. In the first place, a thorough acquaintance with the principles of the fine arts, redoubles the pleasure we derive from them. To the man who resigns himself to feeling without interposing any judgment, poetry, music, painting, are mere pastime. In the prime of life, indeed, they are delightful, being supported by the force of novelty, and the heat of imagination: but in time they lose their relish; and are generally neglected in the maturity of life, which disposes to more serious and more important occupations. To those who deal in criticism as a regular science, governed by just principles, and giving scope to judgment as well as to fancy, the fine arts are a favourite entertainment; and in old age maintain that relish which they produce in the morning of life *.

In the next place, a philosophic inquiry into the principles of the fine arts, inures the reflecting

* "Though logic may subsist without rhetoric or poetry, yet so necessary to these last is a sound and correct logic, that without it they are no better than warbling trifles." *Hermes, p. 6.*

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mind to the moſt enticing ſort of logic: the practice of reaſoning upon ſubjects ſo agreeable, tends to a habit; and a habit, ſtrengthening the reaſoning faculties, prepares the mind for entering into ſubjects more intricate and abſtract. To have, in that reſpect, a juſt conception of the importance of criticiſm, we need but reflect upon the ordinary method of education; which, after ſome years ſpent in acquiring languages, hurries us, without the leaſt preparatory diſcipline, into the moſt profound philoſophy. A more effectual method to alienate the tender mind from abſtract ſcience, is beyond the reach of invention: and accordingly, with reſpect to ſuch ſpeculations, our youth generally contract a ſort of hobgoblin terror, ſeldom if ever ſubdued. Thoſe who apply to the arts, are trained in a very different manner: they are led, ſtep by ſtep, from the eaſier parts of the operation, to what are more difficult; and are not permitted to make a new motion, till they are perfected in thoſe which go before. Thus the ſcience of criticiſm may be conſidered as a middle link, connecting the different parts of education into a regular chain. This ſcience furniſheth an inviting opportunity to exerciſe the judgment; we delight to reaſon upon ſubjects that are equally pleaſant and familiar: we proceed gradually from the ſimpler to the more involved caſes; and in a due courſe of diſcipline, cuſtom, which improves all our faculties, beſtows acuteneſs on that of reaſon,

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ſon, ſufficient to unravel all the intracies of philoſophy.

Nor ought it to be overlooked, that the reaſonings employed on the fine arts are of the ſame kind with thoſe which regulate our conduct. Mathematical and metaphyſical reaſonings have no tendency to improve our knowledge of man; nor are they applicable to the common affairs of life: but a juſt taſte of the fine arts, derived from rational principles, furniſhes elegant ſubjects for converſation, and prepares us for acting in the ſocial ſtate with dignity and propriety.

The ſcience of rational criticiſm tends to improve the heart no leſs than the underſtanding. It tends, in the firſt place, to moderate the ſelfiſh affections: by ſweetening and harmonizing the temper, it is a ſtrong antidote to the turbulence of paſſion, and violence of purſuit: it procures to a man ſo much mental enjoyment, that, in order to be occupied, he is not tempted to deliver up his youth to hunting, gaming, drinking*; nor his middle age to ambition; nor his old age to avarice. Pride and envy, two diſguſtful paſſions, find in the conſtitution no enemy more formidable than a delicate and diſcerning taſte:

* If any youth of a ſplendid fortune and Engliſh education ſtumble perchance upon this book and this paſſage, he will pronounce the latter to be empty declamation. But if he can be prevailed upon to make the experiment, he will find, much to his ſatisfaction, every article well founded.

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the man upon whom nature and culture have beſtowed this bleſſing, delights in the virtuous diſpoſitions and actions of others: he loves to cheriſh them, and to publiſh them to the world: faults and failings, it is true, are to him no leſs obvious; but theſe he avoids, or removes out of ſight, becauſe they give him pain. On the other hand, a man void of taſte, upon whom even ſtriking beauties make but a faint impreſſion, indulges pride or envy without controul, and loves to brood over errors and blemiſhes. In a word, there are other paſſions, that, upon occaſion, may diſturb the peace of ſociety more than thoſe mentioned; but not another paſſion is ſo unwearied an antagoniſt to the ſweets of ſocial intercourſe: pride and envy put a man perpetually in oppoſition to others; and diſpoſe him to reliſh bad more than good qualities, even in a companion. How different that diſpoſition of mind, where every virtue in a companion or neighbour is, by refinement of taſte, ſet in its ſtrongeſt light; and defects or blemiſhes, natural to all, are ſuppreſſed, or kept out of view!

In the next place, delicacy of taſte tends no leſs to invigorate the ſocial affections, than to moderate thoſe that are ſelfiſh. To be convinced of that tendency, we need only reflect, that delicacy of taſte neceſſarily heightens our feeling of pain and pleaſure; and of courſe our ſympathy, which is the capital branch of every ſocial paſſion.

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ſion. Sympathy invites a communication of joys and ſorrows, hopes and fears: ſuch exerciſe, ſoothing and ſatisfactory in itſelf, is neceſſarily productive of mutual good-will and affection.

One other advantage of rational criticiſm is reſerved to the laſt place, being of all the moſt important; which is, that it is a great ſupport to morality. I inſiſt on it with entire ſatisfaction, that no occupation attaches a man more to his duty, than that of cultivating a taſte in the fine arts: a juſt reliſh of what is beautiful, proper, elegant, and ornamental, in writing or painting, in architecture or gardening, is a fine preparation for the ſame juſt reliſh of theſe qualities in character and behaviour. To the man who has acquired a taſte ſo acute and accompliſhed, every action wrong or improper muſt be highly diſguſtful: if, in any inſtance, the overbearing power of paſſion ſway him from his duty, he returns to it with redoubled reſolution never to be ſwayed a ſecond time: he has now an additional motive to virtue, a conviction derived from experience, that happineſs depends on regularity and order, and that diſregard to juſtice or propriety never fails to be puniſhed with ſhame and remorſe *.

Rude

* Genius is allied to a warm and inflammable conſtitution, delicacy of taſte to calmneſs and ſedateneſs. Hence it is common to find genius in one who is a prey to every paſſion; but ſeldom delicacy of taſte. Upon a man poſſeſſed

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Rude ages exhibit the triumph of authority over reaſon: Philoſophers anciently were divided into ſects, being Epicureans, Platoniſts, Stoics, Pythagoreans, or Sceptics: the ſpeculative relied no farther on their own judgement but to chuſe a leader, whom they implicitly followed. In later times, happily, reaſon hath obtained the aſcendant: men now aſſert their native privilege of thinking for themſelves; and diſdain to be ranked in any ſect, whatever be the ſcience. I am forced to except criticiſm, which, by what fatality I know not, continues to be no leſs ſlaviſh in its principles, nor leſs ſubmiſſive to authority, than it was originally. Boſſu, a celebrated French critic, gives many rules; but can diſcover no better foundation for any of them, than the practice merely of Homer and Virgil, ſupported by the authority of Ariſtotle: Strange! that in ſo long a work, he ſhould never once have ſtumbled upon the queſtion, Whether, and how far, do theſe rules agree with human nature. It could not ſurely be his opinion, that theſe poets, however eminent for genius, were entitled to give law to mankind; and that nothing now remains, but blind obedience to their arbitrary will: if in writing they followed no

ſeſſed of that bleſſing, the moral duties, no leſs than the fine arts, make a deep impreſſion, and counterbalance every irregular deſire: at the ſame time, a temper calm and ſedate is not eaſily moved, even by a ſtrong temptation.

rule,

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rule, why ſhould they be imitated? If they ſtudied nature, and were obſequious to rational principles, why ſhould theſe be concealed from us?

With reſpect to the preſent undertaking, it is not the author's intention to compoſe a regular treatiſe upon each of the fine arts; but only, in general, to exhibit their fundamental principles, drawn from human nature, the true ſource of criticiſm. The fine arts are intended to entertain us, by making pleaſant impreſſions; and, by that circumſtance, are diſtinguiſhed from the uſeful arts: but, in order to make pleaſant impreſſions, we ought, as above hinted, to know what objects are naturally agreeable, and what naturally diſagreeable. That ſubject is here attempted, as far as neceſſary for unfolding the genuine principles of the fine arts; and the author aſſumes no merit from his performance, but that of evincing, perhaps more diſtinctly than hitherto has been done, that theſe principles, as well as every juſt rule of criticiſm, are founded upon the ſenſitive part of our nature. What the author hath diſcovered or collected upon that ſubject, he chooſes to impart in the gay and agreeable form of criticiſm; imagining that this form will be more reliſhed, and perhaps be no leſs inſtructive, than a regular and laboured diſquiſition. His plan is, to aſcend gradually to principles, from facts and experiments; inſtead of beginning with the former, handled abſtractedly, and

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and deſcending to the latter. But, though criticiſm is thus his only declared aim, he will not diſown, that all along it has been his view, to explain the nature of man, conſidered as a ſenſitive being capable of pleaſure and pain: and, though he flatters himſelf with having made ſome progreſs in that important ſcience, he is, however, too ſenſible of its extent and difficulty, to undertake it profeſſedly, or to avow it as the chief purpoſe of the preſent work.

To cenſure works, not men, is the juſt prerogative of criticiſm; and accordingly all perſonal cenſure is here avoided, unleſs where neceſſary to illuſtrate ſome general propoſition. No praiſe is claimed on that account; becauſe cenſuring with a view merely to find fault, cannot be entertaining to any perſon of humanity. Writers, one ſhould imagine, ought, above all others, to be reſerved on that article, when they lie ſo open to retaliation. The author of this treatiſe, far from being confident of meriting no cenſure, entertains not even the ſlighteſt hope of ſuch perfection. Amuſement was at firſt the ſole aim of his inquiries: proceeding from one particular to another, the ſubject grew under his hand; and he was far advanced before the thought ſtruck him, that his private meditations might be publicly uſeful. In public, however, he would not appear in a ſlovenly dreſs; and therefore he pretends not otherwiſe to apologiſe for his

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his errors, than by obſerving, that in a new ſubject, no leſs nice than extenſive, errors are in ſome meaſure unavoidable. Neither pretends he to juſtify his taſte in every particular: that point muſt be extremely clear, which admits not variety of opinion; and in ſome matters ſuſceptible of great refinement, time is perhaps the only infallible touchſtone of taſte: to that he appeals, and to that he chearfully ſubmits.

N. B. THE ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM, meaning the whole, is a title too aſſuming for this work. A number of theſe elements or principles are here unfolded: but, as the author is far from imagining that he has completed the liſt, a more humble title is proper, ſuch as may expreſs any number of parts leſs than the whole. This he thinks is ſignified by the title he has choſen, viz. ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM.

ELEMENTS

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ELEMENTS

OF

CRITICISM:

CHAPTER I.

PERCEPTIONS AND IDEAS IN A TRAIN.

A MAN, while awake, is conſcious of a continued train of perceptions and ideas paſſing in his mind. It requires no activity on his part to carry on the train: nor can he at will add any idea to the train *. At the ſame time, we learn from daily experi-

* For how ſhould this be done? what idea is it that we are to add? If we can ſpecify the idea, that idea is already in the mind, and there is no occaſion for any act of the will. If we cannot ſpecify any idea, I next demand, how can a perſon will, or to what purpoſe, if there be nothing in view? We cannot form a conception of ſuch a thing. If this argument need confirmation, I urge experience: whoever makes a trial will find, that ideas are linked together in the mind, forming a connected chain; and that we have not the command of any idea independent of the chain.

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ence, that the train of our thoughts is not regulated by chance: and if it depend not upon will, nor upon chance, by what law is it governed? The queſtion is of importance in the ſcience of human nature; and I promiſe before hand, that it will be found of great importance in the fine arts.

It appears, that the relations by which things are linked together, have a great influence in directing the train of thought. Taking a view of external objects, their inherent properties are not more remarkable, than the various relations that connect them together: Cauſe and effect, contiguity in time or in place, high and low, prior and poſterior, reſemblance, contraſt, and a thouſand other relations, connect things together without end. Not a ſingle thing appears ſolitary and altogether devoid of connection; the only difference is, that ſome are intimately connected, ſome more ſlightly; ſome near, ſome at a diſtance.

Experience will ſatisfy us of what reaſon makes probable, that the train of our thoughts is in a great meaſure regulated by the foregoing relations: an external object is no ſooner preſented to us in idea, than it ſuggeſts to the mind other objects to which it is related; and in that manner is a train of thoughts compoſed. Such is the law of ſucceſſion; which muſt be natural, becauſe it governs all human beings. The law, however, ſeems not to be inviolable: it ſometimes happens that an idea ariſes in the mind, without

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without any perceived connection; as, for example, after a profound ſleep.

But, though we cannot add to the train an unconnected idea, yet in a meaſure we can attend to ſome ideas, and diſmiſs others. There are few things but what are connected with many others; and, when a thing thus connected becomes a ſubject of thought, it commonly ſuggeſts many of its connections: among theſe a choice is afforded; we can inſiſt upon one, rejecting others; and ſometimes we inſiſt on what is commonly held the ſlighter connection. Where ideas are left to their natural courſe, they are continued through the ſtricteſt connections: the mind extends its view to a ſon more readily than to a ſervant; and more readily to a neighbour than to one living at a diſtance. This order, as obſerved, may be varied by will, but ſtill within the limits of related objects; for though we can vary the order of a natural train, we cannot diſſolve the train altogether, by carrying on our thoughts in a looſe manner without any connection. So far doth our power extend; and that power is ſufficient for all uſeful purpoſes: to have more power, would probably be hurtful, inſtead of being ſalutary.

Will is not the only cauſe that prevents a train of thought from being continued through the ſtricteſt connections: much depends on the preſent tone of mind: for a ſubject that accords with that tone is always welcome. Thus, in good

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ſpirits, a chearful ſubject will be introduced by the ſlighteſt connection; and one that is melancholy, no leſs readily in low ſpirits: an intereſting ſubject is recalled, from time to time, by any connection indifferently, ſtrong or weak; which is finely touched by Shakeſpear, with relation to a rich cargo at ſea:

> My wind, cooling my broth,
> Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
> What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
> I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
> But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
> And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
> Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
> To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
> And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
> And not bethink me ſtrait of dangerous rocks?
> Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
> Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
> Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
> And, in a word, but now worth this,
> And now worth nothing.
>
> *Merchant of Venice, act* 1. *ſc.* 1.

Another cauſe clearly diſtinguiſhable from that now mentioned, hath alſo a conſiderable influence to vary the natural train of ideas; which is, that, in the minds of ſome perſons, thoughts and circumſtances crowd upon each other by the ſlighteſt connections. I aſcribe this to a bluntneſs in the diſcerning faculty; for a perſon who cannot accurately diſtinguiſh between

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tween a ſlight connection and one that is more intimate, is equally affected by each: ſuch a perſon muſt neceſſarily have a great flow of ideas, becauſe they are introduced by any relation indifferently; and the ſlighter relations, being without number, furniſh ideas without end. This doctrine is, in a lively manner, illuſtrated by Shakeſpear.

Falſtaff. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſteſs. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf and thy money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt-goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging man of Windſor, thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not Goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound. And didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny it if thou canſt? *Second Part, Henry IV. act* 2. *ſc.* 2.

On the other hand, a man of accurate judgment cannot have a great flow of ideas; becauſe the

the slighter relations, making no figure in his mind, have no power to introduce ideas. And hence it is, that accurate judgment is not friendly to declamation or copious eloquence. This reasoning is confirmed by experience; for it is a noted observation, That a great or comprehensive memory is seldom connected with a good judgment.

As an additional confirmation, I appeal to another noted observation, That wit and judgment are seldom united. Wit consists chiefly in joining things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected: such relations, being of the slightest kind, readily occur to those only who make every relation equally welcome. Wit, upon that account, is in a good measure incompatible with solid judgment; which, neglecting trivial relations, adheres to what are substantial and permanent. Thus memory and wit are often conjoined: solid judgment seldom with either.

Every man who attends to his own ideas, will discover order as well as connection in their succession. There is implanted in the breast of every man a principle of order, which governs the arrangement of his perceptions, of his ideas, and of his actions. With regard to perceptions, I observe that, in things of equal rank, such as sheep in a fold, or trees in a wood, it must be indifferent in what order they be surveyed. But, in things of unequal rank, our tendency is, to view

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view the principal ſubject before we deſcend to its acceſſories or ornaments, and the ſuperior before the inferior or dependent; we are equally averſe to enter into a minute conſideration of conſtituent parts, till the thing be firſt ſurveyed as a whole. It need ſcarce be added, that our ideas are governed by the ſame principle; and that, in thinking or reflecting upon a number of objects, we naturally follow the ſame order as when we actually ſurvey them.

The principle of order is conſpicuous with reſpect to natural operations; for it always directs our ideas in the order of nature: thinking upon a body in motion, we follow its natural courſe; the mind falls with a heavy body, deſcends with a river, and aſcends with flame and ſmoke: in tracing out a family, we incline to begin at the founder, and to deſcend gradually to his lateſt poſterity; on the contrary, muſing on a lofty oak, we begin at the trunk, and mount from it to the branches: as to hiſtorical facts, we love to proceed in the order of time; or, which comes to the ſame, to proceed along the chain of cauſes and effects.

But tho', in following out an hiſtorical chain, our bent is to proceed orderly from cauſes to their effects, we find not the ſame bent in matters of ſcience: there we ſeem rather diſpoſed to proceed from effects to their cauſes, and from particular propoſitions to thoſe which are more general. Why this difference in matters that appear ſo

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nearly related? I anſwer, The caſes are ſimilar in appearance only, not in reality. In an hiſtorical chain, every event is particular, the effect of ſome former event, and the cauſe of others that follow: in ſuch a chain, there is nothing to bias the mind from the order of nature. Widely different is ſcience, when we endeavour to trace out cauſes and their effects: many experiments are commonly reduced under one cauſe; and again, many of theſe cauſes under one ſtill more general and comprehenſive: in our progreſs from particular effects to general cauſes, and from particular propoſitions to the more comprehenſive, we feel a gradual dilatation or expanſion of mind, like what is felt in an aſcending ſeries, which is extremely pleaſing: the pleaſure here exceeds what ariſes from following the courſe of nature; and it is that pleaſure which regulates our train of thought in the caſe now mentioned, and in others that are ſimilar. Theſe obſervations, by the way, furniſh materials for inſtituting a compariſon between the ſynthetic and analytic methods of reaſoning: the ſynthetic method, deſcending regularly from principles to their conſequences, is more agreeable to the ſtrictneſs of order; but in following the oppoſite courſe in the analytic method, we have a ſenſible pleaſure, like mounting upward, which is not felt in the other: the analytic method is more agreeable to the imagination; the other method will be preferred by thoſe only who with rigidity adhere

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here to order, and give no indulgence to natural emotions *.

It now appears that we are framed by nature to reliſh order and connection. When an object is introduced by a proper connection, we are conſcious of a certain pleaſure ariſing from that circumſtance. Among objects of equal rank, the pleaſure is proportioned to the degree of connection: but among unequal objects, where we require a certain order, the pleaſure ariſes chiefly from an orderly arrangement; of which one is ſenſible, in tracing objects contrary to the courſe of nature, or contrary to our ſenſe of order: the mind proceeds with alacrity down a flowing river, and with the ſame alacrity from a whole to its parts, or from a principal to its acceſſories; but in the contrary direction, it is ſenſible of a ſort of retrograde motion, which is unpleaſant. And here may be remarked the great influence of order upon the mind of man: grandeur, which makes a deep impreſſion, inclines us, in running over any ſeries, to proceed from ſmall to great, rather than from great to ſmall; but order prevails over that tendency, and affords pleaſure as well as facility in paſſing from a whole to its parts, and from a ſubject to its ornaments, which are not felt in the oppoſite courſe. Elevation touches the mind no leſs

* A train of perceptions or ideas, with reſpect to its uniformity and variety, is handled afterwards, chap. 9.

than

than grandeur doth; and in raiſing the mind to elevated objects, there is a ſenſible pleaſure: the courſe of nature, however, hath ſtill a greater influence than elevation; and therefore, the pleaſure of falling with rain, and deſcending gradually with a river, prevails over that of mounting upward. But where the courſe of nature is joined with elevation, the effect muſt be delightful: and hence the ſingular beauty of ſmoke aſcending in a calm morning.

I am extremely ſenſible of the diſguſt men generally have to abſtract ſpeculation; and I would avoid it altogether, if it could be done in a work that profeſſes to draw the rules of criticiſm from human nature, their true ſource. We have but a ſingle choice, which is, to continue a little longer in the ſame train, or to abandon the undertaking altogether. Candour obliges me to notify this to my readers, that ſuch of them as have an invincible averſion to abſtract ſpeculation, may ſtop ſhort here; for till principles be unfolded, I can promiſe no entertainment to thoſe who ſhun thinking. But I flatter myſelf with a different bent in the generality of readers: ſome few, I imagine, will reliſh the abſtract part for its own ſake; and many for the uſeful purpoſes to which it may be applied. For encouraging the latter to proceed with alacrity, I aſſure them beforehand, that the foregoing ſpeculation leads to many important rules of criticiſm, which ſhall be

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be unfolded in the courſe of this work. In the mean time, for inſtant ſatisfaction in part, they will be pleaſed to accept the following ſpecimen.

Every work of art that is conformable to the natural courſe of our ideas, is ſo far agreeable; and every work of art that reverſes that courſe, is ſo far diſagreeable. Hence it is required in every ſuch work, that, like an organic ſyſtem, its parts be orderly arranged and mutually connected, bearing each of them a relation to the whole, ſome more intimate, ſome leſs, according to their deſtination: when due regard is had to theſe particulars, we have a ſenſe of juſt compoſition, and ſo far are pleaſed with the performance. Homer is defective in order and connection; and Pindar more remarkably. Regularity, order, and connection, are painful reſtraints on a bold and fertile imagination; and are not patiently ſubmitted to, but after much culture and diſcipline. In Horace there is no fault more eminent than want of connection: inſtances are without number. In the firſt fourteen lines of ode 7. lib. 1. he mentions ſeveral towns and diſtricts, more to the taſte of ſome than of others: in the remainder of the ode, Plancus is exhorted to drown his cares in wine. Having narrowly eſcaped death by the fall of a tree, this poet * takes occaſion to obſerve juſtly, that while we

* Lib. 2. ode 13.

guard

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guard againſt ſome dangers, we are expoſed to others we cannot foreſee: he ends with diſplaying the power of muſic. The parts of ode 16. lib. 2. are ſo looſely connected as to disfigure a poem otherwiſe extremely beautiful. The 1ſt, 2d, 3d, 4th, 11th, 24th, 27th odes of the 3d book, lie open all of them to the ſame cenſure. The firſt ſatire, book 1. is ſo deformed by want of connection, as upon the whole to be ſcarce agreeable: it commences with an important queſtion, How it happens that people, though much ſatisfied with themſelves, are ſeldom ſo with their rank or condition. After illuſtrating the obſervation in a ſprightly manner by ſeveral examples, the author, forgetting his ſubject, enters upon a declamation againſt avarice, which he purſues till the line 108. there he makes an apology for wandering, and promiſes to return to his ſubject; but avarice having got poſſeſſion of his mind, he follows out that theme to the end, and never returns to the queſtion propoſed in the beginning.

Of Virgil's Georgics, tho' eſteemed the moſt complete work of that author, the parts are ill connected, and the tranſitions far from being ſweet and eaſy. In the firſt book * he deviates from his ſubject to give a deſcription of the five zones: the want of connection here, as well as in the deſcription of the prodigies that accompa-

* Lin. 231.

nied

nied the death of Cæſar, are ſcarce pardonable. A digreſſion on the praiſes of Italy in the ſecond book *, is not more happily introduced: and in the midſt of a declamation upon the pleaſures of huſbandry, which makes part of the ſame book †, the author introduces himſelf into the poem without the ſlighteſt connection. In the Lutrin, the Goddeſs of Diſcord is introduced without any connection: ſhe is of no conſequence in the poem; and acts no part except that of laviſhing praiſe upon Lewis the Fourteenth. The two prefaces of Salluſt look as if by ſome blunder they had been prefixed to his two hiſtories; they will ſuit any other hiſtory as well, or any ſubject as well as hiſtory. Even the members of theſe prefaces are but looſely connected: they look more like a number of maxims or obſervations than a connected diſcourſe.

An epiſode in a narrative poem, being in effect an acceſſory, demands not that ſtrict union with the principal ſubject, which is requiſite between a whole and its conſtituent parts: it demands, however, a degree of union, ſuch as ought to ſubſiſt between a principal and acceſſory; and therefore will not be graceful if it be looſely connected with the principal ſubject. I give for an example the deſcent of Æneas into hell, which employs the ſixth book of the Æneid: the reader is not prepared for that important event: no

* Lin. 136. † Lin 475.

cauſe

cauſe is aſſigned that can make it appear neceſſary, or even natural, to ſuſpend for ſo long a time the principal action in its moſt intereſting period: the poet can find no pretext for an adventure ſo extraordinary, but the hero's longing to viſit the ghoſt of his father recently dead: in the mean time the ſtory is interrupted, and the reader loſes his ardour. Pity it is that an epiſode ſo extremely beautiful, were not more happily introduced. I muſt obſerve at the ſame time, that full juſtice is done to this incident, by conſidering it to be an epiſode; for if it be a conſtituent part of the principal action, the connection ought to be ſtill more intimate. The ſame objection lies againſt that elaborate deſcription of Fame in the Æneid *: any other book of that heroic poem, or of any heroic poem, has as good a title to that deſcription as the book where it is placed.

In a natural landſcape we every day perceive a multitude of objects connected by contiguity ſolely; which is not unpleaſant, becauſe objects of ſight make an impreſſion ſo lively, as that a relation even of the ſlighteſt kind is reliſhed. This however ought not to be imitated in deſcription: words are ſo far ſhort of the eye in livelineſs of impreſſion, that in a deſcription connection ought to be carefully ſtudied; for new objects introduced in deſcription are made more

* Lib. 4. lin. 173.

or

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or leſs welcome in proportion to the degree of their connection with the principal ſubject. In the following paſſage, different things are brought together without the ſlighteſt connection, if it be not what may be called verbal, *i. e.* taking the ſame word in different meanings.

Surgamus: ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra.
Juniperi gravis umbra: nocent et frugibus umbræ.
Ite domum ſaturae, venit Heſperus, ite capellæ.
Virg. Buc. x. 75.

The introduction of an object metaphorically or figuratively, will not juſtify the introduction of it in its natural appearance: a relation ſo ſlight can never be reliſhed:

Diſtruſt in lovers is too warm a ſun;
But yet 'tis night in love when that is gone.
And in thoſe climes which moſt his ſorching know,
He makes the nobleſt fruits and metals grow.
Part 2. *Conqueſt of Granada, act* 3.

The relations among objects have a conſiderable influence in the gratification of our paſſions, and even in their production. But that ſubject is reſerved to be treated in the chapter of emotions and paſſions *.

There is not perhaps another inſtance of a building ſo great erected upon a foundation ſo

* Chap. 2. part 1. ſect. 4.

ſlight

ſlight in appearance, as the relations of objects and their arrangement. Relations make no capital figure in the mind, the bulk of them being tranſitory, and ſome extremely trivial: they are, however, the links that, by uniting our perceptions into one connected chain, produce connection of action, becauſe perception and action have an intimate correſpondence. But it is not ſufficient for the conduct of life, that our actions be linked together, however intimately: it is beſide neceſſary that they proceed in a certain order; and this alſo is provided for by an original propenſity. Thus order and connection, while they admit ſufficient variety, introduce a method in the management of affairs: without them our conduct would be fluctuating and deſultory; and we ſhould be hurried from thought to thought, and from action to action, entirely at the mercy of chance.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

OF all the feelings raiſed in us by external objects, thoſe only of the eye and the ear are honoured with the name of *paſſion* or *emotion*: the moſt pleaſing feelings of taſte, or touch, or ſmell, aſpire not to that honour. From this obſervation appears the connection of emotions and paſſions with the fine arts, which, as obſerved in the introduction, are all of them calculated to give pleaſure to the eye or the ear; never once condeſcending to gratify any of the inferior ſenſes. The deſign accordingly of this chapter is to delineate that connection, with the view chiefly to aſcertain what power the fine arts have to raiſe emotions and paſſions. To thoſe who would excel in the fine arts, that branch of knowledge is indiſpenſible; for without it the critic, as well as the undertaker, ignorant of any rule, have nothing left but to abandon themſelves to chance. Deſtitute of that branch of knowledge, in vain will either pretend to foretell what effect his work will have upon the heart.

The principles of the fine arts, appear in this view to open a direct avenue to the heart of man.

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The inquiſitive mind beginning with criticiſm, the moſt agreeable of all amuſements, and finding no obſtruction in its progreſs, advances far into the ſenſitive part of our nature; and gains imperceptibly a thorough knowledge of the human heart, of its deſires, and of every motive to action; a ſcience, which of all that can be reached by man, is to him of the greateſt importance.

Upon a ſubject ſo comprehenſive, all that can be expected in this chapter, is a general or ſlight ſurvey: and to ſhorten that ſurvey, I propoſe to handle ſeparately ſome emotions more peculiarly connected with the fine arts. Even after that circumſcription, ſo much matter comes under the preſent chapter, that, to avoid confuſion, I find it neceſſary to divide it into many parts: and tho' the firſt of theſe is confined to ſuch cauſes of emotion or paſſion as are the moſt common and the moſt general; yet upon examination I find this ſingle part ſo extenſive, as to require a ſubdiviſion into ſeveral ſections. Human nature is a complicate machine, and is unavoidably ſo in order to anſwer its various purpoſes. The public indeed have been entertained with many ſyſtems of human nature that flatter the mind by their ſimplicity: according to ſome writers, man is entirely a ſelfiſh being; according to others, univerſal benevolence is his duty: one founds morality upon ſympathy ſolely, and one upon utility. If any of theſe ſyſtems were copied from nature, the

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the preſent ſubject might be ſoon diſcuſſed. But the variety of nature is not ſo eaſily reached: and for confuting ſuch Utopian ſyſtems without the fatigue of reaſoning, it appears the beſt method to take a ſurvey of human nature, and to ſet before the eye, plainly and candidly, facts as they really exiſt.

PART I.

Cauſes unfolded of the Emotions and Paſſions.

SECT. I.

Difference between Emotion and Paſſion.—— Cauſes that are the moſt common and the moſt general.——Paſſion conſidered as productive of Action.

THESE branches are ſo interwoven, that they cannot be handled ſeparately. It is a fact univerſally admitted, that no emotion or paſſion ever ſtarts up in the mind without a cauſe: if I love a perſon, it is for good qualities or good offices: if I have reſentment againſt a man, it muſt be for ſome injury he has done me: and I cannot pity any one who is under no diſtreſs of body nor of mind.

The circumſtances now mentioned, if they raiſe an emotion or paſſion, cannot be entirely indifferent;

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ent; for if ſo, they could not make any impreſſion. And we find upon examination, that they are not indifferent: looking back upon the foregoing examples, the good qualities or good offices that attract my love, are antecedently agreeable: if an injury did not give uneaſineſs, it would not occaſion reſentment againſt the author: nor would the paſſion of pity be raiſed by an object in diſtreſs, if that object did not give pain.

What is now ſaid about the production of emotion or paſſion, reſolves into a very ſimple propoſition, That we love what is agreeable, and hate what is diſagreeable. And indeed it is evident, that a thing muſt be agreeable or diſagreeable, before it can be the object either of love or of hatred.

This ſhort hint about the cauſes of paſſion and emotion, leads to a more extenſive view of the ſubject. Such is our nature, that upon perceiving certain external objects, we are inſtantaneouſly conſcious of pleaſure or pain: a gently-flowing river, a ſmooth extended plain, a ſpreading oak, a towering hill, are objects of ſight that raiſe pleaſant emotions: a barren heath, a dirty marſh, a rotten carcaſe, raiſe painful emotions. Of the emotions thus produced, we inquire for no other cauſe but merely the preſence of the object.

The things now mentioned, raiſe emotions by means of their properties and qualities: to the emotion raiſed by a large river, its ſize, its force, and

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and its fluency, contributes each a ſhare: the regularity, propriety, and convenience, of a fine building, contribute each to the emotion raiſed by the building.

If external properties be agreeable, we have reaſon to expect the ſame from thoſe which are internal; and accordingly power, diſcernment, wit, mildneſs, ſympathy, courage, benevolence, are agreeable in a high degree: upon perceiving theſe qualities in others, we inſtantaneouſly feel pleaſant emotions, without the ſlighteſt act of reflection, or of attention to conſequences. It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that certain qualities oppoſite to the former, ſuch as dulneſs, peeviſhneſs, inhumanity, cowardice, occaſion in the ſame manner painful emotions.

Senſible beings affect us remarkably by their actions. Some actions raiſe pleaſant emotions in the ſpectator, without the leaſt reflection; ſuch as graceful motion, and genteel behaviour. But as *intention*, a capital circumſtance in human actions, is not viſible, it requires reflection to diſcover their true character: I ſee one delivering a purſe of money to another, but I can make nothing of that action, till I learn with what intention the money is given: if it be given to diſcharge a debt, the action pleaſes me in a ſlight degree; if it be a grateful return, I feel a ſtronger emotion; and the pleaſant emotion riſes to a great height, when it is the intention of the gi-

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ver to relieve a virtuous family from want. Thus actions are qualified by intention: but they are not qualified by the event; for an action well intended gives pleaſure, whatever the event be. Further, human actions are perceived to be *right* or *wrong*; and that perception qualifies the pleaſure or pain that reſults from them *.

Emotions

* In tracing our emotions and paſſions to their origin, my firſt thought was, that qualities and actions are the primary cauſes of emotions; and that theſe emotions are afterward expanded upon the being to which theſe qualities and actions belong. But I am now convinced that this opinion is erroneous. An attribute is not, even in imagination, ſeparable from the being to which it belongs; and, for that reaſon, cannot of itſelf be the cauſe of any emotion. We have, it is true, no knowledge of any being or ſubſtance but by means of its attributes; and therefore no being can be agreeable to us otherwiſe than by their means. But ſtill, when an emotion is raiſed, it is the being itſelf, as we apprehend the matter, that raiſes the emotion; and it raiſes it by means of one or other of its attributes. If it be urged, That we can in idea abſtract a quality from the thing to which it belongs; it might be anſwered, That ſuch abſtraction may ſerve the purpoſes of reaſoning, but is too faint to produce any ſort of emotion. But it is ſufficient for the preſent purpoſe to anſwer, That the eye never abſtracts: by that organ we perceive things as they really exiſt, and never perceive a quality as ſeparated from the ſubject. Hence it muſt be evident, that emotions are raiſed, not by qualities abſtractly conſidered, but by the ſubſtance or

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Emotions are raiſed in us, not only by the qualities and actions of others, but alſo by their feelings: I cannot behold a man in diſtreſs, without partaking of his pain; nor in joy, without partaking of his pleaſure.

The beings or things above deſcribed, occaſion emotions in us, not only in the original ſurvey, but alſo when recalled to the memory in idea: a field laid out with taſte, is pleaſant in the recollection, as well as when under our eye: a generous action deſcribed in words or colours, occaſions a ſenſible emotion, as well as when we ſee it performed; and when we reflect upon the diſtreſs of any perſon, our pain is of the ſame kind with what we felt when eye-witneſſes. In a word, an agreeable or diſagreeable object recalled to the mind in idea, is the occaſion of a pleaſant or painful emotion, of the ſame kind with that produced when the object was preſent: the only difference is, that an idea being fainter than an original perception, the pleaſure

or body ſo and ſo qualified. Thus, a ſpreading oak raiſes a pleaſant emotion, by means of its colour, figure, umbrage, &c.: it is not the colour, ſtrictly ſpeaking, that produces the emotion, but the tree coloured: it is not the figure abſtractly conſidered that produces the emotion, but the tree of a certain figure. And hence, by the way, it appears, that the beauty of ſuch an object is complex, reſolvable into ſeveral beauties more ſimple.

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or pain produced by the former, is proportionably fainter than that produced by the latter.

Having explained the nature of an emotion, and mentioned ſeveral cauſes by which it is produced, we proceed to an obſervation of conſiderable importance in the ſcience of human nature, which is, That deſire follows ſome emotions, and not others. The emotions raiſed by a beautiful garden, a magnificent building, or a number of fine faces in a crowded aſſembly, is ſeldom accompanied with deſire. Other emotions are accompanied with deſire; emotions, for example, raiſed by human actions and qualities: a virtuous action raiſeth in every ſpectator a pleaſant emotion, which is commonly attended with deſire to reward the author of the action: a vicious action, on the contrary, produceth a painful emotion, attended with deſire to puniſh the delinquent. Even things inanimate often raiſe emotions accompanied with deſire: witneſs the goods of fortune, which are objects of deſire almoſt univerſally; and the deſire, when immoderate, obtains the name of *avarice*. The pleaſant emotion produced in a ſpectator by a capital picture in the poſſeſſion of a prince, is ſeldom accompanied with deſire; but if ſuch a picture be expoſed to ſale, deſire of having or poſſeſſing is the natural conſequence of a ſtrong emotion.

It is a truth verified by induction, that every paſſion is accompanied with deſire; and if an emotion

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emotion be ſometimes accompanied with deſire, ſometimes not, it comes to be a material inquiry, in what reſpect a paſſion differs from an emotion. Is paſſion in its nature or feeling diſtinguiſhable from emotion? I have been apt to think that there muſt be ſuch a diſtinction; but, after the ſtricteſt examination, I cannot perceive any: what is love, for example, but a pleaſant emotion raiſed by a ſight or idea of the beloved female, joined with deſire of enjoyment? in what elſe conſiſts the paſſion of reſentment, but in a painful emotion occaſioned by the injury, accompanied with deſire to chaſtiſe the guilty perſon? In general, as to paſſion of every kind, we find no more in its compoſition, but the particulars now mentioned, an emotion pleaſant or painful, accompanied with deſire. What then ſhall we ſay? Are *paſſion* and *emotion* ſynonymous terms? That cannot be averred; becauſe no feeling nor agitation of the mind void of deſire, is termed a paſſion; and we have diſcovered, that there are many emotions which paſs away without raiſing deſire of any kind. How is the difficulty to be ſolved? There appears to me but one ſolution, which I reliſh the more, as it renders the doctrine of the paſſions and emotions ſimple and perſpicuous. The ſolution follows. An internal motion or agitation of the mind, when it paſſeth away without deſire, is denominated *an emotion*: when deſire follows, the

the motion or agitation is denominated *a paſſion*. A fine face, for example, raiſeth in me a pleaſant feeling: if that feeling vaniſh without producing any effect, it is in proper language an emotion; but if the feeling, by reiterated views of the object, become ſufficiently ſtrong to occaſion deſire, it loſes its name of emotion, and acquires that of paſſion. The ſame holds in all the other paſſions: the painful feeling raiſed in a ſpectator by a ſlight injury done to a ſtranger, being accompanied with no deſire of revenge, is termed an emotion; but that injury raiſeth in the ſtranger a ſtronger emotion, which being accompanied with deſire of revenge, is a paſſion: external expreſſions of diſtreſs produce in the ſpectator a painful feeling, which being ſometimes ſo ſlight as to paſs away without any effect, is an emotion; but if the feeling be ſo ſtrong as to prompt deſire of affording relief, it is a paſſion, and is termed *pity*: envy is emulation in exceſs; if the exaltation of a competitor be barely diſagreeable, the painful feeling is an emotion; if it produce deſire to depreſs him, it is a paſſion.

To prevent miſtakes, it muſt be obſerved, that deſire here is taken in its proper ſenſe, namely, that internal act, which, by influencing the will, makes us proceed to action. Deſire in a lax ſenſe reſpects alſo actions and events that depend not on us, as when I deſire that my friend may have a ſon to repreſent him, or that my country may flouriſh

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flouriſh in arts and ſciences: but ſuch internal act is more properly termed a *wiſh* than a *deſire*.

Having diſtinguiſhed paſſion from emotion, we proceed to conſider paſſion more at large, with reſpect eſpecially to its power of producing action.

We have daily and conſtant experience for our authority, that no man ever proceeds to action but by means of an antecedent deſire or impulſe. So well eſtabliſhed is this obſervation, and ſo deeply rooted in the mind, that we can ſcarce imagine a different ſyſtem of action: even a child will ſay familiarly, What ſhould make me do this or that, when I have no deſire to do it? Taking it then for granted, that the exiſtence of action depends on antecedent deſire; it follows, that where there is no deſire, there can be no action. This opens another ſhining diſtinction between emotions and paſſions. The former, being without deſire, are in their nature quieſcent: the deſire included in the latter, prompts one to act in order to fulfil that deſire, or, in other words, to gratify the paſſion.

The cauſe of a paſſion is ſufficiently explained above: it is that being or thing, which, by raiſing deſire, converts an emotion into a paſſion. When we conſider a paſſion with reſpect to its power of prompting action, that ſame being or thing is termed its *object*: a fine woman, for example, raiſes the paſſion of love, which is directed to her as its object: a man, by injuring me, raiſes my reſentment, and becomes thereby the

object

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object of my reſentment. Thus the cauſe of a paſſion, and its object, are the ſame in different reſpects. An emotion, on the other hand, being in its nature quieſcent, and merely a paſſive feeling, muſt have a cauſe; but cannot be ſaid, properly ſpeaking, to have an object.

The objects of our paſſions may be diſtinguiſhed into two kinds, general and particular. A man, a houſe, a garden, is a particular object: fame, eſteem, opulence, honour, are general objects, becauſe each of them comprehends many particulars. The paſſions directed to general objects are commonly termed *appetites*, in contradiſtinction to paſſions directed to particular objects, which retain their proper name: thus we ſay an appetite for fame, for glory, for conqueſt, for riches; but we ſay the paſſion of friendſhip, of love, of gratitude, of envy, of reſentment. And there is a material difference between appetites and paſſions, which makes it proper to diſtinguiſh them by different names: the latter have no exiſtence till a proper object be preſented; whereas the former exiſt firſt, and then are directed to an object: a paſſion comes after its object; an appetite goes before it, which is obvious in the appetites of hunger, thriſt, and animal love, and is the ſame in the other appetites above mentioned.

By an object ſo powerful as to make a deep impreſſion, the mind is inflamed, and hurried to action with a ſtrong impulſe. Where the object is leſs powerful, ſo as not to inflame the mind, nothing

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thing is felt but desire without any sensible perturbation. The principle of duty affords one instance: the desire generated by an object of duty, being commonly moderate, moves us to act calmly, without any violent impulse; but if the mind happen to be inflamed with the importance of the object, in that case desire of doing our duty becomes a warm passion.

The actions of brute creatures are generally directed by instinct, meaning blind impulse or desire, without any view to consequences. Man is framed to be governed by reason: he commonly acts with deliberation, in order to bring about some desirable end; and in that case his actions are means employed to bring about the end desired: thus I give charity in order to relieve a person from want: I perform a grateful action as a duty incumbent on me: and I fight for my country in order to repel its enemies. At the same time, there are human actions that are not governed by reason, nor are done with any view to consequences. Infants, like brutes, are mostly governed by instinct, without the least view to any end, good or ill. And even adult persons act sometimes instinctively: thus one in extreme hunger snatches at food, without the slightest consideration whether it be salutary: avarice prompts to accumulate wealth, without the least view of use; and thereby absurdly converts means into an end: and animal love often hurries to fruition, without a thought even of gratification.

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A paſſion when it flames ſo high as to impel us to act blindly without any view to conſequences, good or ill, may in that ſtate be termed *inſtinctive*; and when it is ſo moderate as to admit reaſon, and to prompt actions with a view to an end, it may in that ſtate be termed *deliberative*.

With reſpect to actions exerted as means to an end, deſire to bring about the end is what determines one to exert the action; and deſire conſidered in that view is termed a *motive*: thus the ſame mental act that is termed *deſire* with reſpect to an end in view, is termed a *motive* with reſpect to its power of determining one to act. Inſtinctive actions have a cauſe, namely, the impulſe of the paſſion; but they cannot be ſaid to have a motive, becauſe they are not done with any view to conſequences.

We learn from experience, that the gratification of deſire is pleaſant; and the foreſight of that pleaſure becomes often an additional motive for acting. Thus a child eats by the mere impulſe of hunger: a young man thinks of the pleaſure of gratification, which being a motive for him to eat, fortifies the original impulſe: and a man farther advanced in life, hath the additional motive, that it will contribute to his health *.

* One exception there is, and that is remorſe, when it is ſo violent as to make a man deſire to puniſh himſelf. The gratification here is far from being pleaſant. See p. 188. of this volume. But a ſingle exception, inſtead of overturning a general rule, is rather a confirmation of it.

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From theſe premiſſes, it is eaſy to determine with accuracy, what paſſions and actions are ſelfiſh, what ſocial. It is the end in view that aſcertains the claſs to which they belong: where the end in view is my own good, they are ſelfiſh; where the end in view is the good of another, they are ſocial. Hence it follows, that inſtinctive actions, where we act blindly and merely by impulſe, cannot be reckoned either ſocial or ſelfiſh: thus eating, when prompted by an impulſe merely of nature, is neither ſocial nor ſelfiſh; but add a motive, that it will contribute to my pleaſure or my health, and it becomes in a meaſure ſelfiſh. On the other hand, when affection moves me to exert an action to the end ſolely of advancing my friend's happineſs, without regard to my own gratification, the action is juſtly denominated *ſocial;* and ſo is alſo the affection that is its cauſe: if another motive be added, that gratifying the affection will alſo contribute to my own happineſs, the action becomes partly ſelfiſh. If charity be given with the ſingle view of relieving a perſon from diſtreſs, the action is purely ſocial; but if it be partly in view to enjoy the pleaſure of a virtuous act, the action is ſo far ſelfiſh *. Animal love when carried into

* A ſelfiſh motive proceeding from a ſocial principle, ſuch as that mentioned, is the moſt reſpectable of all ſelfiſh

into action by natural impulſe ſingly, is neither ſocial nor ſelfiſh: when exerted with a view to gratification, it is ſelfiſh: when the motive of giving pleaſure to its object is ſuperadded, it is partly ſocial, partly ſelfiſh. A juſt action, when prompted by the principle of duty ſolely, is neither ſocial nor ſelfiſh. When I perform an act of juſtice with a view to the pleaſure of gratification, the action is ſelfiſh: I pay debt for my own ſake, not with a view to benefit my creditor. But ſuppoſe the money has been advanced by a friend without intereſt, purely to oblige me: in that caſe, together with the motive of gratification, there ariſes a motive of gratitude, which reſpects the creditor ſolely, and prompts me to act in order to do him good; and the action is partly ſocial, partly ſelfiſh. Suppoſe again I meet with a ſurpriſing and unexpected act of generoſity, that inſpires me with love to my benefactor, and the utmoſt gratitude: I burn to do him good: he is the ſole object of my deſire; and my own pleaſure in gratifying the deſire, vaniſheth out of ſight: in this caſe, the action I perform is purely

ſiſh motives. To enjoy the pleaſure of a virtuous action, one muſt be virtuous; and to enjoy the pleaſure of a charitable action, one muſt think charity laudable at leaſt, if not a duty. It is otherwiſe where a man gives charity merely for the ſake of oſtentation; for this he may do without having any pity or benevolence in his temper,

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ſocial. Thus it happens, that when a ſocial motive becomes ſtrong, the action is exerted with a view ſingly to the object of the paſſion, and ſelf never comes in view. The ſame effect of ſtifling ſelfiſh motives, is equally remarkable in other paſſions that are in no view ſocial. An action, for example, done to gratify my ambitious views, is ſelfiſh; but if my ambition become headſtrong, and blindly impel me to action, the action is neither ſelfiſh nor ſocial. A ſlight degree of reſentment, where my chief view in acting is the pleaſure ariſing to myſelf from gratifying the paſſion, is juſtly denominated *ſelfiſh*: where revenge flames ſo high as to have no other aim but the deſtruction of its object, it is no longer ſelfiſh; but, in oppoſition to a ſocial paſſion, may be termed *diſſocial* *.

When this analyſis of human nature is conſidered, not one article of which can with truth be controverted, there is reaſon to be ſurpriſed at the blindneſs of ſome philoſophers, who, by dark and confuſed notions, are led to deny all

* This word, hitherto not in uſe, ſeems to fulfil all that is required by Demetrius Phalereus (*Of Elocution, ſect.* 96.) in coining a new word: firſt, that it be perſpicuous; and next, that it be in the tone of the language; that we may not, ſays our author, introduce among the Grecian vocables, words that ſound like thoſe of Phrygia or Scythia.

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motives to action but what ariſe from ſelf-love. Man, for aught appears, might poſſibly have been ſo framed, as to be ſuſceptible of no paſſions but what have ſelf for their object: but man thus framed, would be ill fitted for ſociety: his conſtitution, partly ſelfiſh, partly ſocial, fits him much better for his preſent ſituation *.

Of ſelf, every one hath a direct perception; of other things we have no knowledge but by means of their attributes: and hence it is, that of ſelf the perception is more lively than of any other thing. Self is an agreeable object; and, for the reaſon now given, muſt be more agreeable than any other object. Is this ſufficient to account for the prevalence of ſelf-love?

In the foregoing part of this chapter it is ſuggeſted, that ſome circumſtances make beings or things fit objects for deſire, others not. This hint ought to be purſued. It is a truth aſcertained

* As the benevolence of many human actions is beyond the poſſibility of doubt, the argument commonly inſiſted on for reconciling ſuch actions to the ſelfiſh ſyſtem, is, that the only motive I can have to perform a benevolent action, or an action of any kind, is the pleaſure that it affords me. So much then is yielded, that we are pleaſed when we do good to others: which is a fair admiſſion of the principle of benevolence; for without that principle, what pleaſure could one have in doing good to others? And admitting a principle of benevolence, why may it not be a motive to action, as well as ſelfiſhneſs is, or any other principle?

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by univerſal experience, that a thing which in our apprehenſion is beyond reach, never is the object of deſire; no man, in his right ſenſes, deſires to walk on the clouds, or to deſcend to the centre of the earth: we may amuſe ourſelves in a reverie, with building caſtles in the air, and wiſhing for what can never happen; but ſuch things never move deſire. And indeed a deſire to do what we are ſenſible is beyond our power, would be altogether abſurd. In the next place, though the difficulty of attainment with reſpect to things within reach, often inflames deſire; yet, where the proſpect of attainment is faint, and the event extremely uncertain, the object, however agreeable, ſeldom raiſeth any ſtrong deſire: thus beauty, or any other good quality, in a woman of rank, ſeldom raiſes love in a man greatly her inferior. In the third place, different objects, equally within reach, raiſe emotions in different degrees; and when deſire accompanies any of theſe emotions, its ſtrength, as is natural, is proportioned to that of its cauſe. Hence the remarkable difference among deſires directed to beings inanimate, animate, and rational: the emotion cauſed by a rational being, is out of meaſure ſtronger than any cauſed by an animal without reaſon; and an emotion raiſed by ſuch an animal, is ſtronger than what is cauſed by any thing inanimate. There is a ſeparate reaſon why deſire of which a rational being is the object, ſhould be the ſtrongeſt: our

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deſires ſwell by partial gratification; and the means we have of gratifying deſire, by benefiting or harming a rational being, are without end: deſire directed to an inanimate being, ſuſceptible neither of pleaſure nor pain, is not capable of a higher gratification than that of acquiring the property. Hence it is, that though every emotion accompanied with deſire, is ſtrictly ſpeaking a paſſion; yet commonly none of theſe are denominated paſſions, but where a ſenſible being, capable of pleaſure and pain, is the object.

SECT. II.

Power of Sounds to raiſe Emotions and Paſſions.

UPON a review, I find the foregoing ſection almoſt wholly employed upon emotions and paſſions raiſed by objects of ſight, though they are alſo raiſed by objects of hearing. As this happened without intention, merely becauſe ſuch objects are familiar above others, I find it proper to add a ſhort ſection upon the power of ſounds to raiſe emotions and paſſions.

I begin with comparing ſounds and viſible objects with reſpect to their influence upon the mind. It has already been obſerved, that of all external objects, rational beings, eſpecially of our own ſpecies, have the moſt powerful influence in raiſing emotions and paſſions; and, as ſpeech

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ſpeech is the moſt powerful of all the means by which one human being can diſplay itſelf to another, the objects of the eye muſt ſo far yield preference to thoſe of the ear. With reſpect to inanimate objects of ſight, ſounds may be ſo contrived as to raiſe both terror and mirth beyond what can be done by any ſuch object. Muſic has a commanding influence over the mind, eſpecially in conjunction with words. Objects of ſight may indeed contribute to the ſame end, but more faintly; as where a love-poem is rehearſed in a ſhady grove, or on the bank of a purling ſtream. But ſounds, which are vaſtly more ductile and various, readily accompany all the ſocial affections expreſſed in a poem, eſpecially emotions of love and pity.

Muſic having at command a great variety of emotions, may, like many objects of ſight, be made to promote luxury and effeminacy; of which we have inſtances without number, eſpecially in vocal muſic. But, with reſpect to its pure and refined pleaſures, muſic goes hand in hand with gardening and architecture, her ſiſter-arts, in humanizing and poliſhing the mind *; of which none can doubt who have felt the charms of muſic. But, if authority be required, the following paſſage from a grave hiſtorian, eminent for ſolidity of judgment, muſt have the greateſt weight. Polybius, ſpeaking of the people of Cynaetha, an Arcadian tribe, has

* See Chapter 24.

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the following train of reflections. " As the " Arcadians have always been celebrated for " their piety, humanity, and hoſpitality, we are " naturally led to inquire, how it has happened " that the Cynætheans are diſtinguiſhed from the " other Arcadians, by ſavage manners, wicked- " neſs, and cruelty. I can attribute this differ- " ence to no other cauſe, but a total neglect a- " mong the people of Cynætha, of an inſtitution " eſtabliſhed among the ancient Arcadians with a " nice regard to their manners and their climate: " I mean the diſcipline and exerciſe of that ge- " nuine and perfect muſic, which is uſeful in " every ſtate, but neceſſary to the Arcadians; " whoſe manners, originally rigid and auſtere, " made it of the greateſt importance to incorpo- " rate this art into the very eſſence of their go- " vernment. All men know that, in Arcadia, " the children are early taught to perform hymns " and ſongs compoſed in honour of their gods " and heroes; and that, when they have learned " the muſic of Timotheus and Philoxenus, they " aſſemble yearly in the public theatres, dancing " with emulation to the ſound of flutes, and act- " ing in games adapted to their tender years. " The Arcadians, even in their private feaſts, " never employ hirelings, but each man ſings in " his turn. They are alſo taught all the military " ſteps and motions to the ſound of inſtruments, " which they perform yearly in the theatres, at " the public charge. To me it is evident, that

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" theſe ſolemnities were introduced, not for idle " pleaſure, but to ſoften the rough and ſtubborn " temper of the Arcadians, occaſioned by the " coldneſs of a high country. But the Cynæ- " theans, neglecting theſe arts, have become ſo " fierce and ſavage, that there is not another city " in Greece ſo remarkable for frequent and " great enormities. This conſideration ought " to engage the Arcadians never to relax in a- " ny degree, their muſical diſcipline; and it " ought to open the eyes of the Cynætheans, " and make them ſenſible of what importance it " would be to reſtore muſic to their city, and " every diſcipline that may ſoften their man- " ners; for otherwiſe they can never hope to " ſubdue their brutal ferocity *."

No one will be ſurpriſed to hear ſuch influence attributed to muſic, when, with reſpect to another of the fine arts, he finds a living inſtance of an influence no leſs powerful. It is unhappily indeed the reverſe of the former; for it has done more miſchief by corrupting Britiſh manners, than muſic ever did good by purifying thoſe of Arcadia.

The licentious court of Charles II. among its many diſorders, engendered a peſt, the virulence of which ſubſiſts to this day. The Engliſh comedy, copying the manners of the court, became abominably licentious; and continues ſo with ve-

* Polybius, lib. 4. cap. 3.

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ry little ſoftening. It is there an eſtabliſhed rule, to deck out the chief characters with every vice in faſhion, however groſs. But, as ſuch characters viewed in a true light would be diſguſtful, care is taken to diſguiſe their deformity under the embelliſhments of wit, ſprightlineſs, and good humour, which in mixed company makes a capital figure. It requires not much thought to diſcover the poiſonous influence of ſuch plays. A young man of figure, emancipated at laſt from the ſeverity and reſtraint of a college-education, repairs to the capital diſpoſed to every ſort of exceſs. The playhouſe becomes his favourite amuſement; and he is enchanted with the gaiety and ſplendour of the chief perſonages. The diſguſt which vice gives him at firſt, ſoon wears off, to make way for new notions, more liberal in his opinion; by which a ſovereign contempt of religion, and a declared war upon the chaſtity of wives, maids, and widows, are converted from being infamous vices to be faſhionable virtues. The infection ſpreads gradually through all ranks, and becomes univerſal. How gladly would I liſten to any one who ſhould undertake to prove, that what I have been deſcribing is chimerical! but the diſſoluteneſs of our young men of birth will not ſuffer me to doubt of its reality. Sir Harry Wildair has completed many a rake; and in the *Suſpicious Huſband*, Ranger, the humble imitator of Sir Harry, has had no ſlight influence in ſpreading that character.

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What woman tinctured with the playhouſe-morals, would not be the ſprightly, the witty, tho' diſſolute Lady Townly, rather than the cold, the ſober, though virtuous Lady Grace? How odious ought writers to be who thus employ the talents they have from their Maker moſt traitorouſly againſt himſelf, by endeavouring to corrupt and diſfigure his creatures! If the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorſe in his laſt moments, he muſt have been loſt to all ſenſe of virtue. Nor will it afford any excuſe to ſuch writers, that their comedies are entertaining; unleſs it could be maintained, that wit and ſprightlineſs are better ſuited to a vicious than a virtuous character. It would grieve me to think ſo; and the direct contrary is exemplified in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, where we are highly entertained with the conduct of two ladies, not more remarkable for mirth and ſpirit than for the ſtricteſt purity of manners.

SECT. III.

Cauſes of the Emotions of Joy and Sorrow.

THIS ſubject was purpoſely reſerved for a ſeparate ſection, becauſe it could not, with perſpicuity, be handled under the general head. An emotion accompanied with deſire is termed

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a paſſion; and when the deſire is fulfilled, the paſſion is ſaid to be gratified. Now, the gratification of every paſſion muſt be pleaſant; for nothing can be more natural, than that the accompliſhment of any wiſh or deſire ſhould affect us with joy: I know of no exception but when a man ſtung with remorſe deſires to chaſtiſe and puniſh himſelf. The joy of gratification is properly called *an emotion;* becauſe it makes us happy in our preſent ſituation, and is ultimate in its nature, not having a tendency to any thing beyond. On the other hand, ſorrow muſt be the reſult of an event contrary to what we deſire; for if the accompliſhment of deſire produce joy, it is equally natural that diſappointment ſhould produce ſorrow.

An event, fortunate or unfortunate, that falls out by accident, without being foreſeen or thought of, and which therefore could not be the object of deſire, raiſeth an emotion of the ſame kind with that now mentioned; but the cauſe muſt be different; for there can be no gratification where there is no deſire. We have not however far to ſeek for a cauſe: it is involved in the nature of man, that he cannot be indifferent to an event that concerns him or any of his connections; if it be fortunate, it gives him joy; if unfortunate, it gives him ſorrow.

In no ſituation doth joy riſe to a greater height, than upon the removal of any violent diſtreſs of mind or body; and in no ſituation doth

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doth ſorrow riſe to a greater height, than upon the removal of what makes us happy. The ſenſibility of our nature ſerves in part to account for theſe effects. Other cauſes concur. One is, that violent diſtreſs always raiſes an anxious deſire to be free from it; and therefore its removal is a high gratification: nor can we be poſſeſſed of any thing that makes us happy, without wiſhing its continuance; and therefore its removal, by croſſing our wiſhes, muſt create ſorrow. The principle of contraſt is another cauſe: an emotion of joy ariſing upon the removal of pain, is increaſed by contraſt when we reflect upon our former diſtreſs: an emotion of ſorrow, upon being deprived of any good, is increaſed by contraſt when we reflect upon our former happineſs:

Jaffier. There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me. For I have known
The luſcious ſweets of plenty: every night
Have ſlept with ſoft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning.
Yet now muſt fall like a full ear of corn,
Whoſe bloſſom 'ſcap'd, yet's withered in the ripening.
Venice Preſerv'd, act 1. *ſc.* 1.

It hath always been reckoned difficult to account for the extreme pleaſure that follows a ceſſation of bodily pain; as when one is relieved from the rack, or from a violent fit of the ſtone.

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ſtone. What is ſaid explains this difficulty, in the eaſieſt and ſimpleſt manner: ceſſation of bodily pain is not of itſelf a pleaſure, for a *non-ens* or a negative can neither give pleaſure nor pain; but man is ſo framed by nature as to rejoice when he is eaſed of pain, as well as to be ſorrowful when deprived of any enjoyment. This branch of our conſtitution is chiefly the cauſe of the pleaſure. The gratification of deſire comes in as an acceſſory cauſe: and contraſt joins its force, by increaſing the ſenſe of our preſent happineſs. In the caſe of an acute pain, a peculiar circumſtance contributes its part: the briſk circulation of the animal ſpirits occaſioned by acute pain, continues after the pain is gone, and produceth a very pleaſant emotion. Sickneſs hath not that effect, becauſe it is always attended with a depreſſion of ſpirits.

Hence it is, that the gradual diminution of acute pain, occaſions a mixt emotion, partly pleaſant, partly painful: the partial diminution produceth joy in proportion; but the remaining pain balanceth the joy. This mixt emotion, however, hath no long endurance; for the joy that ariſeth upon the diminution of pain, ſoon vaniſheth, and leaveth in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion, that degree of pain which remains.

What is above obſerved about bodily pain, is equally applicable to the diſtreſſes of the mind; and accordingly it is a common artifice, to prepare

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pare us for the reception of good news by alarming our fears.

SECT. IV.

Sympathetic Emotion of Virtue, and its cauſe.

ONE feeling there is that merits a deliberate view, for its ſingularity as well as utility. Whether to call it an emotion or a paſſion, ſeems uncertain: the former it can ſcarce be, becauſe it involves deſire; the latter it can ſcarce be, becauſe it has no object. But this feeling, and its nature, will be beſt underſtood from examples. A ſignal act of gratitude produceth in the ſpectator or reader, not only love or eſteem for the author, but alſo a ſeparate feeling, being a vague feeling of gratitude without an object; a feeling, however, that diſpoſes the ſpectator or reader to acts of gratitude, more than upon an ordinary occaſion. This feeling is overlooked by writers upon ethics; but a man may be convinced of its reality, by attentively watching his own heart when he thinks warmly of any ſignal act of gratitude: he will be conſcious of the feeling, as diſtinct from the eſteem or admiration he has for the grateful perſon. The feeling is ſingular in the following reſpect, that it is accompanied with a deſire to perform acts of gratitude, without having any object; though in that

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that ſtate, the mind, wonderfully bent on an object, neglects no opportunity to vent itſelf: any act of kindneſs or good-will that would paſs unregarded upon another occaſion, is greedily ſeized; and the vague feeling is converted into a real paſſion of gratitude: in ſuch a ſtate, favours are returned double.

In like manner, a courageous action produceth in a ſpectator the paſſion of admiration directed to the author: and beſide this well-known paſſion, a ſeparate feeling is raiſed in the ſpectator; which may be called *an emotion of courage*; becauſe, while under its influence, he is conſcious of a boldneſs and intrepidity beyond what is uſual, and longs for proper objects upon which to exert this emotion:

Spumantemque dari, pecora inter inertia, votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem.
Æneid. iv. 158.

Non altramente il tauro, oue l'irriti
Geloſo amor con ſtimoli pungenti,
Horribilmente mugge, e co'muggiti
Gli ſpirti in ſe riſueglia, e l'ire ardenti:
E'l corno aguzza a i tronchi, e par ch' inuiti
Con vani colpi a'la battaglia i venti.
Taſſo, canto 7. *ſt.* 55.

So full of valour that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces.
Tempeſt, act 4. *ſc.* 4.

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The emotions raiſed by muſic independent of words, muſt be all of this nature: courage rouſed by martial muſic performed upon inſtruments without a voice, cannot be directed to any object; nor can grief or pity raiſed by melancholy muſic of the ſame kind have an object.

For another example, let us figure ſome grand and heroic action, highly agreeable to the ſpectator: beſide veneration for the author, the ſpectator feels in himſelf an unuſual dignity of character, which diſpoſeth him to great and noble actions: and herein chiefly conſiſts the extreme delight every one hath in the hiſtories of conquerors and heroes.

This ſingular feeling, which may be termed *the ſympathetic emotion of virtue*, reſembles, in one reſpect, the well-known appetites that lead to the propagation and preſervation of the ſpecies. The apetites of hunger, thirſt, and animal love, ariſe in the mind before they are directed to any object; and in no caſe whatever is the mind more ſolicitous for a proper object, that when under the influence of any of theſe appetites.

The feeling I have endeavoured to unfold, may well be termed *the ſympathetic emotion of virtue*; for it is raiſed in a ſpectator, or in a reader, by virtuous actions of every kind, and by no other ſort. When we contemplate a virtuous action, which fails not to prompt our love

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love for the author, our propenſity at the ſame time to ſuch actions is ſo much enlivened, as to become for a time an actual emotion. But no man hath a propenſity to vice as ſuch: on the contrary, a wicked deed diſguſts him, and makes him abhor the author; and this abhorrence is a ſtrong antidote againſt vice, as long as any impreſſion remains of the wicked action.

In a rough road, a halt to view a fine country is refreſhing; and here a delightful proſpect opens upon us. It is indeed wonderful to obſerve what incitements there are to virtue in the human frame: juſtice is perceived to be our duty; and it is guarded by natural puniſhments, from which the guilty never eſcape: to perform noble and generous actions, a warm ſenſe of their dignity and ſuperior excellence is a moſt efficacious incitement *. And to leave virtue in no quarter unſupported, here is unfolded an admirable contrivance, by which good example commands the heart, and adds to virtue the force of habit. We approve every virtuous action, and beſtow our affection on the author; but if virtuous actions produced no other effect upon us, good example would not have great influence: the ſympathetic emotion under conſideration beſtows upon good example the utmoſt influence, by prompting us

* See Eſſays on morality and natural religion, part 1. eſſ. 2. ch. 4.

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to imitate what we admire. This ſingular emotion will readily find an object to exert itſelf upon: and at any rate, it never exiſts without producing ſome effect; becauſe virtuous emotions of that ſort, are in ſome degree an exerciſe of virtue; they are a mental exerciſe at leaſt, if they appear not externally. And every exerciſe of virtue, internal and external, leads to habit; for a diſpoſition or propenſity of the mind, like a limb of the body, becomes ſtronger by exerciſe. Proper means, at the ſame time, being ever at hand to raiſe this ſympathetic emotion, its frequent reiteration may, in a good meaſure, ſupply the want of a more complete exerciſe. Thus, by proper diſcipline, every perſon may acquire a ſettled habit of virtue: intercourſe with men of worth, hiſtories of generous and diſintereſted actions, and frequent meditation upon them, keep the ſympathetic emotion in conſtant exerciſe, which by degrees introduceth a habit, and confirms the authority of virtue: with reſpect to education in particular, what a ſpacious and commodious avenue to the heart of a young perſon is here opened!

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SECT. V.

In many inſtances one Emotion is productive of another. The ſame of Paſſions.

IN the firſt chapter it is obſerved, that the relations by which things are connected, have a remarkable influence on the train of our ideas. I here add, that they have an influence, no leſs remarkable, in the production of emotions and paſſions. Beginning with the former, an agreeable object makes every thing connected with it appear agreeable; for the mind gliding ſweetly and eaſily through related objects, carries along the agreeable properties it meets with in its paſſage, and beſtows them on the preſent object, which thereby appears more agreeable than when conſidered apart *. This reaſon may appear obſcure and metaphyſical, but the fact is beyond

* Such proneneſs has the mind to this communication of properties, that we often find a property aſcribed to a related object, of which naturally it is not ſuſceptible. Sir Richard Grenville in a ſingle ſhip, being ſurpriſed by the Spaniſh fleet, was adviſed to retire. He utterly refuſed to turn from the enemy; declaring, "he would "rather die, than diſhonour himſelf, his country, and "her Majeſty's ſhip." *Hakluyt, vol. 2. part 2. p. 169.* To aid the communication of properties in inſtances like the preſent, there always muſt be a momentary perſonification: a ſhip muſt be imagined a ſenſible being, to make it ſuſceptible of honour or diſhonour. In the battle of

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beyond all diſpute. No relation is more intimate than that between a being and its qualities: and accordingly, every quality in a hero, even the ſlighteſt, makes a greater figure than more ſubſtantial qualities in others. The propenſity of carrying along agreeable properties from one object to another, is ſometimes ſo vigorous as to convert defects into properties: the wry neck of Alexander was imitated by his courtiers as a real beauty, without intention to flatter: Lady Piercy, ſpeaking of her huſband Hotſpur,

——————————By his light
Did all the chivalry of England move,
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glaſs,
Wherein the noble youths did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe who could ſpeak ſlow and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him.

Second part, Henry IV. *act* 2. *ſc.* 6.

The ſame communication of paſſion obtains in the relation of principal and acceſſory. Pride,

of Mantinea, Epaminondas being mortally wounded, was carried to his tent in a manner dead: recovering his ſenſes, the firſt thing he inquired about was his ſhield; which being brought, he kiſſed it as the companion of his valour and glory. It muſt be remarked, that among the Greeks and Romans it was deemed infamous for a ſoldier to return from battle without his ſhield.

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of which ſelf is the object, expands itſelf upon a houſe, a garden, ſervants, equipage, and every acceſſory. A lover addreſſeth his miſtreſs's glove in the following terms:

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine.

Veneration for relicks has the ſame natural foundation; and that foundation with the ſuperſtructure of ſuperſtition, has occaſioned much blind devotion to the moſt ridiculous objects, to the ſuppoſed milk, for example, of the Virgin Mary, or the ſuppoſed blood of St Janivarius *. A temple is in a proper ſenſe an acceſſory of the deity to which it is dedicated: Diana is chaſte, and not only her temple, but the very iſicle which hangs on it, muſt partake of that property:

The noble ſiſter of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the iſicle
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus, act 5. ſc. 3.

Thus it is, that the reſpect and eſteem, which the great, the powerful, the opulent, naturally

* But why worſhip the croſs which is ſuppoſed to be that upon which our Saviour ſuffered? That croſs ought to be the object of hatred, not of veneration. If it be urged, that as an inſtrument of Chriſt's ſuffering it was ſalutary to mankind, I anſwer, Why is not alſo Pontius Pilate reverenced, Cajaphas the high prieſt, and Judas Iſcariot?

command,

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command, are in ſome meaſure communicated to their dreſs, to their manners, and to all their connections: and it is this communication of properties, which, prevailing even over the natural taſte of beauty, helps to give currency to what is called *the faſhion*.

By means of the ſame eaſineſs of communication, every bad quality in an enemy is ſpread upon all his connections. The ſentence pronounced againſt Ravaillac for the aſſaſſination of Henry IV. of France, ordains, that the houſe in which he was born ſhould be razed to the ground, and that no other building ſhould ever be erected on that ſpot. Enmity will extend paſſion to objects ſtill leſs connected. The Swiſs ſuffer no peacocks to live, becauſe the Duke of Auſtria, their ancient enemy, wears a peacock's tail in his creſt. A relation more ſlight and tranſitory than that of enmity, may have the ſame effect: thus the bearer of bad tidings becomes an object of averſion:

> Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy ſight;
> This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
>
> *King John, act* 3. *ſc.* 1.

> Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
> Sounds ever after, as a ſullen bell
> Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.
>
> *Second part, Henry* IV. *act* 1. *ſc.* 3.

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In borrowing thus properties from one object to beſtow them on another, it is not any object indifferently that will anſwer. The object from which properties are borrowed, muſt be ſuch as to warm the mind and enliven the imagination. Thus the beauty of a miſtreſs, which inflames the imagination, is readily communicated to a glove, as above mentioned; but the greateſt beauty a glove is ſuſceptible of, touches the mind ſo little, as to be entirely dropped in paſſing from it to the owner. In general, it may be obſerved, that any dreſs upon a fine woman is becoming; but that ornaments upon one who is homely, muſt be elegant indeed to have any remarkable effect in mending her appearance *.

The emotions produced as above may properly be termed *ſecondary*, being occaſioned either by antecedent emotions or antecedent paſſions, which in that reſpect may be termed *primary*. And to complete the preſent theory, I muſt add, that a ſecondary emotion may readily ſwell into a paſſion for the acceſſory object, provided the

* A houſe and gardens ſurrounded with pleaſant fields, all in good order, beſtow greater luſtre upon the owner than at firſt will be imagined. The beauties of the former are, by intimacy of connection, readily communicated to the latter; and if it have been done at the expence of the owner himſelf, we naturally transfer to him whatever of deſign, art, or taſte, appears in the performance. Should not this be a ſtrong motive with proprietors to embelliſh and improve their fields?

acceſſory

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acceſſory be a proper object for deſire. Thus it happens that one paſſion is often productive of another: examples are without number; the ſole difficulty is a proper choice. I begin with ſelf-love, and the power it hath to generate love to children. Every man, beſide making part of a greater ſyſtem, like a comet, a planet, or ſatellite only, hath a leſs ſyſtem of his own, in the centre of which he repreſents the ſun darting his fire and heat all around; eſpecially upon his neareſt connections: the connection between a man and his children, fundamentally that of cauſe and effect, becomes, by the addition of other circumſtances, the completeſt that can be among individuals; and therefore ſelf-love, the moſt vigorous of all paſſions, is readily expanded upon children. The ſecondary emotion they produce by means of their connection, is ſufficiently ſtrong to move deſire even from the beginning; and the new paſſion ſwells by degrees, till it rival in ſome meaſure ſelf-love, the primary paſſion. To demonſtrate the truth of this theory, I urge the following argument. Remorſe for betraying a friend, or murdering an enemy in cold blood, makes a man even hate himſelf: in that ſtate, he is not conſcious of affection to his children, but rather of diſguſt or ill-will. What cauſe can be aſſigned for that change, other than the hatred he has to himſelf, which is expanded upon his children. And if

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ſo, may we not with equal reaſon derive from ſelf-love, ſome part at leaſt of the affection a man generally has to them?

The affection a man bears to his blood-relations, depends partly on the ſame principle: ſelf-love is alſo expanded upon them; and the communicated paſſion is more or leſs vigorous in proportion to the degree of connection. Nor doth ſelf-love reſt here: it is, by the force of connection, communicated even to things inanimate: and hence the affection a man bears to his property, and to every thing he calls his own.

Friendſhip, leſs vigorous than ſelf-love, is, for that reaſon, leſs apt to communicate itſelf to the friend's children, or other relations. Inſtances however are not wanting of ſuch communicated paſſion, ariſing from friendſhip when it is ſtrong. Friendſhip may go higher in the matrimonial ſtate than in any other condition; and Otway, in *Venice preſerv'd*, takes advantage of that circumſtance: in the ſcene where Belvidera ſues to her father for pardon, ſhe is repreſented as pleading her mother's merit, and the reſemblance ſhe bore to her mother;

Priuli. My daughter!
Belvidera. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wiſhes,
Dear to your arms. By all the joys ſhe gave you
When

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When in her blooming years ſhe was your treaſure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of hers y'have kiſs'd ſo often,
Pleading the cauſe of your poor caſt-off child.

And again,

Belvidera. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear aſhes of my tender mother:
She would have pitied me, had fate yet ſpar'd her.
Act 5. *ſc.* 1.

This explains why any meritorious action, or any illuſtrious qualification, in my ſon or my friend, is apt to make me over-value myſelf: if I value my friend's wife or ſon upon account of their connection with him, it is ſtill more natual that I ſhould value myſelf upon account of my connection with him.

Friendſhip, or any other ſocial affection, may, by changing the object, produce oppoſite effects. Pity, by intereſting us ſtrongly for the perſon in diſtreſs, muſt of conſequence inflame our reſentment againſt the author of the diſtreſs: for, in general, the affection we have for any man, generates in us good-will to his friends, and ill-will to his enemies. Shakeſpear ſhows great art in the funeral oration pronounced by Antony over the body of Cæſar. He firſt endeavours to excite grief in the hearers, by dwelling upon the deplorable loſs of ſo great a man; this paſſion, intereſting

intereſting them ſtrongly in Cæſar's fate, could not fail to produce a lively ſenſe of the treachery and cruelty of the conſpirators; an infallible method to inflame the reſentment of the people beyond all bounds:

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Caſſius's dagger through;——
See what a rent the envious Caſca made.——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what! weep you when you but behold

Our

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Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.
Julius Cæſar, act 3. ſc. 6.

Had Antony endeavoured to excite his audience to vengeance, without paving the way by raiſing their grief, his ſpeech would not have made the ſame impreſſion.

Hatred, and other diſſocial paſſions, produce effects directly oppoſite to thoſe above mentioned. If I hate a man, his children, his relations, nay his property, become to me objects of averſion: his enemies, on the other hand, I am diſpoſed to eſteem.

The more ſlight and tranſitory relations are not favourable to the communication of paſſion. Anger, when ſudden and violent, is one exception; for, if the perſon who did the injury be removed out of reach, that paſſion will vent itſelf againſt any related object, however ſlight the relation be. Another exception makes a greater figure: a group of beings or things, becomes often the object of a communicated paſſion, even where the relation of the individuals to the percipient is but ſlight. Thus, though I put no value upon a ſingle man for living in the ſame town with myſelf; my townſmen, however, conſidered in a body, are preferred before others. This is ſtill more remarkable with reſpect to my countrymen in general: the grandeur of the complex objects ſwells the paſſion of ſelf-love by the

the relation I have to my native country; and every paſſion, when it ſwells beyond its ordinary bounds, hath a peculiar tendency to expand itſelf along related objects. In fact, inſtances are not rare, of perſons, who upon all occaſions are willing to ſacrifice their lives and fortunes for their country. Such influence upon the mind of man hath a complex object, or, more properly ſpeaking, a general term *.

The ſenſe of order hath influence in the communication of paſſion. It is a common obſervation, that a man's affection to his parents is leſs vigorous than to his children: the order of nature in deſcending to children, aids the tranſition of the affection: the aſcent to a parent, contrary to that order, makes the tranſition more difficult. Gratitude to a benefactor is readily extended to his children; but not ſo readily to his parents. The difference, however, between the natural and inverted order, is not ſo conſiderable, but that it may be balanced by other circumſtances. Pliny † gives an account of a woman of rank condemned to die for a crime; and, to avoid public ſhame, detained in priſon to die of hunger: her life being prolonged beyond expectation, it was diſcovered,

* See Eſſays on morality and natural religion, part 1. eſſ. 2. ch. 5.

† Lib. 7. cap. 36.

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that ſhe was nouriſhed by ſucking milk from the breaſts of her daughter. This inſtance of filial piety, which aided the tranſition, and made aſcent no leſs eaſy than deſcent is commonly, procured a pardon to the mother, and a penſion to both. The ſtory of Androcles and the lion* may be accounted for in the ſame manner: the admiration, of which the lion was the object for his kindneſs and gratitude to Androcles, produced good-will to Androcles, and a pardon of his crime.

And this leads to other obſervations upon communicated paſſions. I love my daughter leſs after ſhe is married, and my mother leſs after a ſecond marriage: the marriage of my ſon or of my father diminiſhes not my affection ſo remarkably. The ſame obſervation holds with reſpect to friendſhip, gratitude, and other paſſions: the love I bear my friend, is but faintly extended to his married daughter: the reſentment I have againſt a man is readily extended againſt children who make part of his family; not ſo readily againſt children who are foriſfamiliated, eſpecially by marriage. This difference is alſo more remarkable in daughters than in ſons. Theſe are curious facts; and, in order to diſcover the cauſe, we muſt examine minutely that operation of the mind by which a paſſion is extended to a related object. In conſider-

* Aulus Gellius, lib. 5. cap. 14.

ing

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ing two things as related, the mind is not ſtationary, but paſſeth and repaſſeth from the one to the other, viewing the relation from each of them perhaps oftener than once; which holds more eſpecially in conſidering a relation between things of unequal rank, as between the cauſe and the effect, or between a principal and an acceſſory: in contemplating, for example, the relation between a building and its ornaments, the mind is not ſatisfied with a ſingle tranſition from the former to the latter; it muſt alſo view the relation, beginning at the latter, and paſſing from it to the former. This vibration of the mind in paſſing and repaſſing between things related, explains the facts above mentioned: the mind paſſeth eaſily from the father to the daughter; but where the daughter is married, this new relation attracts the mind, and obſtructs, in ſome meaſure, the return from the daughter to the father; and any circumſtance that obſtructs the mind in paſſing and repaſſing between its objects, occaſions a like obſtruction in the communication of paſſion. The marriage of a male obſtructs leſs the eaſineſs of tranſition; becauſe a male is leſs ſunk by the relation of marriage than a female.

The foregoing inſtances are of paſſion communicated from one object to another. But one paſſion may be generated by another, without change of object. It in general is obſervable, that a paſſion paves the way to others ſimilar in their

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their tone, whether directed to the ſame or to a different object; for the mind, heated by any paſſion, is, in that ſtate, more ſuſceptible of a new impreſſion in a ſimilar tone, than when cool and quieſcent. It is a common obſervation, that pity generally produceth friendſhip for a perſon in diſtreſs. One reaſon is, that pity intereſts us in its object, and recommends all its virtuous qualities: female beauty accordingly ſhows beſt in diſtreſs; being more apt to inſpire love, than upon an ordinary occaſion. But the chief reaſon is, that pity, warming and melting the ſpectator, prepares him for the reception of other tender affections; and pity is readily improved into love or friendſhip, by a certain tenderneſs and concern for the object, which is the tone of both paſſions. The aptitude of pity to produce love, is beautifully illuſtrated by Shakeſpear:

Othello. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's hiſtory.
——————All theſe to hear

Would

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Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte deſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange—
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it:—yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heaven had made her ſuch a man:--ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Othello, act. 1. *ſc.* 8.

In this inſtance it will be obſerved that admiration concurred with pity to produce love.

SECT.

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SECT. VI.

Cauſes of the Paſſions of Fear and Anger.

FEAR and anger, to anſwer the purpoſes of nature, are happily ſo contrived as to operate ſometimes inſtinctively ſometimes deliberately, according to circumſtances. As far as deliberate, they fall in with the general ſyſtem, and require no particular explanation: if any object have a threatening appearance, reaſon ſuggeſts means to avoid the danger: if a man be injured, the firſt thing he thinks of, is what revenge he ſhall take, and what means he ſhall employ. Theſe particulars are no leſs obvious than natural. But, as the paſſions of fear and anger, in their inſtinctive ſtate, are leſs familiar to us, it may be acceptable to the reader to have them accurately delineated. He may alſo poſſibly be glad of an opportunity to have the nature of inſtinctive paſſions more fully explained, than there was formerly opportunity to do. I begin with fear.

Self-preſervation is a matter of too great importance to be left entirely to the conduct of reaſon. Nature hath acted here with her uſual foreſight. Fear and anger are paſſions that move us to act, ſometimes deliberately, ſometimes inſtinctively, according to circumſtances; and by operating in the latter manner, they frequently

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afford ſecurity when the ſlower operations of deliberate reaſon would be too late: we take nouriſhment commonly, not by the direction of reaſon, but by the impulſe of hunger and thirſt; and, in the ſame manner, we avoid danger by the impulſe of fear, which often, before there is time for reflection, placeth us in ſafety. Here we have an illuſtrious inſtance of wiſdom in the formation of man; for it is not within the reach of fancy, to conceive any thing more artfully contrived to anſwer its purpoſe, than the inſtinctive paſſion of fear, which, upon the firſt ſurmiſe of danger, operates inſtantaneouſly. So little doth the paſſion, in ſuch inſtances, depend on reaſon, that it frequently operates in contradiction to it: a man who is not upon his guard cannot avoid ſhrinking at a blow, though he knows it to be aimed in ſport; nor avoid cloſing his eyes at the approach of what may hurt them, though conſcious that he is in no danger. And it alſo operates by impelling us to act even where we are conſcious that our interpoſition can be of no ſervice: if a paſſage-boat, in a briſk gale, bear much to one ſide, I cannot avoid applying the whole force of my ſhoulders to ſet it upright; and, if my horſe ſtumble, my hands and knees are inſtantly at work to prevent him from falling.

Fear provides for ſelf-preſervation by flying from harm; anger, by repelling it. Nothing, indeed, can be better contrived to repel or prevent injury,

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injury, than anger or reſentment: deſtitute of that paſſion, men, like defenceleſs lambs, would lie conſtantly open to miſchief *. Deliberate anger cauſed by a voluntary injury, is too well known to require any explanation: if my deſire be to reſent an affront, I muſt uſe means; and theſe means muſt be diſcovered by reflection: deliberation is here requiſite; and in that caſe the paſſion ſeldom exceeds juſt bounds. But, where anger impels one ſuddenly to return a blow, even without thinking of doing miſchief, the paſſion is inſtinctive; and it is chiefly in ſuch a caſe that is raſh and ungovernable, becauſe it operates blindly, without affording time for deliberation or foreſight.

Inſtinctive anger is frequently raiſed by bodily pain, by a ſtroke, for example, on a tender part, which, ruffling the temper, and unhinging the mind, is in its tone ſimilar to anger: and when a man is thus beforehand diſpoſed to anger, he is not nice nor ſcrupulous about an object; the perſon who gave the ſtroke, however accidentally, is by an inflammable temper held a proper object, merely for having occaſioned the pain. It is ſtill more remarkable, that a ſtock or a ſtone by which I am hurt, becomes an object

* Braſidas being bit by a mouſe he had catched, let it ſlip out of his fingers: "No creature (ſays he) is ſo contemptible, but what may provide for its own ſafety, if "it have courage." *Plutarch, Apothegmata.*

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for my reſentment: I am violently excited to cruſh it to atoms. The paſſion, indeed, in that caſe, can be but a ſingle flaſh; for being entirely irrational, it muſt vaniſh with the firſt reflection. Nor is that irrational effect confined to bodily pain: internal diſtreſs, when exceſſive, may be the occaſion of effects equally irrational: perturbation of mind occaſioned by the apprehenſion of having loſt a dear friend, will, in a fiery temper, produce momentary ſparks of anger againſt that very friend, however innocent: thus Shakeſpear, in the *Tempeſt*,

Alonzo: ——————Sit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer; he is drown'd
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.
Act 3. *ſc.* 3.

The final words, *Well, let him go*, are an expreſſion of impatience and anger at Ferdinand, whoſe abſence greatly diſtreſſed his father, dreading that he was loſt in the ſtorm. This nice operation of the human mind, is by Shakeſpear exhibited upon another occaſion, and finely painted in the tragedy of *Othello*: Iago, by dark hints and ſuſpicious circumſtances, had rouſed Othello's jealouſy; which, however, appeared too ſlightly founded to be vented upon Deſdemona, its proper object. The perturbation and diſtreſs

diſtreſs of mind thereby occaſioned, produced a momentary reſentment againſt Iago, conſidered as occaſioning the jealouſy, though innocent:

Othello. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
Or by the wrath of man's eternal ſoul
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Othello. Make me ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge or loop
To hang a doubt on: or wo upon thy life!
Iago. My noble Lord——
Othello. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd:
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Othello, act 2. ſc. 8.

This blind and abſurd effect of anger is more gaily illuſtrated by Addiſon, in a ſtory, the *dramatis perſonae* of which are, a cardinal, and a ſpy retained in pay for intelligence. The cardinal is repreſented as minuting down the particulars. The ſpy begins with a low voice, "Such an "one the advocate whiſpered to one of his "friends within my hearing, that your Emi-"nence was a very great poltroon;" and after

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having given his patron time to take it down, adds, "That another called him a mercenary "rascal in a public conversation." The cardinal replies, "Very well," and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in a fury, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room *.

We meet with instances every day of resentment raised by loss at play, and wreaked on the cards or dice. But anger, a furious passion, is satisfied with a connection still slighter than that of cause and effect; of which Congreve, in the *Mourning Bride*, gives one beautiful example:

Gonsalez. Have comfort.

Almeria. Curs'd be that tongue that bids me be of comfort,
Curs'd my own tongue that could not move his pity,
Curs'd these weak hands that could not hold him here,
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Act 4. *sc.* 8.

I have chosen to exhibit anger in its more rare appearance, for in these we can best trace its nature and extent. In the examples above given, it appears to be an absurd passion, and altogether irrational. But we ought to consider,

* Spectator, No. 439.

that

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that it is not the intention of nature to ſubject this paſſion, in every inſtance, to reaſon and reflection: it was given us to prevent or to repel injuries; and, like fear, it often operates blindly and inſtinctively, without the leaſt view to conſequences: the very firſt apprehenſion of harm, ſets it in motion to repel injury by puniſhment. Were it more cool and deliberate, it would loſe its threatening appearance, and be inſufficient to guard us againſt violence. When ſuch is and ought to be the nature of the paſſion, it is not wonderful to find it exerted irregularly and capriciouſly, as it ſometimes is where the miſchief is ſudden and unforeſeen. All the harm that can be done by the paſſion in that ſtate is inſtantaneous; for the ſhorteſt delay ſets all to rights; and circumſtances are ſeldom ſo unlucky as to put it in the power of a paſſionate man to do much harm in an inſtant.

Social paſſions, like the ſelfiſh, ſometimes drop their character, and become inſtinctive. It is not unuſual to find anger and fear reſpecting others ſo exceſſive, as to operate blindly and impetuouſly, preciſely as where they are ſelfiſh.

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SECT. VII.

Emotions cauſed by Fiction.

THE attentive reader will obſerve, that hitherto no fiction hath been aſſigned as the cauſe of any paſſion or emotion: whether it be a being, action, or quality, that moveth us, it is ſuppoſed to be really exiſting. This obſervation ſhows that we have not yet completed our taſk; becauſe paſſions, as all the world know, are moved by fiction as well as by truth. In judging beforehand of man, ſo remarkably addicted to truth and reality, one ſhould little dream that fiction can have any effect upon him; but man's intellectual faculties are not ſufficiently perfect to dive far even into his own nature. I ſhall take occaſion afterward to ſhow, that the power of fiction to generate paſſion is an admirable contrivance, ſubſervient to excellent purpoſes: in the mean time, we muſt try to unfold the means that give fiction ſuch influence over the mind.

That the objects of our external ſenſes really exiſt in the way and manner we perceive, is a branch of intuitive knowledge: when I ſee a man walking, a tree growing, or cattle graſing, I cannot doubt but that theſe objects are really what they appear to be: if I be a ſpectator of any tranſaction

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action or event, I have a conviction of the real existence of the persons engaged, of their words, and of their actions. Nature determines us to rely on the veracity of our senses; for otherwise they could not in any degree answer their end, that of laying open things existing and passing around us.

By the power of memory, a thing formerly seen may be recalled to the mind with different degrees of accuracy. We commonly are satisfied with a slight recollection of the capital circumstances; and, in such recollection, the thing is not figured as in our view, nor any image formed: we retain the consciousness of our present situation, and barely remember that formerly we saw that thing. But with respect to an interesting object or event that made a strong impression, I am not satisfied with a cursory review, but must dwell upon every circumstance. I am imperceptibly converted into a spectator, and perceive every particular passing in my presence, as when I was in reality a spectator. For example, I saw yesterday a beautiful woman in tears for the loss of an only child, and was greatly moved with her distress: not satisfied with a slight recollection or bare remembrance, I ponder upon the melancholy scene: conceiving myself to be in the place where I was an eye-witness, every circumstance appears to me as at first: I think I see the woman in tears, and hear her moans. Hence it may be justly said, that in

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in a complete idea of memory their is no paſt nor future: a thing recalled to the mind with the accuracy I have been deſcribing, is perceived as in our view, and conſequently as exiſting at preſent. Paſt time makes part of an incomplete idea only: I remember or reflect, that ſome years ago I was at Oxford, and ſaw the firſt ſtone laid of the Ratcliff library; and I remember that at a ſtill greater diſtance of time, I heard a debate in the Houſe of Commons about a ſtanding army.

Lamentable is the imperfection of language, almoſt in every particular that falls not under external ſenſe. I am talking of a matter exceedingly clear in the perception: and yet I find no ſmall difficulty to expreſs it clearly in words; for it is not accurate to talk of incidents long paſt as paſſing in our ſight, nor of hearing at preſent what we really heard yeſterday or at a more diſtant time. And yet the want of proper words to deſcribe ideal preſence, and to diſtinguiſh it from real preſence, makes this inaccuracy unavoidable. When I recal any thing to my mind in a manner ſo diſtinct as to form an idea or image of it as preſent, I have not words to deſcribe that act, but that I perceive the thing as a ſpectator, and as exiſting in my preſence; which means not that I am really a ſpectator, but only that I conceive myſelf to be a ſpectator, and have a perception of the object ſimilar to what a real ſpectator hath.

As many rules of criticiſm depend on ideal preſence, the reader, it is hoped, will take ſome pains

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pains to form an exact notion of it, as diſtinguiſhed on the one hand from real preſence, and on the other from a ſuperficial or reflective remembrance. In contradiſtinction to real preſence, ideal preſence may properly be termed *a waking dream*; becauſe, like a dream, it vaniſheth the moment we reflect upon our preſent ſituation: real preſence, on the contrary, vouched by eye-ſight, commands our belief, not only during the direct perception, but in reflecting afterward on the object. To diſtinguiſh ideal preſence from reflective remembrance, I give the following illuſtration: when I think of an event as paſt, without forming any image, it is barely reflecting or remembering that I was an eye-witneſs: but when I recal the event ſo diſtinctly as to form a complete image of it, I perceive it as paſſing in my preſence; and this perception is an act of intuition, into which reflection enters not, more than into an act of ſight.

Though ideal preſence is thus diſtinguiſhed from real preſence on the one ſide, and from reflective remembrance on the other, it is however variable without any preciſe limits; riſing ſometimes toward the former, and often ſinking toward the latter. In a vigorous exertion of memory, ideal preſence is extremely diſtinct: thus, when a man, entirely occupied with ſome event that made a deep impreſſion, forgets himſelf, he perceives every thing as paſſing before him, and hath a conſciouſneſs of preſence ſimi-

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lar to that of a ſpectator; with no difference but that in the former the perception of preſence is leſs firm and clear than in the latter. But ſuch vigorous exertion of memory is rare: ideal preſence is oftener faint, and the image ſo obſcure as not to differ widely from reflective remembrance.

Hitherto of an idea of memory. I proceed to conſider the idea of a thing I never ſaw, raiſed in me by ſpeech, by writing, or by painting. That idea, with reſpect to the preſent ſubject, is of the ſame nature with an idea of memory, being either complete or incomplete. A lively and accurate deſcription of an important event, raiſes in me ideas no leſs diſtinct than if I had been originally an eye-witneſs: I am inſenſibly transformed into a ſpectator; and have an impreſſion that every incident is paſſing in my preſence. On the other hand, a ſlight or ſuperficial narrative produceth but a faint and incomplete idea, of which ideal preſence makes no part. Paſt time is a circumſtance that enters into this idea, as it doth into an incomplete idea of memory: I believe that Scipio exiſted about 2000 years ago, and that he overcame Hannibal in the famous battle of Zama. When I reflect ſo ſlightly upon that memorable event, I conſider it as long paſt. But let it be ſpread out in a lively and beautiful deſcription, I am inſenſibly transformed into a ſpectator: I perceive theſe two heroes in act to engage: I perceive them bran-

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brandiſhing their ſwords, and chearing their troops; and in that manner I attend them through the battle, every incident of which appears to be paſſing in my ſight.

I have had occaſion to obſerve *, that ideas both of memory and of ſpeech, produce emotions of the ſame kind with what are produced by an immediate view of the object; only fainter, in proportion as an idea is fainter than an original perception. The inſight we have now got, unfolds that myſtery: ideal preſence ſupplies the want of real preſence; and in idea we perceive perſons acting and ſuffering, preciſely as in an original ſurvey: if our ſympathy be engaged by the latter, it muſt alſo in ſome degree be engaged by the former, eſpecially if the diſtinctneſs of ideal preſence approach to that of real preſence. Hence the pleaſure of a reverie, where a man, forgetting himſelf, is totally occupied with the ideas paſſing in his mind, the objects of which he conceives to be really exiſting in his preſence. The power of language to raiſe emotions, depends entirely on the raiſing ſuch lively and diſtinct images as are here deſcribed: the reader's paſſions are never ſenſibly moved, till he be thrown into a kind of reverie; in which ſtate, forgetting that he is reading, he conceives every incident as paſſing in his preſence, preciſely as if he were an eye-witneſs. A general or reflective remembrance cannot warm us into

* Part 1. ſect. 1. of the preſent chapter.

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any emotion: it may be agreeable in ſome ſlight degree; but its ideas are too faint and obſcure to raiſe any thing like an emotion; and were they ever ſo lively, they paſs with too much precipitation to have that effect: our emotions are never inſtantaneous; even ſuch as come the ſooneſt to their height, have different periods of birth and increment; and to give opportunity for theſe different periods, it is neceſſary that the cauſe of every emotion be preſent to the mind a due time; for an emotion is not carried to its height but by reiterated impreſſions. We know that to be the caſe of emotions ariſing from objects of ſight; a quick ſucceſſion, even of the moſt beautiful objects, ſcarce making any impreſſion; and if this hold in the ſucceſſion of original perceptions, how much more in the ſucceſſion of ideas?

Though all this while I have been only deſcribing what paſſeth in the mind of every one, and what every one muſt be conſcious of, it was neceſſary to enlarge upon the ſubject; becauſe, however clear in the internal conception, it is far from being ſo when deſcribed in words. Ideal preſence, though of general importance, hath ſcarce ever been touched by any writer; and however difficult the explication, it could not be avoided in accounting for the effects produced by fiction. Upon that point, the reader, I gueſs, has prevented me: it already muſt have occurred to him, that if, in reading, ideal preſence

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preſence be the means by which our paſſions are moved, it makes no difference whether the ſubject be a fable or a true hiſtory: when ideal preſence is complete, we perceive every object as in our ſight; and the mind, totally occupied with an intereſting event, finds no leiſure for reflection. This reaſoning is confirmed by conſtant and univerſal experience. Let us take under conſideration the meeting of Hector and Andromache, in the ſixth book of the Iliad, or ſome of the paſſionate ſcenes in King Lear: theſe pictures of human life, when we are ſufficiently engaged, give an impreſſion of reality not leſs diſtinct than that given by Tacitus deſcribing the death of Otho: we never once reflect whether the ſtory be true or feigned; reflection comes afterward, when we have the ſcene no longer before our eyes. This reaſoning will appear in a ſtill clearer light, by oppoſing ideal preſence to ideas raiſed by a curſory narrative; which ideas being faint, obſcure, and imperfect, leave a vacuity in the mind, which ſolicits reflection. And accordingly, a curt narrative of feigned incidents is never reliſhed: any ſlight pleaſure it affords, is more than counterbalanced by the diſguſt it inſpires for want of truth.

To ſupport the foregoing theory, I add what I reckon a deciſive argument; which is, that even genuine hiſtory has no command over our paſſions but by ideal preſence only; and conſequently, that in this reſpect it ſtands upon the ſame

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ſame footing with fable. To me it appears clear, that in neither can our ſympathy hold firm againſt reflection: for if the reflection that a ſtory is a pure fiction prevent our ſympathy, ſo will equally the reflection that the perſons deſcribed are no longer exiſting. What effect, for example, can the belief of the rape of Lucretia have to raiſe our ſympathy, when ſhe died above 2000 years ago, and hath at preſent no painful feeling of the injury done her? The effect of hiſtory, in point of inſtruction, depends in ſome meaſure upon its veracity. But hiſtory cannot reach the heart, while we indulge any reflection upon the facts: ſuch reflection, if it engage our belief, never fails at the ſame time to poiſon our pleaſure, by convincing us that our ſympathy for thoſe who are dead and gone is abſurd. And if reflection be laid aſide, hiſtory ſtands upon the ſame footing with fable: what effect either may have to raiſe our ſympathy, depends on the vivacity of the ideas they raiſe; and, with reſpect to that circumſtance, fable is generally more ſucceſsful than hiſtory.

Of all the means for making an impreſſion of ideal preſence, theatrical repreſentation is the moſt powerful. That words, independent of action, have the ſame power in a leſs degree, every one of ſenſibility muſt have felt: a good tragedy will extort tears in private, though not ſo forcibly as upon the ſtage. That power belongs alſo to painting: a good hiſtorical picture makes

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a deeper impreſſion than words can, though not equal to that of theatrical action. Painting ſeems to poſſeſs a middle place between reading and acting: in making an impreſſion of ideal preſence, it is not leſs ſuperior to the former than inferior to the latter.

It muſt not however be thought, that our paſſions can be raiſed by painting to ſuch a height as by words: a picture is confined to a ſingle inſtant of time, and cannot take in a ſucceſſion of incidents: its impreſſion indeed is the deepeſt that can be made inſtantaneouſly; but ſeldom is a paſſion raiſed to any height in an inſtant, or by a ſingle impreſſion: it was obſerved above, that our paſſions, thoſe eſpecially of the ſympathetic kind, require a ſucceſſion of impreſſions; and for that reaſon, reading and acting have greatly the advantage, by reiterating impreſſions without end.

Upon the whole, it is by means of ideal preſence that our paſſions are excited; and till words produce that charm, they avail nothing: even real events entitled to our belief, muſt be conceived preſent and paſſing in our ſight, before they can move us. And this theory ſerves to explain ſeveral phenomena otherwiſe unaccountable. A misfortune happening to a ſtranger, makes a leſs impreſſion than happening to a man we know, even where we are no way intereſted in him: our acquaintance with this man, however ſlight, aids the conception of his ſuffering

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in our preſence. For the ſame reaſon, we are little moved by any diſtant event; becauſe we have more difficulty to conceive it preſent, than an event that happened in our neighbourhood.

Every one is ſenſible, that deſcribing a paſt event as preſent, has a fine effect in language: for what other reaſon than that it aids the conception of ideal preſence? Take the following example.

And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd;
Hoſt againſt hoſt the ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts, an iron tempeſt, flew;
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphing ſhouts and dying groans ariſe,
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry field is dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.

In this paſſage we may obſerve how the writer, inflamed with the ſubject, inſenſibly advances from the paſt time to the preſent; led to that form of narration by conceiving every circumſtance as paſſing in his own ſight: which at the ſame time has a fine effect upon the reader, by preſenting things to him as a ſpectator. But change from the paſt to the preſent requires ſome preparation; and is not ſweet where there is no ſtop in the ſenſe: witneſs the following paſſage.

Thy fate was next, O Phæſtus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' protended ſteel;

Whom

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Whom Borus ſent (his ſon and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his ſhoulder as he *mounts* his car.
Iliad, v. 57.

It is ſtill worſe to fall back to the paſt in the ſame period; for that is an anticlimax in deſcription:

Through breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambroſial veil, which all the graces wove:
Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent ſkin with crimſon ſtain'd.
Iliad, v. 415.

Again, deſcribing the ſhield of Jupiter,

Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
Iliad, v. 914.

Nor is it pleaſant to be carried backward and forward alternately in a rapid ſucceſſion:

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the ſavage race;
Diana taught him all her ſylvan arts,
To bend the bow and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arreſts him as he flies;

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From Menelaus' arm the weapon ſent,
Through his broad back and heaving boſom went:
Down ſinks the warrior with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.

Iliad, v. 65.

It is wonderful to obſerve, upon what ſlight foundations nature erects ſome of her moſt ſolid and magnificent works. In appearance at leaſt, what can be more ſlight than ideal preſence; and yet from it is derived that extenſive influence which language hath over the heart; an influence which, more than any other means, ſtrengthens the bond of ſociety, and attracts individuals from their private ſyſtem to perform acts of generoſity and benevolence. Matters of fact, it is true, and truth in general, may be inculcated without taking advantage of ideal preſence; but without it, the fineſt ſpeaker or writer would in vain attempt to move any paſſion: our ſympathy would be confined to objects that are really preſent; and language would loſe entirely its ſignal power of making us ſympathize with beings removed at the greateſt diſtance of time as well as of place. Nor is the influence of language, by means of ideal preſence, confined to the heart: it reacheth alſo the underſtanding, and contributes to belief. For when events are related in a lively manner, and every circumſtance appears as paſſing before us, we ſuffer not patiently the truth of the facts to be queſtioned.

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queſtioned. An hiſtorian, accordingly, who hath a genius for narration, ſeldom fails to engage our belief. The ſame facts related in a manner cold and indiſtinct, are not ſuffered to paſs without examination: a thing ill deſcribed is like an object ſeen at a diſtance, or through a miſt; we doubt whether it be a reality or a fiction. Cicero ſays, that to relate the manner in which an event paſſed, not only enlivens the ſtory, but makes it appear more credible *. For that reaſon, a poet who can warm and animate his reader, may employ bolder fictions than ought to be ventured by an inferior genius: the reader, once thoroughly engaged, is ſuſceptible of the ſtrongeſt impreſſions:

Veraque conſtituunt, quae belle tangere poſſunt
Aureis, et lepido quae ſunt fucata ſonore.
Lucretius, lib. 1. l. 644.

A maſterly painting has the ſame effect: Le Brun is no ſmall ſupport to Quintus Curtius: and among the vulgar in Italy, the belief of ſcripture-hiſtory is perhaps founded as much upon the authority of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other celebrated painters, as upon that of the ſacred writers †.

The

* De Oratore, lib. 2. ſect. 81.

† At quæ Polycleto defuerunt, Phidiæ atque Alcameni dantur. Phidias tamen diis quam hominibus efficiendis

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The foregoing theory muſt have fatigued the reader with much dry reaſoning; but his labour will not be fruitleſs; becauſe from that theory are derived many uſeful rules in criticiſm, which ſhall be mentioned in their proper places. One ſpecimen ſhall be our preſent entertainment. Events that ſurpriſe by being unexpected, and yet are natural, enliven greatly an epic poem: but in ſuch a poem, if it pretend to copy human manners and actions, no improbable incident ought to be admitted; that is, no incident contrary to the order and courſe of nature. A chain of imagined incidents linked together according to the order of nature, finds eaſy admittance into the mind; and a lively narrative of ſuch incidents occaſions complete images, or, in other words, ideal preſence: but our judgment revolts againſt an improbable incident; and, if we once begin to doubt of its reality, farewell reliſh and concern—an unhappy effect; for it will require more than an ordinary effort, to reſtore the waking dream, and to make the reader conceive even the more probable incidents as paſſing in his preſence.

I never was an admirer of machinery in an epic poem, and I now find my taſte juſtified by

melior artifex traditur: in ebore vero longe citra æmulum, vel ſi nihil niſi Minervam Athenis, aut Olympium in Elide Jovem feciſſet, cujus pulchritudo adjeciſſe aliquid etiam receptæ religioni videtur; adeo majeſtas operis Deum æquavit. *Quintilian, lib.* 12. *cap.* 10. § 1.

reaſon;

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reaſon; the foregoing argument concluding ſtill more ſtrongly againſt imaginary beings, than againſt improbable facts: fictions of that nature may amuſe by their novelty and ſingularity; but they never move the ſympathetic paſſions, becauſe they cannot impoſe on the mind any perception of reality. I appeal to the diſcerning reader, whether that obſervation be not applicable to the machinery of Taſſo and of Voltaire: ſuch machinery is not only in itſelf cold and unintereſting, but gives an air of fiction to the whole compoſition. A burleſque poem, ſuch as the Lutrin or the Diſpenſary, may employ machinery with ſucceſs; for theſe poems, tho' they aſſume the air of hiſtory, give entertainment chiefly by their pleaſant and ludicrous pictures, to which machinery contributes: it is not the aim of ſuch a poem, to raiſe our ſympathy: and for that reaſon a ſtrict imitation of nature is not required. A poem profeſſedly ludicrous, may employ machinery to great advantage; and the more extravagant the better.

Having aſſigned the means by which fiction commands our paſſions; what only remains for accompliſhing our preſent taſk, is to aſſign the final cauſe. I have already mentioned, that fiction, by means of language, has the command of our ſympathy for the good of others. By the ſame means, our ſympathy may alſo be raiſed for our own good. In the fourth ſection of the preſent chapter, it is obſerved, that examples both of

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of virtue and of vice raiſe virtuous emotions; which becoming ſtronger by exerciſe, tend to make us virtuous by habit, as well as by principle. I now further obſerve, that examples confined to real events are not ſo frequent as without other means to produce a habit of virtue: if they be, they are not recorded by hiſtorians. It therefore ſhows great wiſdom, to form us in ſuch a manner, as to be ſuſceptible of the ſame improvement from fable that we receive from genuine hiſtory. By that contrivance, examples to improve us in virtue may be multiplied without end: no other ſort of diſcipline contributes more to make virtue habitual, and no other ſort is ſo agreeable in the application. I add another final cauſe with thorough ſatisfaction: becauſe it ſhows, that the author of our nature is not leſs kindly provident for the happineſs of his creatures, than for the regularity of their conduct: the power that fiction hath over the mind affords an endleſs variety of refined amuſements, always at hand to employ a vacant hour: ſuch amuſements are a fine reſource in ſolitude; and, by chearing and ſweetening the mind, contribute mightily to ſocial happineſs.

PART

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PART II.

Emotions and Paſſions as pleaſant and painful, agreeable and diſagreeable. Modifications of theſe Qualities.

IT will naturally occur at firſt, that a diſcourſe upon the paſſions ought to commence with explaining the qualities now mentioned: but upon trial, I found that this explanation could not be made diſtinctly, till the difference ſhould firſt be aſcertained between an emotion and a paſſion, and their cauſes unfolded.

Great obſcurity may be obſerved among writers with regard to the preſent point: particularly no care is taken to diſtinguiſh agreeable from pleaſant, diſagreeable from painful; or rather theſe terms are deemed ſynonymous. This is an error not at all venial in the ſcience of ethics; as inſtances can and ſhall be given, of painful paſſions that are agreeable, and of pleaſant paſſions that are diſagreeable. Theſe terms, it is true, are uſed indifferently in familiar converſation, and in compoſitions for amuſement; but more accuracy is required from thoſe who profeſs to explain the paſſions. In writing upon the critical art, I would avoid every refinement that may ſeem more curious than uſeful: but the

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the proper meaning of the terms under conſideration muſt be aſcertained, in order to underſtand the paſſions, and ſome of their effects that are intimately connected with criticiſm.

I ſhall endeavour to explain theſe terms by familiar examples. Viewing a fine garden, I perceive it to be beautiful or agreeable; and I conſider the beauty or agreeableneſs as belonging to the object, or as one of its qualities. When I turn my attention from the garden to what paſſes in my mind, I am conſcious of a pleaſant emotion, of which the garden is the cauſe: the pleaſure here is felt, as a quality, not of the garden, but of the emotion produced by it. I give an oppoſite example. A rotten carcaſe is diſagreeable, and raiſes in the ſpectator a painful emotion: the diſagreeableneſs is a quality of the object; the pain is a quality of the emotion produced by it. In a word, agreeable and diſagreeable are qualities of the objects we *perceive*; pleaſant and painful are qualities of the emotions we *feel*: the former qualities are perceived as adhering to objects; the latter are felt as exiſting within us.

But a paſſion or emotion, beſide being felt, is frequently made an object of thought or reflection: we examine it; we enquire into its nature, its cauſe, and its effects. In that view, like other objects, it is either agreeable or diſagreeable. Hence clearly appear the different ſignifications of the terms under conſideration,

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as applied to paſſion: when a paſſion is termed *pleaſant* or *painful*, we refer to the actual feeling; when termed *agreeable* or *diſagreeable*, we refer to it as an object of thought or reflection; a paſſion is pleaſant or painful to the perſon in whom it exiſts; it is agreeable or diſagreeable to the perſon who makes it a ſubject of contemplation.

In the deſcription of emotions and paſſions, theſe terms do not always coincide: to make which evident, we muſt endeavour to aſcertain, firſt, what paſſions and emotions are pleaſant, what painful; and next, what are agreeable, what diſagreeable. With reſpect to both, there are general rules, which, if I can truſt to induction, admit not a ſingle exception. The nature of an emotion or paſſion as pleaſant or painful, depends entirely on its cauſe: the emotion produced by an agreeable object is invariably pleaſant; and the emotion produced by a diſagreeable object is invariably painful *. Thus a lofty oak, a generous action, a valuable diſcovery in art or ſcience, are agreeable objects that invariably produce pleaſant emotions. A ſtinking puddle, a treacherous action, an irregular, ill-contrived edifice, being diſagreeable objects, produce painful emotions. Selfiſh paſſions are pleaſant; for they ariſe from ſelf, an agreeable object or cauſe. A ſocial paſſion directed upon an agreeable object is always pleaſant; directed

* See part 7. of this chapter.

upon

upon an object in diſtreſs, is painful *. Laſtly, all diſſocial paſſions, ſuch as envy, reſentment, malice, being cauſed by diſagreeable objects, cannot fail to be painful.

A general rule for the agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of emotions and paſſions is a more difficult enterpriſe: it muſt be attempted however. We have a ſenſe of a common nature in every ſpecies of animals, particularly in our own; and we have a conviction that this common nature is *right*, or *perfect*, and that individuals *ought* to be made conformable to it †. To every faculty, to every paſſion, and to every bodily member, is aſſigned a proper office and a due proportion: if one limb be longer than the other, or be diſproportioned to the whole, it is wrong and diſagreeable: if a paſſion deviate from the common nature, by being too ſtrong or too weak, it is alſo wrong and diſagreeable: but as far as conformable to common nature, every emotion and every paſſion is perceived by us to be right, and as it ought to be; and upon that account it muſt appear agreeable. That this holds true in pleaſant emotions and paſſions, will readily be admitted: but the painful are no leſs natural than the other: and therefore ought not to be an exception. Thus the

* See part 7. of this chapter.

† See this doctrine fully explained, chap. 25. Standard of Taſte.

painful

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painful emotion raiſed by a monſtrous birth or brutal action, is no leſs agreeable upon reflection, than the pleaſant emotion raiſed by a flowing river or a lofty dome: and the painful paſſions of grief and pity are agreeable, and applauded by all the world.

Another rule more ſimple and direct for aſcertaining the agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of a paſſion as oppoſed to an emotion, is derived from the deſire that accompanies it. If the deſire be to perform a right action in order to produce a good effect, the paſſion is agreeable: if the deſire be, to do a wrong action in order to produce an ill effect, the paſſion is diſagreeable. Thus, paſſions as well as actions are governed by the moral ſenſe. Theſe rules by the wiſdom of Providence coincide: a paſſion that is conformable to our common nature muſt tend to good; and a paſſion that deviates from our common nature muſt tend to ill.

This deduction may be carried a great way farther: but to avoid intricacy and obſcurity, I make but one other ſtep. A paſſion which, as aforeſaid, becomes an object of thought to a ſpectator, may have the effect to produce a paſſion or emotion in him; for it is natural, that a ſocial being ſhould be affected with the paſſions of others. Paſſions or emotions thus generated, ſubmit, in common with others, to the general law above mentioned, namely, that an agreeable object produces a pleaſant emotion, and a diſagree-

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diſagreeable object a painful emotion. Thus the paſſion of gratitude, being to a ſpectator an agreeable object, produceth in him the pleaſant paſſion of love to the grateful perſon: and malice, being to a ſpectator a diſagreeable object, produceth in him the painful paſſion of hatred to the malicious perſon.

We are now prepared for examples of pleaſant paſſions that are diſagreeable, and of painful paſſions that are agreeable. Self-love, as long as confined within juſt bounds, is a paſſion both pleaſant and agreeable: in exceſs it is diſagreeable, though it continues to be ſtill pleaſant. Our appetites are preciſely in the ſame condition. Reſentment, on the other hand, is, in every ſtage of the paſſion, painful; but is not diſagreeable unleſs in exceſs. Pity is always painful, yet always agreeable. Vanity, on the contrary, is always pleaſant, yet always diſagreeable. But however diſtinct theſe qualities are, they coincide, I acknowledge, in one claſs of paſſions: all vicious paſſions tending to the hurt of others, are equally painful and diſagreeable.

The foregoing qualities of pleaſant and painful, may be ſufficient for ordinary ſubjects: but with reſpect to the ſcience of criticiſm, it is neceſſary, that we alſo be made acquainted with the ſeveral modifications of theſe qualities, with the modifications at leaſt that make the greateſt figure. Even at firſt view one is ſenſible, that the

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the pleaſure or pain of one paſſion differs from that of another: how diſtant the pleaſure of revenge gratified from that of love? ſo diſtant, as that we cannot without reluctance admit them to be any way related. That the ſame quality of pleaſure ſhould be ſo differently modified in different paſſions, will not be ſurpriſing, when we reflect on the boundleſs variety of agreeable ſounds, taſtes, and ſmells, daily perceived. Our diſcernment reaches differences ſtill more minute, in objects even of the ſame ſenſe: we have no difficulty to diſtinguiſh different ſweets, different ſours, and different bitters; honey is ſweet, ſo is ſugar, and yet the one never is miſtaken for the other: our ſenſe of ſmelling is ſufficiently acute, to diſtinguiſh varieties in ſweet-ſmelling flowers without end. With reſpect to paſſions and emotions, their differences as to pleaſant and painful have no limits; though we want acuteneſs of feeling for the more delicate modifications. There is here an analogy between our internal and external ſenſes: the latter are ſufficiently acute for all the uſeful purpoſes of life, and ſo are the former. Some perſons indeed, Nature's favourites, have a wonderful acuteneſs of ſenſe, which to them unfolds many a delightful ſcene totally hid from vulgar eyes. But if ſuch refined pleaſure be confined to a ſmall number, it is however wiſely ordered that others are not ſenſible of the defect; nor detracts it from their happineſs that others ſecretly are more happy.

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happy. With relation to the fine arts only, that qualification ſeems eſſential; and there it is termed *delicacy of taſte*.

Should an author of ſuch a taſte attempt to deſcribe all thoſe varieties in pleaſant and painful emotions which he himſelf feels, he would ſoon meet an invincible obſtacle in the poverty of language: a people muſt be thoroughly refined, before they invent words for expreſſing the more delicate feelings; and for that reaſon, no known tongue hitherto has reached that perfection. We muſt therefore reſt ſatisfied with an explanation of the more obvious modifications.

In forming a compariſon between pleaſant paſſions of different kinds, we conceive ſome of them to be *groſs*, ſome refined. Thoſe pleaſures of external ſenſe that are felt as at the organ of ſenſe, are conceived to be corporeal, or groſs *: the pleaſure of the eye and the ear are felt to be internal; and for that reaſon are conceived to be more pure and refined.

The ſocial affections are conceived by all to be more refined than the ſelfiſh. Sympathy and humanity are univerſally eſteemed the fineſt temper of mind; and for that reaſon, the prevalence of the ſocial affections in the progreſs of ſociety, is held to be a refinement in our nature. A ſavage knows little of ſocial affection, and therefore is not

* See the Introduction.

qualified

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qualified to compare ſelfiſh and ſocial pleaſure; but a man, after acquiring a high reliſh for the latter, loſes not thereby a taſte for the former: he is qualified to judge, and he will give preference to ſocial pleaſures as more ſweet and refined. In fact they maintain that character, not only in the direct feeling, but alſo when we make them the ſubject of reflection: the ſocial paſſions are far more agreeable than the ſelfiſh, and riſe much higher in our eſteem.

There are differences not leſs remarkable among the painful paſſions. Some are voluntary, ſome involuntary: the pain of the gout is an example of the latter; grief, of the former, which in ſome caſes is ſo voluntary as to reject all conſolation. One pain ſoftens the temper, pity is an inſtance: one tends to render us ſavage and cruel, which is the caſe of revenge. I value myſelf upon ſympathy: I hate and deſpiſe myſelf for envy.

Social affections have an advantage over the ſelfiſh, not only with reſpect to pleaſure, as above explained, but alſo with reſpect to pain. The pain of an affront, the pain of want, the pain of diſappointment, and a thouſand other ſelfiſh pains, are cruciating and tormenting, and tend to a habit of peeviſhneſs and diſcontent. Social pains have a very different tendency: the pain of ſympathy, for example, is not only voluntary, but ſoftens my temper, and raiſes me in my own eſteem.

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Refined manners, and polite behaviour, muſt not be deemed altogether artificial: men who, inured to the ſweets of ſociety, cultivate humanity, find an elegant pleaſure in preferring others, and making them happy, of which the proud, the ſelfiſh, ſcarce have a conception.

Ridicule, which chiefly ariſes from pride, a ſelfiſh paſſion, is at beſt but a groſs pleaſure: a people, it is true, muſt have emerged out of barbarity before they can have a taſte for ridicule; but it is too rough an entertainment for the poliſhed and refined. Cicero diſcovers in Plautus a happy talent for ridicule, and a peculiar delicacy of wit: but Horace, who made a figure in the court of Auguſtus, where taſte was conſiderably purified, declares againſt the lowneſs and roughneſs of that author's raillery. Ridicule is baniſhed France, and is loſing ground in England.

Other modifications of pleaſant paſſions will be occaſionally mentioned hereafter. Particularly, the modifications of *high* and *low* are to be handled in the chapter of grandeur and ſublimity; and the modifications of *dignified* and *mean*, in the chapter of dignity and grace.

PART

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PART III.

Interrupted Exiſtence of Emotions and Paſſions.—Their Growth and Decay.

WERE it the nature of an emotion to continue, like colour and figure, in its preſent ſtate till varied by ſome operating cauſe, the condition of man would be deplorable: it is ordered wiſely, that emotions ſhould more reſemble another attribute of matter, namely motion, which requires the conſtant exertion of an operating cauſe, and ceaſes when the cauſe is withdrawn. An emotion may ſubſiſt while its cauſe is preſent; and when its cauſe is removed, may ſubſiſt by means of an idea, though in a fainter manner: but the moment another thought breaks in and engroſſes the mind, the emotion is gone, and is no longer felt: if it return with its cauſe, or an idea of its cauſe, it again vaniſheth with them when other thoughts crowd in. The reaſon is, that an emotion or paſſion is connected with the perception or idea of its cauſe, ſo intimately as not to have any independent exiſtence: a ſtrong paſſion, it is true, hath a mighty influence to detain its cauſe in the mind; but not ſo as to detain it for ever, becauſe a ſucceſſion of perceptions or ideas is unavoidable *. Further, even

* See this point explained afterwards, chap. 9.

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while a paſſion ſubſiſts, it ſeldom continues long in the ſame tone, but is ſucceſſively vigorous and faint: the vigour of a paſſion depends on the impreſſion made by its cauſe; and a cauſe makes its deepeſt impreſſion, when, happening to be the ſingle intereſting object, it attracts our whole attention *: its impreſſion is ſlighter when our attention is divided between it and other objects; and at that time the paſſion is fainter in proportion.

When emotions and paſſions are felt thus by intervals, and have not a continued exiſtence, it may be thought a nice problem to determine when they are the ſame, when different. In a ſtrict philoſophic view, every ſingle impreſſion made even by the ſame object is diſtinguiſhable from what have gone before, and from what ſucceed: neither is an emotion raiſed by an idea the ſame with what is raiſed by a ſight of the object. But ſuch accuracy not being found in common apprehenſion, is not neceſſary in common language: the emotions raiſed by a fine landſcape in its ſucceſſive appearances are not diſtinguiſhable from each other, nor even from thoſe raiſed by ſucceſſive ideas of the object; all of them being held to be the ſame: a paſſion alſo is always reckoned the ſame as long as it is fixed upon the ſame object; and thus love and hatred are ſaid to continue the ſame for life. Nay, ſo

* See the Appendix, containing definitions, and explanation of terms, ſect. 33.

loſe

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looſe are we in that way of thinking, that many paſſions are reckoned the ſame even after a change of object; which is the caſe of all paſſions that proceed from ſome peculiar propenſity: envy, for example, is conſidered to be the ſame paſſion, not only while it is directed to the ſame perſon, but even where it comprehends many perſons at once: pride and malice are examples of the ſame. So much was neceſſary to be ſaid upon the identity of a paſſion and emotion, in order to prepare for examining their growth and decay.

The growth and decay of paſſions and emotions, traced through all their mazes, is a ſubject too extenſive for an undertaking like the preſent: I pretend only to give a curſory view of it, ſuch as may be neceſſary for the purpoſes of criticiſm. Some emotions are produced in their utmoſt perfection, and have a very ſhort endurance; which is the caſe of ſurpriſe, of wonder, and ſometimes of terror. Emotions raiſed by inanimate objects, trees, rivers, buildings, pictures, arrive at perfection almoſt inſtantaneouſly; and they have a long endurance, a ſecond view producing nearly the ſame pleaſure with the firſt. Love, hatred, and ſome other paſſions, ſwell gradually to a certain pitch; after which they decay gradually. Envy, malice, pride, ſcarce ever decay. Some paſſions, ſuch as gratitude and revenge, are often exhauſted by a ſingle act of gratification: other paſſions, ſuch as pride, malice, envy, love, hatred,

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hatred, are not ſo exhauſted; but having a long continuance, demand frequent gratification.

To handle every ſingle paſſion and emotion with a view to theſe differences, would be an endleſs work: we muſt be ſatisfied at preſent with ſome general views. And with reſpect to emotions, which are quieſcent becauſe not productive of deſire, their growth and decay are eaſily explained: an emotion cauſed by an inanimate object, cannot naturally take longer time to arrive at maturity, than is neceſſary for a leiſurely ſurvey: ſuch emotion alſo muſt continue long ſtationary, without any ſenſible decay; a ſecond or third view of the object being nearly as agreeable as the firſt: this is the caſe of an emotion produced by a fine proſpect, an impetuous river, or a towering hill: while a man remains the ſame, ſuch objects ought to have the ſame effect upon him. Familiarity, however, hath an influence here, as it hath every where: frequency of view, after ſhort intervals eſpecially, weans the mind gradually from the object, which at laſt loſes all reliſh: the nobleſt object in the material world, a clear and ſerene ſky, is quite diſregarded, unleſs perhaps after a courſe of bad weather. An emotion raiſed by human virtues, qualities, or actions, may, by reiterated views of the object, ſwell imperceptibly till it become ſo vigorous as to generate deſire: in that condition it muſt be handled as a paſſion.

As

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As to paſſion, I obſerve, firſt, that when nature requires a paſſion to be ſudden, it is commonly produced in perfection; which is the caſe of fear and of anger. Wonder and ſurpriſe are always produced in perfection: reiterated impreſſions made by their cauſe, exhauſt theſe paſſions inſtead of inflaming them. This will be explained afterward *.

In the next place, when a paſſion hath for its foundation an original propenſity peculiar to ſome men, it generally comes ſoon to maturity: the propenſity, upon preſenting a proper object, is immediately enlivened into a paſſion; which is the caſe of pride, of envy, and of malice.

In the third place, the growth of love and of hatred is ſlow or quick according to circumſtances: the good qualities of a perſon raiſe in me a pleaſant emotion; which, by reiterated views, is ſwelled into a paſſion involving deſire of that perſon's happineſs: this deſire, being freely indulged, works gradually a change internally, and at laſt produceth in me a ſettled habit of affection for that perſon now my friend. Affection thus produced operates preciſely like an original propenſity; for to enliven it into a paſſion, no more is required but the real or ideal preſence of the object. The habit of averſion or of hatred is brought on in the ſame manner. And here I muſt obſerve by the way, that love and hatred ſignify commonly affection and averſion, not

* Chap. 6.

paſſion.

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paſſion. The bulk of our paſſions are indeed affection or averſion inflamed into a paſſion by different circumſtances: the affection I bear to my ſon, is inflamed into the paſſion of fear when he is in danger; becomes hope when he hath a proſpect of good fortune; becomes admiration when he performs a laudable action; and ſhame when he commits any wrong: averſion becomes fear when there is a proſpect of good fortune to my enemy; becomes hope when he is in danger; becomes joy when he is in diſtreſs; and ſorrow when a laudable action is performed by him.

Fourthly, paſſions generally have a tendency to exceſs, occaſioned by the following means. The mind affected by any paſſion, is not in a proper ſtate for diſtinct perception, nor for cool reflection: it hath always a ſtrong bias to the object of an agreeable paſſion, and a bias no leſs ſtrong againſt the object of a diſagreeable paſſion. The object of love, for example, however indifferent to others, is to the lover's conviction a paragon; and of hatred, is vice itſelf without alloy. What leſs can ſuch deluſion operate, than to ſwell the paſſion beyond what it was at firſt? for if the ſeeing or converſing with a fine woman, have had the effect to carry me from indifference to love; how much ſtronger muſt her influence be, when now to my conviction ſhe is an angel? and hatred as well as other paſſions muſt run the ſame courſe.

Thus

Thus between a paſſion and its object there is a natural operation, reſembling action and reaction in phyſics: a paſſion acting upon its object, magnifies it greatly in appearance; and this magnified object reacting upon the paſſion, ſwells and inflames it mightily.

Fifthly, the growth of ſome paſſion depends often on occaſional circumſtances: obſtacles to gratification, for example, never fail to augment and inflame a paſſion; becauſe a conſtant endeavour to remove an obſtacle, preſerves the object of the paſſion ever in view, which ſwells the paſſion by impreſſions frequently reiterated: thus the reſtraint of conſcience, when an obſtacle to love, agitates the mind and inflames the paſſion:

Quod licet, ingratum eſt: quod non licet, acrius urit.
Si nunquam Danaën habuiſſet ahenea turris,
Non eſſet Danaë de Jove facta parens.

Ovid, Amor. l. 2.

At the ſame time, the mind, diſtreſſed with the obſtacles, becomes impatient for gratification, and conſequently more deſirous of it. Shakeſpear expreſſes this obſervation finely:

All impediments in fancy's courſe,
Are motives of more fancy.

We need no better example than a lover who hath many rivals. Even the caprices of a miſtreſs have the effect to inflame love; theſe occaſioning

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ſioning uncertainty of ſucceſs, tend naturally to make the anxious lover overvalue the happineſs of fruition.

So much upon the growth of paſſions: their continuance and decay come next under conſideration. And, firſt, it is a general law of nature, That things ſudden in their growth are equally ſudden in their decay. This is commonly the caſe of anger. And, with reſpect to wonder and ſurpriſe, which alſo ſuddenly decay, another reaſon concurs, that their cauſes are of ſhort duration: novelty ſoon degenerates into familiarity; and the unexpectedneſs of an object is ſoon ſunk in the pleaſure that the object affords. Fear, which is a paſſion of greater importance as tending to ſelf-preſervation, is often inſtantaneous; and yet is of equal duration with its cauſe: nay, it frequently ſubſiſts after the cauſe is removed.

In the next place, a paſſion founded on a peculiar propenſity, ſubſiſts generally for ever; which is the caſe of pride, envy, and malice: objects are never wanting to inflame the propenſity into a paſſion.

Thirdly, it may be laid down as a general law of nature, That every paſſion ceaſes upon attaining its ultimate end. To explain that law, we muſt diſtinguiſh between a particular and a general end. I call a particular end what may be accompliſhed by a ſingle act: a general end, on the contrary, admits acts without number: becauſe it cannot be ſaid, that a general end is ever fully

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fully accompliſhed, while the object of the paſſion ſubſiſts. Gratitude and revenge are examples of the firſt kind: the ends they aim at may be accompliſhed by a ſingle act; and, when that act is performed, the paſſions are neceſſarily at an end. Love and hatred are examples of the other kind; deſire of doing good or of doing miſchief to an individual, is a general end, which admits acts without number, and which ſeldom is fully accompliſhed: therefore theſe paſſions have frequently the ſame duration with their objects.

Laſtly, it will afford us another general view, to conſider the difference between an original propenſity, and affection or averſion produced by cuſtom. The former adheres too cloſe to the conſtitution ever to be eradicated; and for that reaſon, the paſſions to which it gives birth, continue during life with no remarkable diminution. The latter, which owe their birth and increment to time, owe their decay to the ſame cauſe: affection and averſion decay gradually as they grow; and accordingly hatred as well as love are extinguiſhed by long abſence. Affection decays more gradually between perſons, who, living together, have daily occaſion to teſtify mutually their good-will and kindneſs: and, when affection is decayed, habit ſupplies its place; for it makes theſe perſons neceſſary to each other, by the pain of ſeparation *. Af-

* See chap. 14.

fection

fection to children hath a long endurance, longer perhaps than any other affection: its growth keeps pace with that of its objects: they diſplay new beauties and qualifications daily, to feed and augment the affection. But whenever the affection becomes ſtationary, it muſt begin to decay; with a ſlow pace indeed, in proportion to its increment. In ſhort, man with reſpect to this life is a temporary being: he grows, becomes ſtationary, decays; and ſo muſt all his powers and paſſions.

PART IV.

Coexiſtent Emotions and Paſſions.

FOR a thorough knowledge of the human paſſions and emotions, it is not ſufficient that they be examined ſingly and ſeparately: as a plurality of them are ſometimes felt at the ſame inſtant, the manner of their coexiſtence, and the effects thereby produced, ought alſo to be examined. This ſubject is extenſive; and it will be difficult to trace all the laws that govern its endleſs variety of caſes: if ſuch an undertaking can be brought to perfection, it muſt be by degrees. The following hints may ſuffice for a firſt attempt.

We begin with emotions raiſed by different ſounds, as the ſimpleſt caſe. Two ſounds that mix,

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mix, and, as it were, incorporate before they reach the ear, are ſaid to be concordant. That each of the two ſounds, even after their union, produceth an emotion of its own, muſt be admitted: but theſe emotions, like the ſounds that produce them, mix ſo intimately, as to be rather one complex emotion than two emotions in conjunction. Two ſounds that refuſe incorporation or mixture, are ſaid to be diſcordant: and when heard at the ſame inſtant, the emotions produced by them are unpleaſant in conjunction, however pleaſant ſeparately.

Similar to the emotion raiſed by mixed ſounds is the emotion raiſed by an object of ſight with its ſeveral qualities: a tree, for example, with its qualities of colour, figure, ſize, &c. is perceived to be one object; and the emotion it produceth is rather one complex emotion than different emotions combined.

With reſpect to coexiſtent emotions produced by different objects of ſight, it muſt be obſerved, that however intimately connected ſuch objects may be, there cannot be a concordance among them like what is perceived in ſome ſounds. Different objects of ſight, meaning objects that can exiſt each of them independent of the others, never mix nor incorporate in the act of viſion: each object is perceived as it exiſts, ſeparately from others; and each raiſeth an emotion different from that raiſed by the other. And the ſame holds in all the cauſes of emotion

or

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or paſſion that can exiſt independent of each other, ſounds only excepted.

To explain the manner in which ſuch emotions exiſt, ſimilar emotions muſt be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe that are diſſimilar. Two emotions are ſaid to be ſimilar, when they tend each of them to produce the ſame tone of mind: chearful emotions, however different their cauſes may be, are ſimilar: and ſo are thoſe which are melancholy. Diſſimilar emotions are eaſily explained by their oppoſition to what are ſimilar: pride and humility, gaiety and gloomineſs, are diſſimilar emotions.

Emotions perfectly ſimilar, readily combine and unite *, ſo as in a manner to become one complex emotion; witneſs the emotions produced by a number of flowers in a parterre, or of trees in a wood. Emotions that are oppoſite, or extremely diſſimilar, never combine or unite: the mind cannot ſimultaneouſly take on oppoſite tones: it cannot at the ſame inſtant be both joyful and ſad, angry and ſatisfied, proud and humble: diſſimilar emotions may ſucceed each other

* It is eaſier to conceive the manner of coexiſtence of ſimilar emotions, than to deſcribe it. They cannot be ſaid to mix or incorporate, like concordant ſounds: their union is rather of agreement or concord; and therefore I have choſen the words in the text, not as ſufficient to expreſs clearly the manner of their coexiſtence, but only as leſs liable to exception than any other I can find.

with

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with rapidity, but they cannot exiſt ſimultaneouſly.

Between theſe two extremes, emotions unite more or leſs, in proportion to the degree of their reſemblance, and the degree in which their cauſes are connected. Thus the emotions produced by a fine landſcape and the ſinging of birds, being ſimilar in a conſiderable degree, readily unite, though their cauſes are little connected. And the ſame happens where the cauſes are intimately connected, tho' the emotions themſelves have little reſemblance to each other: an example of which is a miſtreſs in diſtreſs, whoſe beauty gives pleaſure, and her diſtreſs pain: theſe two emotions, proceeding from different views of the object, have very little reſemblance to each other; and yet ſo intimately connected are their cauſes, as to force them into a ſort of complex emotion, partly pleaſant partly painful. This clearly explains ſome expreſſions common in poetry, *a ſweet diſtreſs, a pleaſant pain.*

It was neceſſary to deſcribe, with ſome accuracy, in what manner ſimilar and diſſimilar emotions coexiſt in the mind, in order to explain their different effects, both internal and external. This ſubject, tho' obſcure, is capable to be ſet in a clear light; and it merits attention, not only for its extenſive uſe in criticiſm, but for the nobler purpoſe of deciphering many intricacies in the actions of men. Beginning with internal effects, I diſcover two, clearly diſtinguiſhable from

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from each other, both of them produced by pleaſant emotions that are ſimilar; of which, the one may be repreſented by addition in numbers, the other by harmony in ſounds. Two pleaſant emotions that are ſimilar, readily unite when they are coexiſtent; and the pleaſure felt in the union, is the ſum of the two pleaſures: the ſame emotions in ſucceſſion, are far from making the ſame figure; becauſe the mind, at no inſtant of the ſucceſſion, is conſcious of more than a ſingle emotion. This doctrine may aptly be illuſtrated by a landſcape comprehending hills, vallies, plains, rivers, trees, &c.: the emotions produced by theſe ſeveral objects, being ſimilar in a high degree, as falling in eaſily and ſweetly with the ſame tone of mind, are in conjunction extremely pleaſant. This multiplied effect is felt from objects even of different ſenſes, as where a landſcape is conjoined with the muſic of birds and odour of flowers; and reſults partly from the reſemblance of the emotions and partly from the connection of their cauſes: whence it follows, that the effect muſt be the greateſt, where the cauſes are intimately connected and the emotions perfectly ſimilar. The ſame rule is obviouſly applicable to painful emotions that are ſimilar and coexiſtent.

The other pleaſure ariſing from pleaſant emotions ſimilar and coexiſtent, cannot be better explained than by the foregoing example of a landſcape,

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ſcape, where the ſight, hearing, and ſmelling, are employed: beſide the accumulated pleaſure above mentioned, of ſo many different ſimilar emotions, a pleaſure of a different kind is felt from the concord of theſe emotions. As that pleaſure reſembles greatly the pleaſure of concordant ſounds, it may be termed the *Harmony of Emotions*. This harmony is felt in the different emotions occaſioned by the viſible objects; but it is felt ſtill more ſenſibly in the emotions occaſioned by the objects of different ſenſes, as where the emotions of the eye are combined with thoſe of the ear. The former pleaſure comes under the rule of addition: this comes under a different rule. It is directly in proportion to the degree of reſemblance between the emotions, and inverſely in proportion to the degree of connection between the cauſes: to feel this pleaſure in perfection, the reſemblance between the emotions cannot be too ſtrong, nor the connection between their cauſes too ſlight: The former condition is ſelf-evident; and the reaſon of the latter is, that the pleaſure of harmony is felt from various ſimilar emotions, diſtinct from each other, and yet ſweetly combining in the mind; which excludes cauſes intimately connected, for the emotions produced by them are forced into one complex emotion. This pleaſure of concord or harmony, which is the reſult of pleaſant emotions, and cannot have place with reſpect to thoſe that are painful, will

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be further illuſtrated, when the emotions produced by the ſound of words and their meaning are taken under conſideration *.

The pleaſure of concord from conjoined emotions, is felt even where the emotions are not perfectly ſimilar. Though love be a pleaſant paſſion, yet by its ſoftneſs and tenderneſs it reſembles in a conſiderable degree the painful paſſion of pity or of grief; and for that reaſon, love accords better with theſe paſſions than with what are gay and ſprightly. I give the following example from Catullus, where the concord between love and grief has a fine effect even in ſo ſlight a ſubject as the death of a ſparrow.

Lugete, ô Veneres, Cupidineſque,
Et quantum eſt hominum venuſtiorum!
Paſſer mortuus eſt meæ puellæ,
Quem plus illa oculis ſuis amabat.
Nam mellitus erat, ſuamque norat
Ipſam tam bene, quam puella matrem:
Nec ſeſe a gremio illius movebat;
Sed circumſiliens modo huc, modo illuc,
Ad ſolam dominam uſque pipilabat.
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricoſum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
At vobis male ſit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis;
Tam bellum mihi paſſerem abſtuliſtis.
O factum male, ô miſelle paſſer.
Tua nunc opera, meæ puellæ
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

* Chap. 18. ſect. 3.

Next

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Next as to the effects of diſſimilar emotions, which we may gueſs will be oppoſite to what are above deſcribed. Diſſimilar coexiſtent emotions, as ſaid above, never fail to diſtreſs the mind by the difference of their tones; from which ſituation a feeling of harmony never can proceed; and this holds whether the cauſes be connected or not. But it holds more remarkably where the cauſes are connected; for in that caſe the diſſimilar emotions being forced into an unnatural union, produce an actual feeling of diſcord. In the next place, if we would eſtimate the force of diſſimilar emotions coexiſtent, we muſt diſtinguiſh between their cauſes as connected or unconnected: and in order to compute their force in the former caſe, ſubtraction muſt be uſed inſtead of addition; which will be evident from what follows. Diſſimilar emotions forced into union by the connection of their cauſes, are felt obſcurely and imperfectly; for each tends to vary the tone of mind that is ſuited to the other; and the mind thus diſtracted between two objects, is at no inſtant in a condition to receive a deep impreſſion from either. Diſſimilar emotions proceeding from unconnected cauſes, are in a very different condition; for as there is nothing to force them into union, they are never felt but in ſucceſſion; by which means, each hath an opportunity to make a complete impreſſion.

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This curious theory requires to be illuſtrated by examples. In reading the deſcription of the diſmal waſte, book 1. of *Paradiſe Loſt*, we are ſenſible of a confuſed feeling, ariſing from diſſimilar emotions forced into union, to wit, the beauty of the deſcription, and the horror of the object deſcribed:

> Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
> Caſts pale and dreadful?

And with reſpect to this and many ſimilar paſſages in *Paradiſe Loſt*, we are ſenſible, that the emotions being obſcured by each other, make neither of them that figure they would make ſeparately. For the ſame reaſon, aſcending ſmoke in a calm morning, which inſpires ſtillneſs and tranquillity, is improper in a picture full of violent action. A parterre, partly ornamented, partly in diſorder, produces a mixt feeling of the ſame ſort. Two great armies in act to engage, mix the diſſimilar emotions of grandeur and of terror.

> Sembra d'alberi denſi alta foreſta
> L'un campo, e l'altro; di tant' aſte abbonda.
> Son teſi gli archi, e ſon le lance in reſta:
> Vibranſi i dardi, e rotaſi ogni fionda.
> Ogni cavallo in guerra anco s'appreſta,
> Gli odii, e 'l furor del ſuo ſignor ſeconda:
> Raſpa,

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Raſpa, batte, nitriſce, e ſi raggira,
Gonfia le nari; e fumo, e fuoco ſpira.
Bello in sì bella viſta anco è l'orrore:
E di mezzo la tema eſce il diletto.
Ne men le trombe orribili e canore,
Sono a gli orecchi, lieto e fero oggetto.
Pur il campo fedel, benchè minore,
Par di ſuon più mirabile, e d'aſpeto.
E canta in più guerriero e chiaro carme
Ogni ſua tromba, e maggior luce han l'arme.
Geruſalemme liberata, cant. 20. *ſt.* 29. & 30.

Suppoſe a virtuous man has drawn on himſelf a great misfortune, by a fault incident to human nature, and therefore venial: the remorſe he feels aggravates his diſtreſs, and conſequently raiſes our pity to a high pitch: we at the ſame time blame the man; and the indignation raiſed by the fault he has committed, is diſſimilar to pity: theſe two paſſions, however, proceeding from the ſame object, are forced into a ſort of union; but the indignation is ſo ſlight, as ſcarce to be felt in the mixture with pity. Subjects of this kind are of all the fitteſt for tragedy; but of that afterward *.

Oppoſite emotions are ſo diſſimilar as not to admit any ſort of union, even where they proceed from cauſes the moſt intimately connected. Love to a miſtreſs, and reſentment for her infidelity, are of that nature: they cannot exiſt otherwiſe than in ſucceſſion, which by the con-

* Chap. 22.

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nection of their causes is commonly rapid; and these emotions will govern alternately, till one of them obtain the ascendant, or both be spent. A succession opens to me by the death of a worthy man, who was my friend as well as my kinsman: when I think of my friend I am grieved; but the succession gives me joy. These two causes are intimately connected; for the succession is the direct consequence of my friend's death: the emotions however being opposite, do not mix; they prevail alternately, perhaps for a course of time, till grief for my friend's death be banished by the pleasures of opulence. A virtuous man suffering unjustly, is an example of the same kind: I pity him, and have great indignation at the author of the wrong. These emotions proceed from causes nearly connected; but being directed to different objects, they are not forced into union; their opposition preserves them distinct: and accordingly they are found to prevail alternately.

I proceed to examples of dissimilar emotions arising from unconnected causes. Good and bad news of equal importance arriving at the same instant from different quarters, produce opposite emotions, the discordance of which is not felt, because they are not forced into union: they govern alternately, commonly in a quick succession, till their force be spent:

Shylock. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal.

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Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Francfort? the curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa ——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news, ha, ha: where, in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

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Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, Tubal; it was my Turquoiſe; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandiſe I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal.

Merchant of Venice, act 3. ſc. 1.

In the ſame manner, good news arriving to a man labouring under diſtreſs, occaſions a vibration in his mind from the one to the other:

Oſmyn. By Heav'n thou'ſt rous'd me from my lethargy.
The ſpirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing ſighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not Almeria could
Revive, or raiſe, my people's voice has waken'd.
O my Antonio, I am all on fire,
My ſoul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,

To

To victory; their ſhouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heav'ns: where is the king?
Where is Alphonſo? ha! where! where indeed?
O I could tear and burſt the ſtrings of life,
To break theſe chains. Off, off, ye ſtains of royalty!
Off, ſlavery! O curſe, that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would ſoar, and ſtoop at victory beneath!

Mourning Bride, act 3. *ſc.* 2.

If the emotions be unequal in force, the ſtronger after a conflict will extinguiſh the weaker. Thus the loſs of a houſe by fire, or of a ſum of money by bankruptcy, will make no figure in oppoſition to the birth of a long-expected ſon, who is to inherit an opulent fortune: after ſome ſlight vibrations, the mind ſettles in joy, and the loſs is forgot.

The foregoing obſervations will be found of great uſe in the fine arts. Many practical rules are derived from them, which ſhall afterward be mentioned; but for inſtant gratification in part, the reader will accept the following ſpecimen, being an application of theſe obſervations to muſic. It muſt be premiſed, that no diſagreeable combination of ſounds is entitled to the name of muſic: for all muſic is reſolvable into melody and harmony, which imply agreeableneſs in their very conception *. Secondly, the agreeableneſs of vocal muſic differs from that of inſtrumental: the

* Sounds may be ſo contrived as to produce horror, and ſeveral other painful feelings, which in a tragedy, or in

the former, being intended to accompany words, ought to be expreſſive of the ſentiment that they convey; but the latter having no connection with words, may be agreeable without relation to any ſentiment: harmony, properly ſo called, though delightful when in perfection, hath no relation to ſentiment; and we often find melody without the leaſt tincture of it *. Thirdly, in vocal muſic, the intimate connection of ſenſe and ſound rejects diſſimilar emotions, thoſe eſpecially that are oppoſite. Similar emotions produced by the ſenſe and the ſound, go naturally into union; and at the ſame time are concordant or harmonious: but diſſimilar emotions, forced into union by theſe cauſes intimately connected, obſcure each other, and are alſo unpleaſant by diſcordance.

Theſe premiſſes make it eaſy to determine what ſort of poetical compoſitions are fitted for muſic. In general, as muſic in all its various tones ought to be agreeable, it never can be concordant with any compoſition in language

in an opera, may be introduced with advantage to accompany the repreſentation of a diſſocial or diſagreeable paſſion. But ſuch ſounds muſt in themſelves be diſagreeable; and upon that account cannot be dignified with the name of muſic.

* It is beyond the power of muſic to raiſe a paſſion or a ſentiment: but it is in the power of muſic to raiſe emotions ſimilar to what are raiſed by ſentiments expreſſed in words pronounced with propriety and grace; and ſuch muſic may juſtly be termed *ſentimental*.

expreſſing

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expreſſing a diſagreeable paſſion, or deſcribing a diſagreeable object: for here the emotions raiſed by the ſenſe and by the ſound, are not only diſſimilar but oppoſite; and ſuch emotions forced into union produce always an unpleaſant mixture. Muſic accordingly is a very improper companion for ſentiments of malice, cruelty, envy, peeviſhneſs, or of any other diſſocial paſſion; witneſs among a thouſand King John's ſpeech in Shakeſpear, ſoliciting Hubert to murder Prince Arthur, which even in the moſt curſory view will appear incompatible with any ſort of muſic. Muſic is a companion no leſs improper for the deſcription of any diſagreeable object, ſuch as that of Polyphemus in the third book of the Æneid, or that of Sin in the ſecond book of Paradiſe Loſt: the horror of the object deſcribed and the pleaſure of the muſic, would be highly diſcordant.

With regard to vocal muſic, there is an additional reaſon againſt aſſociating it with diſagreeable paſſions. The external ſigns of ſuch paſſions are painful; the looks and geſtures to the eye, and the tone of pronunciation to the ear: ſuch tones therefore can never be expreſſed muſically, for muſic muſt be pleaſant, or it is not muſic.

On the other hand, muſic aſſociates finely with poems that tend to inſpire pleaſant emotions; muſic for example in a chearful tone, is perfectly concordant with every motion in the ſame

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ſame tone; and hence our taſte for airs expreſſive of mirth and jollity. Sympathetic joy aſſociates finely with chearful muſic; and ſympathetic pain no leſs finely with muſic that is tender and melancholy. All the different emotions of love, namely, tenderneſs, concern, anxiety, pain of abſence, hope, fear, accord delightfully with muſic: and accordingly, a perſon in love, even when unkindly treated, is ſoothed by muſic; for the tenderneſs of love ſtill prevailing, accords with a melancholy ſtrain. This is finely exemplified by Shakeſpear in the fourth act of *Othello*, where Deſdemona calls for a ſong expreſſive of her diſtreſs. Wonderful is the delicacy of that writer's taſte, which fails him not even in the moſt refined emotions of human nature. Melancholy muſic is ſuited to ſlight grief, which requires or admits conſolation: but deep grief, which refuſes all conſolation, rejects for that reaſon even melancholy muſic.

Where the ſame perſon is both the actor and the ſinger, as in an opera, there is a ſeparate reaſon why muſic ſhould not be aſſociated with the ſentiments of any diſagreeable paſſion, nor the deſcription of any diſagreeable object; which is, that ſuch aſſociation is altogether unnatural: the pain, for example, that a man feels who is agitated with malice or unjuſt revenge, diſqualifies him for reliſhing muſic, or any thing that is pleaſing; and therefore to repreſent ſuch a man, contrary to nature, expreſſing his ſenti-

ments

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ments in a ſong, cannot be agreeable to any audience of taſte.

For a different reaſon, muſic is improper for accompanying pleaſant emotions of the more important kind; becauſe theſe totally ingroſs the mind, and leave no place for muſic, nor for any ſort of amuſement: in a perilous enterpriſe to dethrone a tyrant, muſic would be impertinent, even where hope prevails, and the proſpect of ſucceſs is great: Alexander attacking the Indian town, and mounting the wall, had certainly no impulſe to exert his proweſs in a ſong.

It is true, that not the leaſt regard is paid to theſe rules either in the French or Italian opera; and the attachment we have to operas, may at firſt be conſidered as an argument againſt the foregoing doctrine. But the general taſte for operas is no argument: in theſe compoſitions the paſſions are ſo imperfectly expreſſed, as to leave the mind free for reliſhing muſic of any ſort indifferently; and it cannot be diſguiſed, that the pleaſure of an opera is derived chiefly from the muſic, and ſcarce at all from the ſentiments: a happy concordance of the emotions raiſed by the ſong and by the muſic, is extremely rare; and I venture to affirm, that there is no example of it, unleſs where the emotion raiſed by the former is agreeable as well as that raiſed by the latter *.

The

* A cenſure of the ſame kind is pleaſantly applied to the French ballettes by a celebrated writer: "Si le Prince "eſt

The ſubject we have run through appears not a little entertaining. It is extremely curious to obſerve, in many inſtances, a plurality of cauſes producing in conjunction a great pleaſure: in other inſtances, no leſs frequent, no conjunction, but each cauſe acting in oppoſition. To enter bluntly upon a ſubject of ſuch intricacy, might gravel an acute philoſopher; but taking matters in a train, the intricacy vaniſheth.

Next in order, according to the method propoſed, come external effects; which lead us to paſſions as the cauſes of external effects. Two coexiſtent paſſions that have the ſame tendency, muſt be ſimilar: they accordingly readily unite, and in conjunction have double force. This is verified by experience; from which we learn, that the mind receives not impulſes alternately from ſuch paſſions, but one ſtrong impulſe from the whole in conjunction; and indeed it is not eaſy to conceive what ſhould bar the union of paſſions that have all of them the ſame tendency.

Two paſſions having oppoſite tendencies, may proceed from the ſame cauſe conſidered in different

" eſt joyeux, on prend part à ſa joye, et l'on danſe: s'il " eſt triſte, on veut l'égayer, et l'on danſe. Mais il y a " bien d'autres ſujets de danſes; les plus graves actions " de la vie ſe font en danſant. Les prêtres danſent, les " ſoldats danſent, les dieux danſent, les diables danſent, " on danſe juſques dans les enterremens, et tout danſe à " propros de tout."

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ferent views. Thus a miſtreſs may at once be the cauſe both of love and of reſentment: her beauty inflames the paſſion of love; her cruelty or inconſtancy cauſes reſentment. When two ſuch paſſions coexiſt in the ſame breaſt, the oppoſition of their aim prevents any ſort of union; and accordingly, they are not felt otherwiſe than in ſucceſſion: the conſequence of which muſt be, either that the paſſions will balance each other and prevent external action, or that one of them will prevail and accompliſh its end. Guarini, in his *Paſtor Fido*, deſcribes beautifully the ſtruggle between love and reſentment directed to the ſame object:

Coriſca. Chi vide mai, chi mai udi più ſtrana
E più folle, e più fera, e più importuna
Paſſione amoroſa? amore, ed odio
Con sì mirabil tempre in un cor miſti,
Che l'un par l'altro (e non ſo ben dir come)
E ſi ſtrugge, e s'avanza, e naſce, e more.
S' i' miro alle bellezze di Mirtillo
Dal piè leggiadro al grazioſo volto,
Il vago portamento, il bel ſembiante,
Gli atti, i coſtumi, e le parole, e 'l guardo;
M'aſſale Amore con sì poſſente foco
Ch' i' ardo tutta, e par, ch' ogn' altro affetto
Da queſto ſol ſia ſuperato, e vinto:
Ma ſe poi penſo all' oſtinato amore,
Ch' ei porta ad altra donna, e che per lei
Di me non cura, e ſprezza (il vo' pur dire)
La mia famoſa, e da mill' alme, e mille,

Inchinata

Inchinata beltà, bramata grazia ;
L' odio così, così l'aborro, e ſchivo;
Che impoſſibil mi par, ch'unqua per lui
Mi s'accendeſſe al cor fiamma amoroſa.
Tallor meco ragiono : o s'io poteſſi
Gioir del mio dol dolciſſimo Mirtillo,
Sicche foſſe mio tutto, e ch' altra mai
Poſſeder no 'l poteſſe, o più d' ogn' altra
Beata, e feliciſſima Coriſca !
Ed in quel punto in me ſorge un talento
Verſo di lui sì dolce, e sì gentile,
Che di ſeguirlo, e di pregarlo ancora,
E di ſcoprirgli il cor prendo conſiglio.
Che più ? così mi ſtimola il deſio,
Che ſe poteſſi allor l' adorerei.
Dall' altra parte i' mi riſento, e dico,
Un ritroſo ? uno ſchifo ? un che non degna ?
Un, che può d'altra donna eſſer amante ?
Un, ch'ardiſce mirarmi, e non m'adora ?
E dal mio volto ſi difende in guiſa,
Che per amor non more ? ed io, che lui
Dovrei veder, come molti altri i' veggio
Supplice, e lagrimoſo a' piedi miei,
Supplice, e lagrimoſo a piedi ſuoi
Soſterro di cadere ? ah non fia mai.
Ed in queſto penſier tant' ira accoglio
Contra di lui, contra di me, che volſi
A ſeguirlo il penſier, gli occhi a mirarlo,
Che 'l nome di Mirtillo, e l' amor mio
Odio più che la morte ; e lui vorrei
Veder il più dolente, il più infelice
Paſtor, che viva ; e ſe poteſſi allora,
Con le mie proprie man l'anciderei.
Così ſdegno, deſire, odio, ed amore

Mi

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Mi fanno guerra, ed io, che ſtata ſono
Sempre fin qui di mille cor la fiamma,
Di mill' alme il tormento, ardo, e languiſco:
E provo nel mio mal le pene altrui.

Act 1. *ſc.* 3.

Ovid paints in lively colours the vibration of mind between two oppoſite paſſions directed to the ſame object. Althea had two brothers much beloved, who were unjuſtly put to death by her ſon Meleager in a fit of paſſion: ſhe was ſtrongly impelled to revenge; but the criminal was her own ſon. This ought to have with-held her hand; but the ſtory is more intereſting, by the violence of the ſtruggle between reſentment and maternal love:

Dona Deûm templis nato victore ferebat;
Cum videt extinctos fratres Althæa referri.
Quæ plangore dato, mœſtis ululatibus urbem
Implet; et auratis mutavit veſtibus atras.
At ſimul eſt auctor necis editus; excidit omnis
Luctus: et a lacrymis in pœnæ verſus amorem eſt.
Stipes erat, quem, cum partus enixa jaceret
Theſtias, in flammam triplices poſuêre ſorores;
Staminaque impreſſo fatalia pollici nentes,
Tempora, dixerunt, eadem lignoque, tibique,
O modo nate, damus. Quo poſtquam carmine dicto
Exceſſere deæ; flagrantem mater ab igne
Eripuit torrem: ſparſitque liquentibus undis.
Ille diu fuerat penetralibus abditus imis;
Servatuſque, tuos, juvenis, ſervaverat annos.
Protulit hunc genitrix, tædaſque in fragmina poni

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Imperat; et positis inimicos admovet ignes.
Tum conata quater flammis imponere ramum,
Cœptá quater tenuit. Pugnat materque, sororque,
Et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.
Sæpe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri:
Sæpe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem,
Et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti
Vultus erat; modo quem misereri credere posses;
Cumque ferus lacrymas animi siccaverat ardor,
Inveniebantur lacrymæ tamen. Utque carina,
Quam ventus, ventoque rapit contrarius æstus,
Vim geminam sentit, paretque incerta duobus:
Thestias haud aliter dubiis affectibus errat,
Inque vices ponit, positamque resuscitat iram.
Incipit esse tamen melior germana parente;
Et, consanguineas ut sanguine leniat umbras,
Impietate pia est. Nam postquam pestifer ignis
Convaluit; Rogus iste cremet mea viscera, dixit.
Utque manu dirâ lignum fatale tenebat;
Ante sepulchrales infelix adstitit aras.
Pœnarumque deæ triplices, furialibus, inquit,
Eumenides, sacris, vultus advertite vestros.
Ulciscor, facioque nefas. Mors morte pianda est;
In scelus addendum scelus est, in funera funus:
Per coacervatos pereat domus impia luctus.
An felix Oeneus nato victore fruetur,
Thestius orbus erit? melius lugebitis ambo.
Vos modo, fraterni manes, animæque recentes,
Officium sentite meum; magnoque paratas
Accipite inferias, uteri mala pignora nostri.
Hei mihi! quo rapior? fratres ignoscite matri.
Deficiunt ad cœpta manus. Meruisse fatemur
Illum, cur pereat: mortis mihi displicet auctor.

Ergo

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Ergo impune feret; vivuſque, et victor, et ipſo
Succeſſu tumidus regnum Calydonis habebit?
Vos cinis exiguus, gelidæque jacebitis umbræ?
Haud equidem patiar. Pereat ſceleratus; et ille
Spemque patris, regnique trahat, patriæque ruinam,
Mens ubi materna eſt; ubi ſunt pia jura parentum?
Et, quos ſuſtinui, bis menſûm quinque labores?
O utinam primis arſiſſes ignibus infans;
Idque ego paſſa forem! vixiſti munere noſtro:
Nunc merito moriere tuo. Cape præmia facti;
Biſque datam, primum partu, mox ſtipite rapto,
Redde animam; vel me fraternis adde ſepulchris.
Et cupio, et nequeo. Quid agam? modo vulnera fratrum
Ante oculos mihi ſunt, et tantæ cædis imago;
Nunc animum pietas, maternaque nomina frangunt.
Me miſeram! male vincetis, ſed vincite, fratres;
Dummodo, quæ dedero vobis ſolatia, voſque
Ipſa ſequar, dixit: dextraque averſa trementi
Funereum torrem medios conjecit in ignes.
Aut dedit, aut viſus gemitus eſt ille dediſſe,
Stipes; et invitis correptus ab ignibus arſit.

Metamorph. lib. 8. *l.* 445.

In caſes of this kind, one circumſtance always augments the fluctuation: after balancing between two actions, a reſolution to prefer one of them is an inchoated gratification of the prevailing paſſion, which moderates it in ſome degree; and that circumſtance tends to give a ſuperiority to the oppoſite paſſion: another circumſtance alſo concurs, that this oppoſite paſſion has, by reſtraint, acquired in the interim ſome additional force.

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Love and jealouſy connected by a common object, occupy the mind alternately: when the object is conſidered as beautiful, love prevails; when conſidered as poſſibly unfaithful, jealouſy prevails. A ſituation of that kind affords great ſcope for fluctuation of paſſion; which is painted to the life by ſeveral maſterly hands in words as well as in colours. Shakeſpear handles the ſame ſubject, but in a manner uncommon, and peculiar to himſelf: in Othello's ſoliloquy before putting his wife to death, love and jealouſy are repreſented, each exerting its whole force, but without any ſtruggle: Othello was naturally inflexible; and the tendereſt love could not divert him from a purpoſe he approved as right, not even for a moment: but every thing conſiſtent with ſuch a character is done to reconcile the two oppoſite paſſions; he is reſolved to put her to death, but he will not ſhed her blood, nor ſo much as ruffle her ſkin:

Othello. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
It is the cauſe.———Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of her's than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſtar.
[*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!—
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,

Thou

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Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relumine.——[*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither.—I'll ſmell thee on the tree:
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!—One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.——One more, that's the laſt;
So ſweet was near ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears! this ſorrow's heav'nly;
It ſtrikes where it doth love.—— *Act 5. ſc. 6.*

In Otway's *Orphan*, we have an illuſtrious example of the addreſs employed to gratify oppoſite paſſions directed to the ſame object. Caſtalio and Polydore, brothers and rivals, had ſworn mutual confidence: Caſtalio broke his faith by a private marriage; which unwarily betrayed Polydore into a diſmal deed, that of polluting his brother's bed. Thus he had injured his brother, and was injured by him: juſtice prompted him to make full atonement by his own death; reſentment againſt his brother, required a full atonement to be made to himſelf. In coexiſtent paſſions ſo contradictory, one of them commonly prevails after a ſtruggle: but here happily an expedient occurred to Polydore for gratifying both; which was, that he ſhould pro-

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voke his brother to put him to death. Polydore's crime, in his own opinion, merited that puniſhment; and juſtice was ſatisfied when he fell by the hand of the man he had injured: he wanted at the ſame time to puniſh his brother for breach of faith; and he could not puniſh more effectually than by betraying his brother to be his executioner.

If difference of aim prevent the union of two paſſions, though having the ſame object; much more will it prevent their union, when their objects are alſo different: in both caſes there is a fluctuation; but in the latter the fluctuation is ſlower than in the former. A beautiful ſituation of that kind is exhibited in the *Cid* of Corneille. Don Diegue, an old ſoldier worn out with age, having received a mortal affront from the Count, father to Chimene, employs his ſon Don Rodrigue, Chimene's lover, to demand ſatisfaction. This ſituation occaſions in the breaſt of Don Rodrigue a cruel ſtruggle between love and honour, one of which muſt be ſacrificed. The ſcene is finely conducted, chiefly by making love in ſome degree take part with honour, Don Rodrigue reflecting, that if he loſt his honour he could not deſerve his miſtreſs: honour triumphs; and the Count provoked to a ſingle combat, falls by the hand of Don Rodrigue.

This produceth another beautiful ſituation reſpecting Chimene, which making part of the ſame

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ſame ſtory, is placed here, though it properly belongs to the foregoing head. It became the duty of that lady to demand juſtice againſt her lover, for whoſe preſervation, in other circumſtances, ſhe chearfully would have ſacrificed her own life. The ſtruggle between theſe oppoſite paſſions directed to the ſame object is finely expreſſed in the third ſcene of the third act:

Elvire. Il vous prive d'un pére, et vous l'aimez encore!

Chimene. C'ſt peu de dire aimer, Elvire, je l'adore;
Ma paſſion s'oppoſe à mon reſentiment,
Dedans mon ennemi je trouve mon amant,
Et je ſens qu'en depit de toute ma colere,
Rodrigue dans mon cœur combat encore mon pére.
Il l'attaque, il le preſſe, il céde, il ſe défend,
Tantôt fort, tantôt foible, et tantôt triomphant;
Mais en ce dur combat de colére et de flame,
Il déchire mon cœur ſans partager mon ame,
Et quoique mon amour ait ſur moi de pouvoir,
Je ne conſulte point pour ſuivre mon devoir.
Je cours ſans balancer où mon honneur m'oblige;
Rodrigue m'eſt bien cher, ſon interêt m'afflige,
Mon cœur prend ſon parti; mais malgré ſon effort,
Je ſai que je ſuis, et que mon pére eſt mort.

Not leſs when the objects are different than when the ſame, are means ſometimes afforded to gratify both paſſions; and ſuch means are greedily embraced. In Taſſo's *Geruſalemme*, Edward and Gildippe, huſband and wife, are introduced fighting gallantly againſt the Saracens: Gildippe re-

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ceives a mortal wound by the hand of Soliman: Edward inflamed with revenge, as well as concern for Gildippe, is agitated between the two different objects. The poet * describes him endeavouring to gratify both at once, applying his right hand againſt Soliman, the object of his reſentment, and his left hand to ſupport his wife, the object of his love.

PART V.

Influence of Paſſion with reſpect to our Perceptions, Opinions, and Belief.

CONSIDERING how intimately our perceptions, paſſions, and actions, are mutually connected, it would be wonderful if they ſhould have no mutual influence. That our actions are too much influenced by paſſion, is a known truth; but it is not leſs certain, though not ſo well known, that paſſion hath alſo an influence upon our perceptions, opinions, and belief. For example, the opinions we form of men and things, are generally directed by affection: an advice given by a man of figure, hath great weight; the ſame advice from one in a low condition, is deſpiſed or neglected: a man of cou-

* Canto 20. ſt. 97.

rage

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rage under-rates danger; and to the indolent the ſlighteſt obſtacle appears unſurmountable.

This doctrine is of great uſe in logic; and of ſtill greater uſe in criticiſm, by ſerving to explain ſeveral principles of the fine arts that will be unfolded in the courſe of this work. A few general obſervations ſhall at preſent ſuffice, leaving the ſubject to be proſecuted more particularly afterward when occaſion offers.

There is no truth more univerſally known, than that tranquillity and ſedateneſs are the proper ſtate of mind for accurate perception and cool deliberation; and, for that reaſon, we never regard the opinion even of the wiſeſt man, when we diſcover prejudice or paſſion behind the curtain. Paſſion, as obſerved above *, hath ſuch influence over us, as to give a falſe light to all its objects. Agreeable paſſions prepoſſeſs the mind in favour of their objects, and diſagreeable paſſions, no leſs againſt their objects: a woman is all perfection in her lover's opinion, while, in the eye of a rival beauty, ſhe is aukward and diſagreeable: when the paſſion of love is gone, beauty vaniſhes with it,—nothing left of that genteel motion, that ſprightly converſation, thoſe numberleſs graces, which formerly, in the lover's opinion, charmed all hearts. To a zealot every one of his own ſect is a ſaint, while the moſt upright of a different ſect are to him

* Page 120.

children

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children of perdition: the talent of ſpeaking in a friend, is more regarded than prudent conduct in any other. Nor will this ſurpriſe one acquainted with the world: our opinions, the reſult frequently of various and complicated views, are commonly ſo ſlight and wavering, as readily to be ſuſceptible of a bias from paſſion.

With that natural bias another circumſtance concurs, to give paſſion an undue influence on our opinions and belief; and that is a ſtrong tendency in our nature to juſtify our paſſions as well as our actions, not to others only, but even to ourſelves. That tendency is peculiarly remarkable with reſpect to diſagreeable paſſions: by its influence, objects are magnified or leſſened, circumſtances ſupplied or ſuppreſſed, every thing coloured and diſguiſed, to anſwer the end of juſtification. Hence the foundation of ſelf-deceit, where a man impoſes upon himſelf innocently, and even without ſuſpicion of a bias.

There are ſubordinate means that contribute to pervert the judgment, and to make us form opinions contrary to truth; of which I ſhall mention two. Firſt, it was formerly obſerved *, that tho' ideas ſeldom ſtart up in the mind without connection, yet that ideas ſuited to the preſent tone of mind are readily ſuggeſted by any ſlight connection: the arguments for a favourite

* Chap. 1.

opinion

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opinion are always at hand, while we often ſearch in vain for thoſe that croſs our inclination. Second, The mind taking delight in agreeable circumſtances or arguments, is deeply impreſſed with them; while thoſe that are diſagreeable are hurried over ſo as ſcarce to make any impreſſion: the ſame argument, by being reliſhed or not reliſhed, weighs ſo differently, as in truth to make conviction depend more on paſſion than on reaſoning. This obſervation is fully juſtified by experience: to confine myſelf to a ſingle inſtance, the numberleſs abſurd religious tenets that at different times have peſtered the world, would be altogether unaccountable but for that irregular bias of paſſion.

We proceed to a more pleaſant taſk, which is, to illuſtrate the foregoing obſervations by proper examples. Gratitude, when warm, is often exerted upon the children of the benefactor; eſpecially where he is removed out of reach by death or abſence *. The paſſion in this caſe being exerted for the ſake of the benefactor, requires no peculiar excellence in his children: but the practice of doing good to theſe children produces affection for them, which never fails to advance them in our eſteem. By ſuch means, ſtrong connections of affection are often formed among

* See part 1. ſect. 1. of the preſent chapter.

indivi-

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individuals, upon the ſlight foundation now mentioned.

Envy is a paſſion, which, being altogether unjuſtifiable, cannot be excuſed but by diſguiſing it under ſome plauſible name. At the ſame time, no paſſion, is more eager than envy, to give its object a diſagreeable appearance: it magnifies every bad quality, and fixes on the moſt humbling circumſtances:

Caſſius. I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar, ſo were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; ſo indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink.
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear; ſo from the waves of Tyber
Did

Did I the tired Cæſar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Caſſius is
A wretched creature; and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake. 'Tis true, this god did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd——Give me ſome drink, Titinius,——
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get a ſtart of the majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Julius Cæſar, act 1. *ſc.* 3.

Glo'ſter inflamed with reſentment againſt his ſon Edgar, could even force himſelf into a momentary conviction that they were not related:

O ſtrange faſten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

King Lear, act 2. *ſc.* 3.

When by great ſenſibility of heart, or other means, grief becomes immoderate, the mind, in order to juſtify itſelf, is prone to magnify the cauſe: and if the real cauſe admit not of being magnified,

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magnified, the mind ſeeks a cauſe for its grief in imagined future events:

Buſhy. Madam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.
Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it. Yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With ſomething trembles, yet at nothing grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.
Richard II. *act* 2. *ſc.* 5.

Reſentment at firſt is vented on the relations of the offender, in order to puniſh him: but as reſentment, when ſo outrageous, is contrary to conſcience, the mind, to juſtify its paſſion, is diſpoſed to paint theſe relations in the blackeſt colours; and it comes at laſt to be convinced, that they ought to be puniſhed for their own demerits.

Anger raiſed by an accidental ſtroke upon a tender part of the body, is ſometimes vented upon the undeſigning cauſe. But as the paſſion in that caſe is abſurd, and as there can be no ſolid gratification in puniſhing the innocent; the mind, prone to juſtify as well as to gratify its paſſion, deludes itſelf into a conviction of the action's

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action's being voluntary. The conviction, however, is but momentary: the first reflection shows it to be erroneous; and the passion vanisheth almost instantaneously with the conviction. But anger, the most violent of all passions, has still greater influence: it sometimes forces the mind to personify a stock or a stone, if it happen to occasion bodily pain, and even to believe it a voluntary agent, in order to be a proper object of resentment. And that we have really a momentary conviction of its being a voluntary agent, must be evident from considering, that, without such conviction, the passion can neither be justified nor gratified: the imagination can give no aid; for a stock or a stone imagined sensible, cannot be an object of punishment, if the mind be conscious that it is an imagination merely without any reality. Of such personification, involving a conviction of reality, there is one illustrious instance: when the first bridge of boats over the Hellespont was destroyed by a storm, Xerxes fell into a transport of rage, so excessive, that he commanded the sea to be punished with 300 stripes; and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it, enjoining the following words to be pronounced: "O thou "salt and bitter water! thy master hath condem-"ned thee to this punishment for offending him "without cause; and is resolved to pass over "thee in despite of thy insolence: with reason

"all

" all men neglect to ſacrifice to thee, becauſe " thou art both diſagreeable and treacherous *."

Shakeſpear exhibits beautiful examples of the irregular influence of paſſion in making us believe things to be otherwiſe than they are. King Lear, in his diſtreſs, perſonifies the rain, wind, and thunder; and, in order to juſtify his reſentment, believes them to be taking part with his daughters:

Lear. Rumble thy belly-full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure.——Here I ſtand, your brave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul!

Act 3. *ſc.* 2.

King Richard, full of indignation againſt his favourite horſe for carrying Bolingbroke, is led into the conviction of his being rational:

Groom. O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe that I ſo carefully have dreſſed.

* Herodotus, book 7.

K. Rich.

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K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend, How went he under him.

Groom. So proudly as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back! That jade had eat bread from my royal hand. This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down, (Since pride muſt have a fall), and break the neck Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?

Richard II. *act* 5. *ſc.* 11.

Hamlet, ſwelled with indignation at his mother's ſecond marriage, was ſtrongly inclined to leſſen the time of her widowhood, the ſhortneſs of the time being a violent circumſtance againſt her; and he deludes himſelf by degrees into the opinion of an interval ſhorter than the real one:

Hamlet.——That it ſhould come to this! But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;— So excellent a king, that was, to this, Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother, That he permitted not the winds of heav'n Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth! Muſt I remember—why, ſhe would hang on him; As if increaſe of appetite had grown By what it fed on; yet, within a month—— Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is *Woman!* A little month! or ere theſe ſhoes were old, With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe, all tears——— Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe—— (O heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,

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Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Act 1. *ſc.* 3.

The power of paſſion to falſify the computation of time is remarkable in this inſtance; becauſe time, which hath an accurate meaſure, is leſs obſequious to our deſires and wiſhes, than objects which have no preciſe ſtandard of leſs or more.

Good news are greedily ſwallowed upon very ſlender evidence: our wiſhes magnify the probability of the event, as well as the veracity of the relater; and we believe as certain, what at beſt is doubtful:

Quel, che l'huom vede, amor li fa inviſibile
E l'inviſibil fa veder amore
Queſto creduto fu, che 'l miſer ſuole
Dar facile credenza a' quel, che vuole.

Orland. Furieſ. cant. 1. *ſt.* 56.

For the ſame reaſon, bad news gain alſo credit upon the ſlighteſt evidence: fear, if once alarmed,

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ed, has the ſame effect with hope, to magnify every circumſtance that tends to conviction. Shakeſpear, who ſhows more knowledge of human nature than any of our philoſophers, hath in his *Cymbeline* * repreſented this bias of the mind; for he makes the perſon who alone was affected with the bad news, yield to evidence that did not convince any of his companions. And Othello † is convinced of his wife's infidelity from circumſtances too ſlight to move any perſon leſs intereſted.

If the news intereſt us in ſo low a degree as to give place to reaſon, the effect will not be altogether the ſame: judging of the probability or improbability of the ſtory, the mind ſettles in a rational conviction either that it is true or not. But, even in that caſe, the mind is not allowed to reſt in that degree of conviction which is produced by rational evidence: if the news be in any degree favourable, our belief is raiſed by hope to an improper height; and if unfavourable, by fear.

This obſervation holds equally with reſpect to future events: if a future event be either much wiſhed or dreaded, the mind never fails to augment the probability beyond truth.

That eaſineſs of belief with reſpect to wonders and prodigies, even the moſt abſurd and ridiculous, is a ſtrange phenomenon; becauſe nothing

* Act 2. ſc. 6. † Act 3. ſc. 8.

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can be more evident than the following propoſition, that the more ſingular any event is, the more evidence is required to produce belief: a familiar event daily occurring, being in itſelf extremely probable, finds ready credit, and therefore is vouched by the ſlighteſt evidence; but to overcome the improbability of a ſtrange and rare event, contrary to the courſe of nature, the very ſtrongeſt evidence is required. It is certain, however, that wonders and prodigies are ſwallowed by the vulgar, upon evidence that would not be ſufficient to aſcertain the moſt familiar occurrence. It has been reckoned difficult to explain that irregular bias of mind; but we are now made acquainted with the influence of paſſion upon opinion and belief: a ſtory of ghoſts or fairies, told with an air of gravity and truth, raiſeth an emotion of wonder, and perhaps of dread; and theſe emotions impoſing upon a weak mind, impreſs upon it a thorough conviction contrary to reaſon.

Opinion and belief are influenced by propenſity as well as by paſſion. An innate propenſity is all we have to convince us, that the operations of nature are uniform: influenced by that propenſity, we often raſhly think, that good or bad weather will never have an end; and in natural philoſophy, writers, influenced by the ſame propenſity, ſtretch commonly their analogical reaſonings beyond juſt bounds.

Opinion

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Opinion and belief are influenced by affection as well as by propenſity. The noted ſtory of a fine lady and a curate viewing the moon through a teleſcope, is a pleaſant illuſtration: I perceive, ſays the lady, two ſhadows inclining to each other; they are certainly two happy lovers: Not at all, replies the curate, they are two ſteeples of a cathedral.

APPENDIX to Part V.

Methods that Nature hath afforded for computing Time and Space.

THIS ſubject is introduced, becauſe it affords ſeveral curious examples of the influence of paſſion to bias the mind in its conceptions and opinions; a leſſon that cannot be too frequently inculcated, as there is not perhaps another bias in human nature that hath an influence ſo univerſal to make us wander from truth as well as from juſtice.

I begin with time; and the queſtion is, What was the meaſure of time before artificial meaſures were invented; and what is the meaſure at preſent when theſe are not at hand? I ſpeak not of months and days, which are computed by the moon and ſun; but of hours, or in general of the time that paſſes between any two occurrences

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when there is not acceſs to the ſun. The only natural meaſure is the ſucceſſion of our thoughts; for we always judge the time to be long or ſhort, in proportion to the number of perceptions and ideas that have paſſed during that interval. This meaſure is indeed far from being accurate; becauſe in a quick and in a ſlow ſucceſſion, it muſt evidently produce different computations of the ſame time: but, however inaccurate, it is the only meaſure by which we naturally calculate time; and that meaſure is applied on all occaſions, without regard to any caſual variation in the rate of ſucceſſion.

That meaſure would however be tolerable, did it labour under no other imperfection beſide that mentioned: but in many inſtances it is much more fallacious; in order to explain which diſtinctly, an analyſis will be neceſſary. Time is computed at two different periods; one while it is paſſing, another after it is paſt: theſe computations ſhall be conſidered ſeparately, with the errors to which each of them is liable. Beginning with computation of time while it is paſſing, it is a common and trite obſervation, That to lovers abſence appears immeaſurably long, every minute an hour, and every day a year: the ſame computation is made in every caſe where we long for a diſtant event; as where one is in expectation of good news, or where a profligate heir watches for the death of an old rich miſer. Oppoſite to theſe are inſtances not fewer

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fewer in number: to a criminal the interval between ſentence and execution appears wofully ſhort: and the ſame holds in every caſe where one dreads an approaching event; of which even a ſchool-boy can bear witneſs: the hour allowed him for play, moves, in his apprehenſion, with a very ſwift pace; before he is thoroughly engaged, the hour is gone. A computation founded on the number of ideas, will never produce eſtimates ſo regularly oppoſite to each other; for our wiſhes do not produce a ſlow ſucceſſion of ideas, nor our fears a quick ſucceſſion. What then moves nature, in the caſes mentioned, to deſert her ordinary meaſure for one very different? I know not that this queſtion ever has been reſolved; the falſe eſtimates I have ſuggeſted being ſo common and familiar, that no writer has thought of their cauſe. And, indeed, to enter upon this matter without preparation, might occaſion ſome difficulty; to encounter which, we luckily are prepared, by what is ſaid upon the power of paſſion to bias the mind in its perceptions and opinions. Among the circumſtances that terrify a condemned criminal, the ſhort time he has to live is one; which time, by the influence of terror, is made to appear ſtill ſhorter than it is in reality. In the ſame manner, among the diſtreſſes of an abſent lover, the time of ſeparation is a capital circumſtance, which for that reaſon is greatly magnified by his anxiety and impatience: he ima-

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gines that the time of meeting comes on very ſlow, or rather that it will never come: every minute is thought of an intolerable length. Here is a fair, and, I hope, ſatisfactory reaſon, why time is thought to be tedious when we long for a future event, and not leſs fleet when we dread the event. The reaſon is confirmed by other inſtances. Bodily pain, fixt to one part, produceth a ſlow train of perceptions, which, according to the common meaſure of time, ought to make it appear ſhort: yet we know, that, in ſuch a ſtate, time has the oppoſite appearance; and the reaſon is, that bodily pain is always attended with a degree of impatience, which makes us think every minute to be an hour. The ſame holds where the pain ſhifts from place to place; but not ſo remarkably, becauſe ſuch a pain is not attended with the ſame degree of impatience. The impatience a man hath in travelling through a barren country, or in a bad road, makes him think, during the journey, that time goes on with a very ſlow pace. We ſhall ſee afterward, that a very different computation is made when the journey is over.

How ought it to ſtand with a perſon who apprehends bad news? It will probably be thought, that the caſe of this perſon reſembles that of a criminal, who, terrified at his approaching execution, believes every hour to be but a minute: yet the computation is directly oppoſite. Reflecting upon the difficulty, there appears one capital diſtinguiſhing

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tinguiſhing circumſtance: the fate of the criminal is determined; in the caſe under conſideration, the perſon is ſtill in ſuſpenſe. Every one has felt the diſtreſs that accompanies ſuſpenſe: we wiſh to get rid of it at any rate, even at the expence of bad news. This caſe, therefore, upon a more narrow inſpection, reſembles that of bodily pain: the preſent diſtreſs, in both caſes, makes the time appear extremely tedious.

The reader probably will not be diſpleaſed, to have this branch of the ſubject illuſtrated, by an author who is acquainted with every maze of the human heart, and who beſtows ineffable grace and ornament upon every ſubject he handles:

Roſalinda. I pray you, what is't a-clock?

Orlando. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

Orla. Why not the ſwift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir. Time travels in diverſe paces with diverſe perſons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is ſolemnized:

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ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſe'ennight, Time's pace is ſo hard, that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning: the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal!

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for, tho' he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

As you like it, act 3. *ſc.* 8.

The natural method of computing preſent time, ſhows how far from truth we may be led by the irregular influence of paſſion: nor are our eyes immediately opened when the ſcene is paſt; for the deception continues while there remain any traces of the paſſion. But looking back upon paſt time when the joy or diſtreſs is no longer remembered, the computation is very different: in that condition, we coolly and deliberately make uſe of the ordinary meaſure, namely, the courſe of our perceptions. And I ſhall now proceed to the errors that this meaſure is ſubjected to. Here we muſt diſtinguiſh between a train of perceptions, and a train of ideas:

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ideas: real objects make a ſtrong impreſſion, and are faithfully remembered: ideas, on the contrary, however entertaining at the time, are apt to eſcape a ſubſequent recollection. Hence it is, that in retroſpection, the time that was employed upon real objects, appears longer than that employed upon ideas: the former are more accurately recollected than the latter; and we meaſure the time by the number that is recollected. This doctrine ſhall be illuſtrated by examples. After finiſhing a journey through a populous country, the frequency of agreeable objects diſtinctly recollected by the traveller, makes the time ſpent in the journey appear to him longer than it was in reality; which is chiefly remarkable in the firſt journey, when every object is new, and makes a ſtrong impreſſion. On the other hand, after finiſhing a journey through a barren country thinly peopled, the time appears ſhort, being meaſured by the number of objects, which were few, and far from intereſting. Here in both inſtances a computation is made, directly oppoſite to that made during the journey. And this, by the way, ſerves to account for what may appear ſingular, that, in a barren country, a computed mile is always longer, than near the capital, where the country is rich and populous: the traveller has no natural meaſure of the miles he has travelled, other than the time beſtowed upon the journey; nor any natural meaſure of the time,

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time, other than the number of his perceptions; now theſe, being few from the paucity of objects in a waſte country, lead him to compute that the time has been ſhort, and conſequently that the miles have been few: by the ſame method of computation, the great number of perceptions, from the quantity of objects in a populous country, make the traveller conjecture that the time has been long, and the miles many. The laſt ſtep of the computation is obvious: in eſtimating the diſtance of one place from another, if the miles be reckoned few in number, each mile muſt of courſe be long; if many in number, each muſt be ſhort.

Again, the travelling with an agreeable companion, produceth a ſhort computation both of the road and of time; eſpecially if there be few objects that demand attention, or if the objects be familiar: and the caſe is the ſame of young people at a ball, or of a joyous company over a bottle: the ideas with which they have been entertained, being tranſitory, eſcape the memory: after the journey and the entertainment are over, they reflect that they have been much diverted, but ſcarce can ſay about what.

When one is totally occupied with any agreeable work that admits not many objects, time runs on without obſervation: and upon a ſubſequent recollection, muſt appear ſhort, in proportion to the paucity of objects. This is ſtill more remarkable in cloſe contemplation and in deep thinking,

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thinking, where the train, compoſed wholly of ideas, proceeds with an extreme ſlow pace: not only are the ideas few in number, but are apt to eſcape an after reckoning. The like falſe reckoning of time may proceed from an oppoſite ſtate of mind: in a reverie, where ideas float at random without making any impreſſion, time goes on unheeded, and the reckoning is loſt. A reverie may be ſo profound as to prevent the recollection of any one idea: that the mind was buſied in a train of thinking, may in general be remembered: but what was the ſubject, has quite eſcaped the memory. In ſuch a caſe, we are altogether at a loſs about the time, having no *data* for making a computation. No cauſe produceth ſo falſe a reckoning of time, as immoderate grief: the mind, in that ſtate, is violently attached to a ſingle object, and admits not a different thought: any other object breaking in, is inſtantly baniſhed, ſo as ſcarce to give an appearance of ſucceſſion. In a reverie, we are uncertain of the time that is paſt; but, in the example now given, there is an appearance of certainty, that the time muſt have been ſhort, when the perceptions are ſo few in number.

The natural meaſure of ſpace, appears more obſcure than that of time. I venture, however, to mention it, leaving it to be further proſecuted, if it be thought of any importance.

The ſpace marked out for a houſe appears conſiderably larger after it is divided into its proper parts.

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parts. A piece of ground appears larger after it is ſurrounded with a fence; and ſtill larger when it is made a garden and divided into different compartments.

On the contrary, a large plain looks leſs after it is divided into parts. The ſea muſt be excepted, which looks leſs from that very circumſtance of not being divided into parts.

A room of a moderate ſize appears larger when properly furniſhed. But, when a very large room is furniſhed, I doubt whether it be not leſſened in appearance.

A room of a moderate ſize looks leſs by having a ceiling lower than in proportion. The ſame low ceiling makes a very large room look larger than it is in reality.

Theſe experiments are by far too ſmall a ſtock for a general theory: but they are all that occur at preſent; and, inſtead of a regular ſyſtem, I have nothing for the reader's inſtruction but a few conjectures.

The largeſt angle of viſion ſeems to be the natural meaſure of ſpace: the eye is the only judge; and in examining with it the ſize of any plain, or the length of any line, the moſt accurate method that can be taken is, to run over the object in parts: the largeſt part that can be ſeen with one ſtedfaſt look, determines the largeſt angle of viſion; and, when that angle is given, one may inſtitute a calculation, by trying with

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with the eye how many of theſe parts are in the whole.

Whether this angle be the ſame in all men, I know not: the ſmalleſt angle of viſion is aſcertained; and to aſcertain the largeſt, would not be leſs curious.

But ſuppoſing it known, it would be a very imperfect meaſure; perhaps more ſo than the natural meaſure of time: for it requires great ſteadineſs of eye to meaſure a line with any accuracy, by applying to it the largeſt angle of diſtinct viſion. And ſuppoſing that ſteadineſs to be acquired by practice, the meaſure will be imperfect from other circumſtances. The ſpace comprehended under this angle will be different according to the diſtance, and alſo according to the ſituation of the object: of a perpendicular this angle will comprehend the ſmalleſt ſpace; the ſpace will be larger in looking upon an inclined plain; and will be larger or leſs in proportion to the degree of inclination.

This meaſure of ſpace, like the meaſure of time, is liable to ſeveral errors, from certain operations of the mind, which will account for ſome of the erroneous judgments above mentioned. The ſpace marked out for a dwelling-houſe, where the eye is at any reaſonable diſtance, is ſeldom greater than can be ſeen at once, without moving the head: divide that ſpace into two or three equal parts, and none of theſe parts will appear much leſs than what can be

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be comprehended at one diſtinct look; conſequently each of them will appear equal, or nearly equal, to what the whole did before the diviſion. If, on the other hand, the whole be very ſmall, ſo as ſcarce to fill the eye at one look, its diviſion into parts will, I conjecture, make it appear ſtill leſs: the minuteneſs of the parts is, by an eaſy tranſition of ideas, transferred to the whole; and we paſs the ſame judgment on the latter that we do on the former.

The ſpace marked out for a ſmall garden is ſurveyed almoſt at one view; and requires a motion of the eye ſo ſlight, as to paſs for an object that can be comprehended under the largeſt angle of diſtinct viſion: if not divided into too many parts, we are apt to form the ſame judgment of each part, and conſequently to magnify the garden in proportion to the number of its parts.

A very large plain without protuberances is an object no leſs rare than beautiful; and in thoſe who ſee it for the firſt time, it muſt produce an emotion of wonder. That emotion, however ſlight, impoſes on the mind, and makes it judge that the plain is larger than it is in reality. Divide the plain into parts, and our wonder ceaſes: it is no longer conſidered as one great plain, but as ſo many different fields or incloſures.

The firſt time one beholds the ſea, it appears to be large beyond all bounds. When it becomes familiar, and ceaſes to raiſe our wonder, it appears leſs than it is in reality. In a ſtorm it appears large, being

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being diſtinguiſheable by the rolling waves into a number of great parts. Iſlands ſcattered at conſiderable diſtances, add in appearance to its ſize: each intercepted part looks extremely large, and we inſenſibly apply arithmetic to increaſe the appearance of the whole. Many iſlands ſcattered at hand, give a diminutive appearance to the ſea, by its connection with its diminutive parts: the Lomond lake would undoubtedly look larger without its iſlands.

Furniture increaſeth in appearance the ſize of a ſmall room, for the ſame reaſon that diviſions increaſe in appearance the ſize of a garden. The emotion of wonder which is raiſed by a very large room without furniture, makes it look larger than it is in reality: if completely furniſhed, we view it in parts, and our wonder is not raiſed.

A low ceiling hath a diminutive appearance, which, by an eaſy tranſition of ideas, is communicated to the length and breadth, provided they bear any proportion to the height. If they be out of all proportion, the oppoſition ſeizes the mind, and raiſes ſome degree of wonder, which makes the difference appear greater than it really is.

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PART VI.

The Reſemblance of Emotions to their Cauſes.

THAT many emotions have ſome reſemblance to their cauſes, is a truth that can be made clear by induction; though, as far as I know, the obſervation has not been made by any writer. Motion, in its different circumſtances, is productive of feelings that reſemble it: ſluggiſh motion, for example, cauſeth a languid unpleaſant feeling; ſlow uniform motion, a feeling calm and pleaſant; and briſk motion, a lively feeling that rouſes the ſpirits, and promotes activity. A fall of water through rocks, raiſes in the mind a tumultuous confuſed agitation, extremely ſimilar to its cauſe. When force is exerted with any effort, the ſpectator feels a ſimilar effort, as of force exerted within his mind. A large object ſwells in the heart. An elevated object makes the ſpectator ſtand erect.

Sounds alſo produce emotions or feelings that reſemble them. A ſound in a low key brings down the mind: ſuch a ſound in a full tone hath a certain ſolemnity, which it communicates to the feeling produced by it. A ſound in a high key chears the mind by raiſing it: ſuch a ſound in a full tone both elevates and ſwells the mind.

Again,

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Again, a wall or pillar that declines from the perpendicular, produceth a painful feeling, as of a tottering and falling within the mind: and a feeling ſomewhat ſimilar is produced by a tall pillar that ſtands ſo tickliſh as to look like falling *. A column with a baſe looks more firm and ſtable than upon the naked ground; and for that reaſon is more agreeable: and tho' the cylinder is a more beautiful figure, yet the cube for a baſe is preferred; its angles being extended to a greater diſtance from the centre than the circumference of a cylinder. This excludes not a different reaſon, that the baſe, the ſhaft, and the capital, of a pillar, ought, for the ſake of variety, to differ from each other: if the ſhaft be round, the baſe and capital ought to be ſquare.

A conſtrained poſture, uneaſy to the man himſelf, is diſagreeable to the ſpectator; whence a rule in painting, that the drapery ought not to adhere to the body, but hang looſe, that the figures may appear eaſy and free in their movements. The conſtrained poſture of a French dancing-maſter in one of Hogarth's pieces, is for that reaſon diſagreeable; and it is alſo ridiculous, becauſe the conſtraint is aſſumed as a grace.

* Sunt enim Tempe ſaltus tranſitu difficilis: nam præter anguſtias per quinque millia, qua exiguum jumento onuſto iter eſt, rupes utrinque ita abſciſſæ ſunt, ut deſpici vix ſine vertigine quadam ſimul oculorum animique poſſit. *Titus Livius, lib.* 44. *ſect.* 6.

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The foregoing obſervation is not confined to emotions or feelings raiſed by ſtill life: it holds alſo in what are raiſed by the qualities, actions, and paſſions, of a ſenſible being. Love inſpired by a fine woman, aſſumes her qualities: it is ſublime, ſoft, tender, ſevere, or gay, according to its cauſe. This is ſtill more remarkable in emotions raiſed by human actions: it hath already been remarked *, that any ſignal inſtance of gratitude, beſide procuring eſteem for the author, raiſeth in the ſpectator a vague emotion of gratitude, which diſpoſeth him to be grateful; and I now further remark, that this vague emotion hath a ſtrong reſemblance to its cauſe, namely, the paſſion that produced the grateful action: courage exerted inſpires the reader as well as the ſpectator with a like emotion of courage, a juſt action fortifies our love of juſtice, and a generous action rouſes our generoſity. In ſhort, with reſpect to all virtuous actions, it will be found by induction, that they lead us to imitation by inſpiring emotions reſembling the paſſions that produceth theſe actions. And hence the advantage of choice books and choice company.

Grief as well as joy are infectious: the emotions they raiſe in a ſpectator reſemble them perfectly. Fear is equally infectious: and hence in an army, a few taking fright, even without cauſe,

* Part 1. of this chapter, ſect. 4.

ſpread

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ſpread the infection till it becomes an univerſal panic. Pity is ſimilar to its cauſe; a parting ſcene between lovers or friends, produceth in the ſpectator a ſort of pity, which is tender like the diſtreſs: the anguiſh of remorſe, produceth pity of a harſh kind; and if the remorſe be extreme, the pity hath a mixture of horror. Anger I think is ſingular; for even where it is moderate, and cauſeth no diſguſt, it diſpoſes not the ſpectator to anger in any degree *. Covetouſneſs, cruelty, treachery, and other vicious paſſions, are ſo far from raiſing any emotion ſimilar to themſelves, to incite a ſpectator to imitation, that they have an oppoſite effect: they raiſe abhorrence, and fortify the ſpectator in his averſion to ſuch actions. When anger is immoderate, it cannot fail to produce the ſame effect.

PART VII.

Final Cauſes of the more frequent Emotions and Paſſions.

IT is a law in our nature, that we never act but by the impulſe of deſire; which in other words is ſaying, that paſſion, by the deſire inclu-

* Ariſtotle, Poet. cap. 18. ſect. 3. ſays, that anger raiſeth in the ſpectator a ſimilar emotion of anger.

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ded in it, is what determines the will. Hence in the conduct of life, it is of the utmoſt importance, that our paſſions be directed to proper objects, tend to juſt and rational ends, and with relation to each other, be duly balanced. The beauty of contrivance, ſo conſpicuous in the human frame, is not confined to the rational part of our nature, but is viſible over the whole. Concerning the paſſions in particular, however irregular, headſtrong, and perverſe, in a ſlight view, they may appear, I hope to demonſtrate, that they are by nature modelled and tempered with perfect wiſdom, for the good of ſociety as well as for private good. The ſubject, treated at large, would be too extenſive for the preſent work: all there is room for are a few general obſervations upon the ſenſitive part of our nature, without regarding that ſtrange irregularity of paſſion diſcovered in ſome individuals. Such topical irregularities, if I may uſe the term, cannot fairly be held an objection to the preſent theory: we are frequently, it is true, miſled by inordinate paſſion; but we are alſo, and perhaps no leſs frequently, miſled by wrong judgment.

In order to fulfil my engagement, it muſt be premiſed, that an agreeable cauſe produceth always a pleaſant emotion; and a diſagreeable cauſe, a painful emotion. This is a general law of nature, which admits not a ſingle exception; agreeableneſs in the cauſe is indeed ſo eſſentially con-

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connected with pleaſure in the emotion, its effect, that an agreeable cauſe cannot be better defined, than by its power of producing a pleaſant emotion: and diſagreeableneſs in the cauſe has the ſame neceſſary connection with pain in the emotion produced by it.

From this preliminary it appears, that in order to know for what end an emotion is made pleaſant or painful, we muſt begin with inquiring for what end its cauſe is made agreeable or diſagreeable. And, with reſpect to inanimate objects, conſidered as the cauſes of emotions, many of them are made agreeable in order to promote our happineſs; and it proves invincibly the benignity of the Deity, that we are placed in the midſt of objects for the moſt part agreeable. But that is not all: the bulk of ſuch objects, being of real uſe in life, are made agreeable in order to excite our induſtry; witneſs a large tree, a well-dreſſed fallow, a rich field of grain, and others that may be named without end. On the other hand, it is not eaſy to ſpecify a diſagreeable object that is not at the ſame time hurtful: ſome things are made diſagreeable, ſuch as a rotten carcaſe, becauſe they are noxious: others, a dirty marſh, for example, or a barren heath, are made diſagreeable, in order, as above, to excite our induſtry. And, with reſpect to the few things that are neither agreeable nor diſagreeable, it will be made evident, that their being left indifferent is not a work of chance

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but of wiſdom: of ſuch I ſhall have occaſion to give ſeveral inſtances.

Becauſe inanimate objects that are agreeable fix our attention, and draw us to them, they in that reſpect are termed *attractive*: ſuch objects inſpire pleaſant emotions, which are gratified by adhering to the objects, and enjoying them. Becauſe diſagreeable objects of the ſame kind repel us from them, they in that reſpect are termed *repulſive*: and the painful emotions raiſed by ſuch objects are gratified by flying from them. Thus, in general, with reſpect to things inanimate, the tendency of every pleaſant emotion is to prolong the pleaſure; and the tendency of every painful emotion is to end the pain.

Senſible beings conſidered as objects of paſſion, lead into a more complex theory. A ſenſible being that is agreeable by its attributes, inſpires us with a pleaſant emotion accompanied with deſire; and the queſtion is, What is naturally the gratification of that deſire? Were man altogether ſelfiſh, his nature would lead him to indulge the pleaſant emotion, without making any aknowledgment to the perſon who gives him pleaſure, more than to a pure air or temperate clime: but as man is endued with a principle of benevolence as well as of ſelfiſhneſs, he is prompted by his nature to deſire the good of every ſenſible being that gives him pleaſure; and the happineſs of that being is the gratification of his deſire. The final

cauſe

cauſe of deſire ſo directed is illuſtrious: it contributes to a man's own happineſs, by affording him means of gratification beyond what ſelfiſhneſs can afford; and, at the ſame time, it tends eminently to advance the happineſs of others. This lays open a beautiful theory in the nature of man: a ſelfiſh action can only benefit myſelf: a benevolent action benefits myſelf as much as it benefits others. In a word, benevolence may not improperly be ſaid to be the moſt refined ſelfiſhneſs; which, by the way, ought to ſilence certain ſhallow philoſophers, who, ignorant of human nature, teach a diſguſtful doctrine, That to ſerve others, unleſs with a view to our own happineſs, is weakneſs and folly; as if ſelf-love only, and not benevolence, contributed to our happineſs. The hand of God is too viſible in the human frame, to permit us to think ſeriouſly, that there ever can be any jarring or inconſiſtency among natural principles, thoſe eſpecially of ſelf-love and benevolence, which govern the bulk of our actions *.

Next

* With ſhallow thinkers the ſelfiſh ſyſtem naturally prevails in theory, I do not ſay in practice. During infancy, our deſires center moſtly in ourſelves: every one perceives intuitively the comfort of food and raiment, of a ſnug dwelling, and of every convenience. But that the doing good to others will make us happy, is not ſo evident; feeding the hungry, for example, or clothing the naked. This truth is ſeen but obſcurely by the groſs

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Next in order come ſenſible beings that are in diſtreſs. A perſon in diſtreſs, being ſo far a diſagreeable object, muſt raiſe in a ſpectator a painful paſſion; and, were man purely a ſelfiſh being, he would deſire to be relieved from that pain, by turning from the object. But the principle of benevolence gives an oppoſite direction to his deſire: it makes him deſire to afford relief; and by relieving the perſon from diſtreſs, his paſſion is gratified. The painful paſſion thus directed, is termed *ſympathy*; which, tho' painful, is yet in its nature attractive. And, with reſpect to its final cauſe, we can be at no loſs: it not only tends to relieve a fellow-creature from diſtreſs, but in its gratification is greatly more pleaſant than if it were repulſive.

We, in the laſt place, bring under conſideration perſons hateful by vice or wickedneſs. Ima-

of mankind, if at all ſeen: the ſuperior pleaſure that accompanies the exerciſe of benevolence, of friendſhip, and of every ſocial principle, is not clearly underſtood till it be frequently felt. To perceive the ſocial principle in its triumphant ſtate, a man muſt forget himſelf, and turn his thoughts upon the character and conduct of his fellow-creatures: he will feel a ſecret charm in every paſſion that tends to the good of others, and a ſecret averſion againſt every unfeeling heart that is indifferent to the happineſs and diſtreſs of others. In a word, it is but too common for men to indulge ſelfiſhneſs in themſelves; but all men abhor it in others.

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gine a wretch who has lately perpetrated ſome horrid crime: he is diſagreeable to every ſpectator; and conſequently raiſeth in every ſpectator a painful paſſion. What is the natural gratification of that paſſion? I muſt here again obſerve, that, ſuppoſing man to be entirely a ſelfiſh being, he would be prompted by his nature to relieve himſelf from the pain, by averting his eye, and baniſhing the criminal from his thoughts. But man is not ſo conſtituted: he is compoſed of many principles, which, tho' ſeemingly contradictory, are perfectly concordant. His actions are influenced by the principle of benevolence, as well as by that of ſelfiſhneſs: and in order to anſwer the foregoing queſtion, I muſt introduce a third principle, no leſs remarkable in its influence than either of theſe mentioned; it is that principle, common to all, which prompts us to puniſh thoſe who do wrong. An envious, a malicious, or a cruel action, being diſagreeable, raiſeth in the ſpectator the painful emotion of reſentment, which frequently ſwells into a paſſion; and the natural gratification of the deſire included in that paſſion, is to puniſh the guilty perſon: I muſt chaſtiſe the wretch by indignation at leaſt and hatred, if not more ſeverely. Here the final cauſe is ſelf-evident.

An injury done to myſelf, touching me more than when done to others, raiſes my reſentment to a higher degree. The deſire, accordingly, included in this paſſion, is not ſatisfied with ſo

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ſlight a puniſhment as indignation or hatred; it is not fully gratified without retaliation; and the author muſt by my hand ſuffer miſchief, as great at leaſt as he has done to me. Neither can we be at any loſs about the final cauſe of that higher degree of reſentment: the whole vigour of the paſſion is required to ſecure individuals from the injuſtice and oppreſſion of others *.

A wicked or diſgraceful action is diſagreeable not only to others, but even to the delinquent himſelf; and raiſes in both a painful emotion including a deſire of puniſhment. The painful emotion felt by the delinquent, is diſtinguiſhed by the name of *remorſe*; which naturally excites him to puniſh himſelf. There cannot be imagined a better contrivance to deter us from vice; for remorſe itſelf is a ſevere puniſhment. That paſſion, and the deſire of ſelf-puniſhment derived from it, are touched delicately by Terence:

Menedemus. Ubi comperi ex iis, qui ei fuere conſcii,
Domum revortor mœſtus, atque animo fere
Perturbato, atque incerto præ ægritudine:
Adſido, adcurrunt ſervi, ſoccos detrahunt:
Video alios feſtinare, lectos ſternere,
Cœnam adparare: pro ſe quiſque ſedulo
Faciebat, quo illam mihi lenirent miſeriam.
Ubi video hæc, cœpi cogitare: Hem! tot mea
Solius ſolliciti ſint cauſa, ut me unum expleant?

* See Hiſtorical Law Tracts, Tract 1.

Ancillæ

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Ancillæ tot me veſtiant? ſumptus domi
Tantos ego ſolus faciam? ſed gnatum unicum,
Quem pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea 'ſt,
Eum ego hinc ejici miſerum injuſtitia mea.
Malo quidem me dignum quovis deputem,
Si id faciam: nam uſque dum ille vitam illam colet
Inopem, carens patria ob meas injurias,
Interea uſque illi de me ſupplicium dabo:
Laborans, quærens, parcens, illi ſerviens.
Ita facio prorſus: nihil relinquo in ædibus,
Nec vas, nec veſtimentum: conraſi omnia,
Ancillas, ſervos, niſi eos, qui opere ruſtico
Faciundo facile ſumptum exercerent ſuum:
Omnes produxi ac vendidi: inſcripſi illico
Ædes mercede: quaſi talenta ad quindecim
Coëgi: agrum hunc mercatus ſum: hic me exerceo.
Decrevi tantiſper me minus injuriæ,
Chreme, meo gnato facere, dum fiam miſer:
Nec fas eſſe ulla me voluptate hic frui,
Niſi ubi ille huc ſalvos redierit meus particeps.

Heautontimorumenos, act 1. ſc. 1.

Otway reaches the ſame ſentiment:

Monimia. Let miſchiefs multiply! let ev'ry hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increaſe of horror!
Oh let the ſun to theſe unhappy eyes
Ne'er ſhine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on ſeem a prodigy,
To fill my ſoul with terror, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curſer of the works of nature!

Orphan, act 4.

In

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In the caſes mentioned, benevolence alone, or deſire of puniſhment alone, governs without a rival; and it was neceſſary to handle theſe caſes ſeparately, in order to elucidate a ſubject which by writers is left in great obſcurity. But neither of theſe principles operates always without rivalſhip: caſes may be figured, and caſes actually exiſt, where the ſame perſon is an object both of ſympathy and of puniſhment. Thus the ſight of a profligate in the venereal diſeaſe, overrun with botches and ſores, puts both principles in motion: while his diſtreſs fixes my attention, ſympathy prevails; but as ſoon as I think of his profligacy, hatred prevails, accompanied ſometimes with a deſire to puniſh. This, in general, is the caſe of diſtreſs occaſioned by immoral actions that are not highly criminal: and if the diſtreſs and the immoral action make impreſſions equal or nearly ſo, ſympathy and hatred counterbalancing each other, will not ſuffer me either to afford relief, or to inflict puniſhment. What then will be the reſult? The principle of ſelf-love ſolves the queſtion: abhorring an object ſo loathſome, I naturally avert my eye, and walk off as faſt as I can, in order to be relieved from the pain.

The preſent ſubject gives birth to ſeveral other obſervations, for which I could not find room above, without relaxing more from the ſtrictneſs of order and connection, than with ſafety could be indulged in diſcourſing upon an intricate ſubject.

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ſubject. Theſe obſervations I ſhall throw out looſely as they occur.

No action, right nor wrong, is indifferent even to a mere ſpectator: if right, it inſpires eſteem; diſguſt, if wrong. But it is remarkable, that theſe emotions ſeldom are accompanied with deſire: the abilities of man are limited, and he finds ſufficient employment, in relieving the diſtreſſed, in requiting his benefactors, and in puniſhing thoſe who wrong him, without moving out of his ſphere for the benefit or chaſtiſement of thoſe with whom he has no connection.

If the good qualities of others raiſe my eſteem, the ſame qualities in myſelf muſt produce a ſimilar effect in a ſuperior degree, upon account of the natural partiality every man hath for himſelf: and this increaſes ſelf-love. If theſe qualities be of a high rank, they produce a conviction of ſuperiority, which excites me to aſſume ſome ſort of government over others. Mean qualities, on the other hand, produce in me a conviction of inferiority, which makes me ſubmit to others. Theſe convictions, diſtributed among individuals by meaſure and proportion, may juſtly be eſteemed the ſolid baſis of government; becauſe upon them depend the natural ſubmiſſion of the many to the few, without which even the mildeſt government would be in a violent ſtate, and have a conſtant tendency to diſſolution.

No

No other branch of the human conſtitution ſhows more viſibly our deſtination for ſociety, nor tends more to our improvement, than appetite for fame or eſteem: for as the whole conveniencies of life are derived from mutual aid and ſupport in ſociety, it ought to be a capital aim to ſecure theſe conveniencies, by gaining the eſteem and affection of others. Reaſon, indeed, dictates that leſſon: but reaſon alone is not ſufficient in a matter of ſuch importance; and the appetite mentioned is a motive more powerful than reaſon, to be active in gaining eſteem and affection. That appetite, at the ſame time, is finely adjuſted to the moral branch of our conſtitution, by promoting all the moral virtues: for what means are there to attract love and eſteem ſo effectual as a virtuous courſe of life? if a man be juſt and beneficent, if he be temperate, modeſt, and prudent, he will infallibly gain the eſteem and love of all who know him.

Communication of paſſion to related objects, is an illuſtrious inſtance of the care of Providence to extend ſocial connections as far as the limited nature of man can admit. That communication is ſo far hurtful, as to ſpread the malevolent paſſions beyond their natural bounds: but let it be remarked, that this unhappy effect regards ſavages only, who give way to malevolent paſſions; for under the diſcipline of ſociety, theſe paſſions being ſubdued, are in a good meaſure eradicated; and in their place ſucceed the kindly

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kindly affections, which, meeting with all encouragement, take poſſeſſion of the mind, and govern all our actions. In that condition, the progreſs of paſſion along related objects, by ſpreading the kindly affections through a multitude of individuals, hath a glorious effect.

Nothing can be more entertaining to a rational mind, than the oeconomy of the human paſſions, of which I have attempted to give ſome faint notion. It muſt however be acknowledged, that our paſſions, when they happen to ſwell beyond proper limits, take on a leſs regular appearance: reaſon may proclaim our duty, but the will, influenced by paſſion, makes gratification always welcome. Hence the power of paſſion, which, when in exceſs, cannot be reſiſted but by the utmoſt fortitude of mind: it is bent upon gratification; and where proper objects are wanting, it clings to any object at hand without diſtinction. Thus joy inſpired by a fortunate event, is diffuſed upon every perſon around by acts of benevolence; and reſentment for an atrocious injury done by one out of reach, ſeizes the firſt object that occurs to vent itſelf upon. Thoſe who believe in prophecies, even wiſh the accompliſhment; and a weak mind is diſpoſed voluntarily to fulfil a prophecy, in order to gratify its wiſh. Shakeſpear, whom no particle of human nature hath eſcaped, however remote from common obſervation, deſcribes that weakneſs:

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K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto that lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?
Warwick. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my Noble Lord.
K. Henry. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life muſt end,
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem,
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the holy land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie:
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Henry die.

Second part, Henry IV. *act* 4. *ſc. laſt.*

I could not deny myſelf the amuſement of the foregoing obſervation, tho' it doth not properly come under my plan. The irregularities of paſſion proceeding from peculiar weakneſſes and biaſſes, I do not undertake to juſtify; and of theſe we have had many examples *. It is ſufficient that paſſions common to all, are made ſubſervient to beneficent purpoſes. I ſhall only obſerve, that, in a poliſhed ſociety, inſtances of irregular paſſions are rare, and that their miſchief doth not extend far.

* Part 5. of the preſent chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

BEAUTY.

HAVING diſcourſed in general of emotions and paſſions, I proceed to a more narrow inſpection of ſuch of them as ſerve to unfold the principles of the fine arts. It is the province of a writer upon ethics, to give a full enumeration of all the paſſions; and of each ſeparately to aſſign the nature, the cauſe, the gratification, and the effects. But a treatiſe of ethics is not my province: I carry my view no farther than to the elements of criticiſm, in order to ſhow, that the fine arts are a ſubject of reaſoning as well as of taſte. An extenſive work would ill ſuit a deſign ſo limited; and to confine this work within moderate bounds, the following plan may contribute. The obſervation made above, that things are the cauſes of emotions, by means of their properties and attributes *, furniſheth a hint for diſtribution. Inſtead of a painful and tedious examination of the ſeveral paſſions and emotions, I purpoſe to confine my inquiries to ſuch attributes, relations, and circumſtances, as in the fine arts are chiefly employed to raiſe

* Chap. 2. part 1. ſect. 1. firſt note.

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agreeable emotions. Attributes of ſingle objects, as the moſt ſimple, ſhall take the lead; to be followed with particulars, which, depending on relations, are not found in ſingle objects. Deſpatching next ſome coincident matters, I proceed to my chief aim; which is, to eſtabliſh practical rules for the fine arts, derived from principles previouſly eſtabliſhed. This is a general view of the intended method; reſerving however a privilege to vary it in particular inſtances, where a deviation may be more commodious. I begin with beauty, the moſt noted of all the qualities that belong to ſingle objects.

The term *beauty*, in its native ſignification, is appropriated to objects of ſight: objects of the other ſenſes may be agreeable, ſuch as the ſounds of muſical inſtruments, the ſmoothneſs and ſoftneſs of ſome ſurfaces; but the agreeableneſs denominated *beauty* belongs to objects of ſight.

Of all the objects of external ſenſe, an object of ſight is the moſt complex: in the very ſimpleſt, colour is perceived, figure, and length, breadth, and thickneſs. A tree is compoſed of a trunk, branches, and leaves; it has colour, figure, ſize, and ſometimes motion: by means of each of theſe particulars, ſeparately conſidered, it appears beautiful; how much more ſo, when they are all united together? The beauty of the human figure is extraordinary, being a compoſition of numberleſs beauties ariſing from the parts and qualities of the

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the object, various colours, various motions, figures, ſize, &c. all united in one complex object, and ſtriking the eye with combined force. Hence it is, that beauty, a quality ſo remarkable in viſible objects, lends its name to expreſs every thing that is eminently agreeable: thus, by a figure of ſpeech, we ſay a beautiful ſound, a beautiful thought or expreſſion, a beautiful theorem, a beautiful event, a beautiful diſcovery in art or ſcience. But, as figurative expreſſion is the ſubject of a following chapter, this chapter is confined to beauty in its proper ſignification.

It is natural to ſuppoſe, that a perception ſo various as that of beauty, comprehending ſometimes many particulars, ſometimes few, ſhould occaſion emotions equally various: and yet all the various emotions of beauty maintain one common character, that of ſweetneſs and gaiety.

Conſidering attentively the beauty of viſible objects, we diſcover two kinds. The firſt may be termed *intrinſic* beauty, becauſe it is diſcovered in a ſingle object viewed apart without relation to any other: the examples above given are of that kind. The other may be termed *relative* beauty, being founded on the relation of objects. The purpoſed diſtribution would lead me to handle theſe beauties ſeparately; but they are frequently ſo intimately connected, that, for the ſake of connection, I am forced, in this inſtance, to vary from the plan, and to bring them both into the ſame chapter. Intrinſic beauty is an

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object of ſenſe merely: to perceive the beauty of a ſpreading oak, or of a flowing river, no more is required but ſingly an act of viſion. The perception of relative beauty is accompanied with an act of underſtanding and reflection; for of a fine inſtrument or engine, we perceive not the relative beauty, until we be made acquainted with its uſe and deſtination. In a word, intrinſic beauty is ultimate: relative beauty is that of means relating to ſome good end or purpoſe. Theſe different beauties agree in one capital circumſtance, that both are equally perceived as belonging to the object. This is evident with reſpect to intrinſic beauty; but will not be ſo readily admitted with reſpect to the other: the utility of the plough, for example, may make it an object of admiration or of deſire; but why ſhould utility make it appear beautiful? A natural propenſity mentioned above * will explain that doubt: the beauty of the effect, by an eaſy tranſition of ideas, is transferred to the cauſe; and is perceived as one of the qualities of the cauſe. Thus a ſubject void of intrinſic beauty appears beautiful from its utility; an old Gothic tower, that has no beauty in itſelf, appears beautiful, conſidered as proper to defend againſt an enemy; a dwelling-houſe void of all regularity, is however beautiful in the view of convenience; and the want of form or ſymmetry in

* Chap. 2. part 1. ſect. 5.

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a tree, will not prevent its appearing beautiful, if it be known to produce good fruit.

When theſe two beauties coincide in any object, it appears delightful: every member of the human body poſſeſſes both in a high degree: the fine proportions and ſlender make of a horſe deſtined for running, pleaſe every eye; partly from ſymmetry, and partly from utility.

The beauty of utility, being proportioned accurately to the degree of utility, requires no illuſtration; but intrinſic beauty, ſo complex as I have ſaid, cannot be handled diſtinctly without being analyſed into its conſtituent parts. If a tree be beautiful by means of its colour, its figure, its ſize, its motion, it is in reality poſſeſſed of ſo many different beauties, which ought to be examined ſeparately, in order to have a clear notion of them when combined. The beauty of colour is too familiar to need explanation. Do not the bright and chearful colours of gold and ſilver contribute to preſerve theſe metals in high eſtimation? The beauty of figure, ariſing from various circumſtances and different views, is more complex: for example, viewing any body as a whole, the beauty of its figure ariſes from regularity and ſimplicity; viewing the parts with relation to each other, uniformity, proportion, and order, contribute to its beauty. The beauty of motion deſerves a chapter by itſelf; and another chapter is deſtined for grandeur being diſtinguiſhable from beauty in its proper

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ſenſe. For a deſcription of regularity, uniformity, proportion, and order, if thought neceſſary, I remit my reader to the Appendix at the end of the book. Upon ſimplicity I muſt make a few curſory obſervations, ſuch as may be of uſe in examining the beauty of ſingle objects.

A multitude of objects crowding into the mind at once, diſturb the attention, and paſs without making any impreſſion, or any diſtinct impreſſion; in a group, no ſingle object makes the figure it would do apart, when it occupies the whole attention *. For the ſame reaſon, the impreſſion made by an object that divides the attention by the multiplicity of its parts, equals not that of a more ſimple object comprehended in a ſingle view: parts extremely complex muſt be conſidered in portions ſucceſſively; and a number of impreſſions in ſucceſſion, which cannot unite becauſe not ſimultaneous, never touch the mind like one entire impreſſion made as it were at one ſtroke. This juſtifies ſimplicity in works of art, as oppoſed to complicated circumſtances and crowded ornaments. There is an additional reaſon for ſimplicity, in works of dignity or elevation; which is, that the mind attached to beauties of a high rank, cannot deſcend to inferior beauties. The beſt artiſts accordingly have in all ages been governed by a

* See the Appendix, containing definitions, and explanation of terms, ſect. 33.

taſte

taſte for ſimplicity. How comes it then that we find profuſe decoration prevailing in works of art? The reaſon plainly is, that authors and architects who cannot reach the higher beauties, endeavour to ſupply want of genius by multiplying thoſe that are inferior.

Theſe things premiſed, I proceed to examine the beauty of figure as ariſing from the above-mentioned particulars, namely, regularity, uniformity, proportion, order, and ſimplicity. To exhauſt this ſubject would require a volume; and I have not even a whole chapter to ſpare. To inquire why an object, by means of the particulars mentioned, appears beautiful, would, I am afraid, be a vain attempt: it ſeems the moſt probable opinion, that the nature of man was originally framed with a reliſh for them, in order to anſwer wiſe and good purpoſes. To explain theſe purpoſes or final cauſes, though a ſubject of great importance, has ſcarce been attempted by any writer. One thing is evident, that our reliſh for the particulars mentioned adds much beauty to the objects that ſurround us; which of courſe tends to our happineſs: and the Author of our nature has given many ſignal proofs that this final cauſe is not below his care. We may be confirmed in this thought upon reflecting, that our taſte for theſe particulars is not accidental, but uniform and univerſal, making a branch of our nature. At the ſame time, it ought not to be overlooked, that regularity, uniformity,

formity, order, and ſimplicity, contribute each of them to readineſs of apprehenſion; enabling us to form more diſtinct images of objects, than can be done with the utmoſt attention where theſe particulars are not found. With reſpect to proportion, it is in ſome inſtances connected with a uſeful end, as in animals, where the beſt proportioned are the ſtrongeſt and moſt active; but inſtances are ſtill more numerous, where the proportions we reliſh have no connection with utility. Writers on architecture inſiſt much on the proportions of a column, and aſſign different proportions to the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian: but no architect will maintain, that the moſt accurate proportions contribute more to uſe, than ſeveral that are leſs accurate and leſs agreeable; neither will it be maintained, that the length, breadth, and height of rooms aſſigned as the moſt beautiful proportions, tend alſo to make them the more commodious. With reſpect then to the final cauſe of proportion, I ſee not more to be made of it but to reſt upon the final cauſe firſt mentioned, namely, its contributing to our happineſs, by increaſing the beauty of viſible objects.

And now with reſpect to the beauty of figure as far as it depends on the other circumſtances mentioned; as to which, having room only for a ſlight ſpecimen, I confine myſelf to the ſimpleſt figures. A circle and a ſquare are each of them perfectly regular, being equally confined to a preciſe

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ciſe form, which admits not the ſlighteſt variation: a ſquare, however, is leſs beautiful than a circle. And the reaſon ſeems to be, that the attention is divided among the ſides and angles of a ſquare; whereas the circumference of a circle, being a ſingle object, makes one entire impreſſion. And thus ſimplicity contributes to beauty: which may be illuſtrated by another example: a ſquare, though not more regular than a hexagon or octagon, is more beautiful than either; for what other reaſon, but that a ſquare is more ſimple, and the attention leſs divided? This reaſoning will appear ſtill more concluſive, when we conſider any regular polygon of very many ſides; for of this figure the mind can never have any diſtinct perception.

A ſquare is more regular than a parallelogram, and its parts more uniform; and for theſe reaſons it is more beautiful. But that holds with reſpect to intrinſic beauty only; for in many inſtances utility turns the ſcale on the ſide of the parallelogram: this figure for the doors and windows of a dwelling-houſe is preferred, becauſe of utility; and here we find the beauty of utility prevailing over that of regularity and uniformity.

A parallelogram again depends, for its beauty, on the proportion of its ſides: a great inequality of ſides annihilates its beauty: approximation towards equality hath the ſame effect; for proportion there degenerates into imperfect uniformity, and the figure appears an unſucceſsful attempt

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tempt toward a ſquare. And thus proportion contributes to beauty.

An equilateral triangle yields not to a ſquare in regularity, nor in uniformity of parts, and it is more ſimple. But an equilateral triangle is leſs beautiful than a ſquare; which muſt be owing to inferiority of order in the poſition of its parts: the ſides of an equilateral triangle incline to each other in the ſame angle, being the moſt perfect order they are ſuſceptible of; but this order is obſcure, and far from being ſo perfect as the paralleliſm of the ſides of a ſquare. Thus order contributes to the beauty of viſible objects, no leſs than ſimplicity, regularity, or proportion.

A parallelogram exceeds an equilateral triangle in the orderly diſpoſition of its parts; but being inferior in uniformity and ſimplicity, it is leſs beautiful.

Uniformity is ſingular in one capital circumſtance, that it is apt to diſguſt by exceſs: a number of things deſtined for the ſame uſe, ſuch as windows, chairs, ſpoons, buttons, cannot be too uniform; for ſuppoſing their figure to be good, utility requires uniformity: but a ſcrupulous uniformity of parts in a large garden or field, is far from being agreeable. Uniformity among connected objects belongs not to the preſent ſubject: it is handled in the chapter of uniformity and variety.

In all the works of nature, ſimplicity makes an

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an illuſtrious figure. It alſo makes a figure in works of art: profuſe ornament in painting, gardening, or architecture, as well as in dreſs or in language, ſhows a mean or corrupted taſte:

> Poets, like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
> The naked nature and the living grace,
> With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
> And hide with ornaments their want of art.
>
> *Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

No ſingle property recommends a machine more than its ſimplicity; not ſolely for better anſwering its purpoſe, but by appearing in itſelf more beautiful. Simplicity in behaviour and manners has an inchanting effect, and never fails to gain our affection: very different are the artificial manners of modern times. General theorems, abſtracting from their importance, are delightful by their ſimplicity, and by the eaſineſs of their application to variety of caſes. We take equal delight in the laws of motion, which, with the greateſt ſimplicity, are boundleſs in their operations.

A gradual progreſs from ſimplicity to complex forms and profuſe ornament, ſeems to be the fate of all the fine arts: in that progreſs theſe arts reſemble behaviour, which, from original candour and ſimplicity, has degenerated into artificial refinements. At preſent, literary productions are crowded with words, epithets, figures;

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figures: in muſic, ſentiment is neglected for the luxury of harmony, and for difficult movement: in *taſte* properly ſo called, poignant ſauces, with complicated mixtures of different ſavours, prevail among people of condition: the French, accuſtomed to artificial red on a female cheek, think the modeſt colouring of nature altogether inſipid.

The ſame tendency is diſcovered in the progreſs of the fine arts among the ancients. Some veſtiges of the old Grecian buildings prove them to be of the Doric order: the Ionic ſucceeded, and ſeems to have been the favourite order, while architecture was in the height of glory: the Corinthian came next in vogue; and in Greece the buildings of that order appear moſtly to have been erected after the Romans got footing there. At laſt came the Compoſite, with all its extravagancies, where ſimplicity is ſacrificed to finery and crowded ornament.

But what taſte is to prevail next? for faſhion is a continual flux, and taſte muſt vary with it. After rich and profuſe ornaments become familiar, ſimplicity appears lifeleſs and inſipid; which would be an unſurmountable obſtruction, ſhould any perſon of genius and taſte endeavour to reſtore ancient ſimplicity *.

The

* A ſprightly writer obſerves, "that the noble ſimplicity of the Auguſtan age was driven out by falſe taſte; that the gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at laſt

The diſtinction between primary and ſecondary qualities in matter, ſeems now fully eſtabliſhed. Heat and cold, ſmell and taſte, though ſeeming to exiſt in bodies, are diſcovered to be effects cauſed by theſe bodies in a ſenſitive being: colour, which appears to the eye as ſpread upon a ſubſtance, has no exiſtence but in the mind of the ſpectator. Qualities of that kind, which owe their exiſtence to the percipient as much as to the object, are termed *ſecondary* qualities, and are diſtinguiſhed from figure, extenſion, ſolidity, which, in contradiſtinction to the former, are termed *primary* qualities, becauſe they inhere in ſubjects whether perceived or not. This diſtinction ſuggeſts a curious inquiry, Whether beauty be a primary or only a ſecondary quality of objects? The queſtion is eaſily determined with reſpect to the beauty of colour; for, if colour be a ſecondary quality, exiſting no where but in the mind of the ſpectator, its beauty muſt exiſt there alſo. This concluſion equally holds with reſpect to the beauty of utility, which is plainly a conception of the mind, ariſing not from ſight, but from reflecting that the thing is fitted for ſome good end or purpoſe. The queſtion is more intricate with reſpect to the beauty of regularity; for, if regularity be a primary quality, why not alſo its beauty? That this is

" laſt the barbarous and the monkiſh, had each their ſucceſſive admirers: that muſic has become a ſcience of tricks and ſlight of hand," &c.

not

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not a good inference, will appear from conſidering, that beauty, in its very conception, refers to a percipient; for an object is ſaid to be beautiful, for no other reaſon but that it appears ſo to a ſpectator: the ſame piece of matter that to a man appears beautiful, may poſſibly appear ugly to a being of a different ſpecies. Beauty, therefore, which for its exiſtence depends on the percipient as much as on the object perceived, cannot be an inherent property in either. And hence it is wittily obſerved by the poet, that beauty is not in the perſon beloved, but in the lover's eye. This reaſoning is ſolid; and the only cauſe of doubt or heſitation is, that we are taught a different leſſon by ſenſe: a ſingular determination of nature makes us perceive both beauty and colour as belonging to the object, and, like figure or extenſion, as inherent properties. This mechaniſm is uncommon; and, when nature, to fulfil her intention, prefers any ſingular method of operation, we may be certain of ſome final cauſe that cannot be reached by ordinary means. For the beauty of ſome objects we are indebted entirely to nature; but, with reſpect to the endleſs variety of objects that owe their beauty to art and culture, the perception of beauty greatly promotes induſtry; being to us a ſtrong additional incitement to enrich our fields, and improve our manufactures. Theſe, however, are but ſlight effects, compared with the connections that are formed among individuals

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viduals in ſociety by means of this ſingular mechaniſm: the qualifications of the head and heart form undoubtedly the moſt ſolid and moſt permanent connections; but external beauty, which lies more in view, has a more extenſive influence in forming theſe connections: at any rate, it concurs in an eminent degree with mental qualifications to produce ſocial intercourſe, mutual good-will, and conſequently mutual aid and ſupport, which are the life of ſociety.

It muſt not, however, be overlooked, that the perception of beauty doth not, when immoderate, tend to advance the intereſts of ſociety. Love, in particular, ariſing from a perception of beauty, loſes, when exceſſive, its ſociable character: the appetite for gratification prevailing over affection for the beloved object, is ungovernable; and tends violently to its end, regardleſs of the miſery that muſt follow. Love, in that ſtate, is no longer a ſweet agreeable paſſion: it becomes painful, like hunger or thirſt; and produceth no happineſs but in the inſtant of fruition. This diſcovery ſuggeſts a moſt important leſſon, That moderation in our deſires and appetites, which fits us for doing our duty, contributes at the ſame time the moſt to happineſs: even ſocial paſſions, when moderate, are more pleaſant than when they ſwell beyond proper bounds.

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CHAP. IV.

GRANDEUR AND SUBLIMITY.

NATURE hath not more remarkably diſtinguiſhed us from other animals by an erect poſture, than by a capacious and aſpiring mind, attaching us to things great and elevated. The ocean, the ſky, ſeize the attention, and make a deep impreſſion*: robes of ſtate are made large and full, to draw reſpect: we admire an elephant for its magnitude, notwithſtanding its unwieldineſs.

The elevation of an object affects us no leſs than its magnitude: a high place is choſen for the ſtatue of a deity or hero: a tree growing on the brink of a precipice looks charming when viewed from the plain below: a throne is erected for the chief magiſtrate; and a chair with a high ſeat for the preſident of a court. Among all nations, heaven is placed far above us, hell far below us.

* Longinus obſerves, that nature inclines us to admire, not a ſmall rivulet, however clear and tranſparent, but the Nile, the Iſter, the Rhine, or ſtill more the ocean. The ſight of a ſmall fire produceth no emotion; but we are ſtruck with the boiling furnaces of Ætna, pouring out whole rivers of liquid flame. *Treatiſe of the Sublime, chap.* 29.

In

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In ſome objects, greatneſs and elevation concur to make a complicated impreſſion: the Alps and the Peak of Teneriff are proper examples; with the following difference, that in the former greatneſs ſeems to prevail, elevation in the latter.

The emotions raiſed by great and by elevated objects, are clearly diſtinguiſhable, not only in internal feeling, but even in their external expreſſions. A great object makes the ſpectator endeavour to enlarge his bulk; which is remarkable in plain people who give way to nature without reſerve; in deſcribing a great object, they naturally expand themſelves by drawing in air with all their force. An elevated object produces a different expreſſion: it makes the ſpectator ſtretch upward, and ſtand a-tiptoe.

Great and elevated objects conſidered with relation to the emotions produced by them, are termed *grand* and *ſublime*. *Grandeur* and *ſublimity* have a double ſignification: they commonly ſignify the quality or circumſtance in objects by which the emotions of grandeur and ſublimity are produced; ſometimes the emotions themſelves.

In handling the preſent ſubject, it is neceſſary that the impreſſion made on the mind by the magnitude of an object, abſtracting from its other qualities, ſhould be aſcertained. And becauſe abſtraction is a mental operation of ſome difficulty, the ſafeſt method for judging is, to chooſe a plain object that is neither beautiful

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nor deformed, if ſuch a one can be found. The plaineſt that occurs, is a huge maſs of rubbiſh, the ruins, perhaps, of ſome extenſive building, or a large heap of ſtones, ſuch as are collected together for keeping in memory a battle or other remarkable event. Such an object, which in miniature would be perfectly indifferent, makes an impreſſion by its magnitude, and appears agreeable. And ſuppoſing it ſo large, as to fill the eye, and to prevent the attention from wandering upon other objects, the impreſſion it makes will be ſo much the deeper *.

But, though a plain object of that kind be agreeable, it is not termed *grand*: it is not entitled to that character, unleſs, together with its ſize, it be poſſeſſed of other qualities that contribute to beauty, ſuch as regularity, proportion, order, or colour: and according to the number of ſuch qualities combined with magnitude, it is more or leſs grand. Thus, St Peter's church at Rome, the great pyramid of Egypt, the Alps towering above the clouds, a great arm of the ſea, and, above all, a clear and ſerene ſky, are grand, becauſe, beſide their ſize, they are beautiful in an eminent degree. On the other hand, an overgrown whale, having a diſagreeable appearance, is not grand. A large building, agreeable by its regularity and proportions, is grand, and yet a much larger building

* See Appendix, Terms defined, ſect. 33.

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deſtitute of regularity, has not the leaſt tincture of grandeur. A ſingle regiment in battle-array, makes a grand appearance; which the ſurrounding crowd does not, tho' perhaps ten for one in number. And a regiment where the men are all in one livery, and the horſes of one colour, makes a grander appearance, and conſequently ſtrikes more terror, than where there is confuſion of colours and of dreſs. Thus greatneſs or magnitude is the circumſtance that diſtinguiſhes grandeur from beauty: agreeableneſs is the genus, of which beauty and grandeur are ſpecies.

The emotion of grandeur, duly examined, will be found an additional proof of the foregoing doctrine. That this emotion is pleaſant in a high degree, requires no other evidence but once to have ſeen a grand object; and if an emotion of grandeur be pleaſant, its cauſe or object, as obſerved above, muſt infallibly be agreeable in proportion.

The qualities of grandeur and beauty are not more diſtinct, than the emotions are which theſe qualities produce in a ſpectator. It is obſerved in the chapter immediately foregoing, that all the various emotions of beauty have one common character, that of ſweetneſs and gaiety. The emotion of grandeur has a different character: a large object that is agreeable, occupies the whole attention, and ſwells the heart into a vivid emotion, which, tho' extremely pleaſant, is rather ſerious than gay. And this affords a

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good reaſon for diſtinguiſhing in language theſe different emotions. The emotions raiſed by colour, by regularity, by proportion, and by order, have ſuch a reſemblance to each other, as readily to come under one general term, *viz. the emotion of beauty*; but the emotion of grandeur is ſo different from theſe mentioned, as to merit a peculiar name.

Tho' regularity, proportion, order, and colour, contribute to grandeur as well as to beauty, yet theſe qualities are not by far ſo eſſential to the former as to the latter. To make out that propoſition, ſome preliminaries are requiſite. In the firſt place, the mind, not being totally occupied with a ſmall object, can give its attention at the ſame time to every minute part; but in a great or extenſive object, the mind being totally occupied with the capital and ſtriking parts, has no attention left for thoſe that are little or indifferent. In the next place, two ſimilar objects appear not ſimilar when viewed at different diſtances; the ſimilar parts of a very large object cannot be ſeen but at different diſtances; and for that reaſon, its regularity, and the proportion of its parts, are in ſome meaſure loſt to the eye; neither are the irregularities of a very large object ſo conſpicuous as of one that is ſmall. Hence it is, that a large object is not ſo agreeable by its regularity, as a ſmall object; nor ſo diſagreeable by its irregularities.

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Theſe conſiderations make it evident, that grandeur is ſatisfied with a leſs degree of regularity and of the other qualities mentioned, than is requiſite for beauty; which may be illuſtrated by the following experiment. Approaching to a ſmall conical hill, we take an accurate ſurvey of every part, and are ſenſible of the ſlighteſt deviation from regularity and proportion. Suppoſing the hill to be conſiderably enlarged, ſo as to make us leſs ſenſible of its regularity, it will, upon that account, appear leſs beautiful. It will not, however, appear leſs agreeable, becauſe ſome ſlight emotion of grandeur comes in place of what is loſt in beauty. And at laſt, when the hill is enlarged to a great mountain, the ſmall degree of beauty that is left, is ſunk in its grandeur. Hence it is, that a towering hill is delightful, if it have but the ſlighteſt reſemblance of a cone; and a chain of mountains no leſs ſo, tho' deficient in the accuracy of order and proportion. We require a ſmall ſurface to be ſmooth; but in an extenſive plain, conſiderable inequalities are overlooked. In a word, regularity, proportion, order, and colour, contribute to grandeur as well as to beauty; but with a remarkable difference, that, in paſſing from ſmall to great, they are not required in the ſame degree of perfection. This remark ſerves to explain the extreme delight we have in viewing the face of nature, when ſufficiently enriched and diverſified with objects.

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The bulk of the objects in a natural landſcape are beautiful, and ſome of them grand: a flowing river, a ſpreading oak, a round hill, an extended plain, are delightful; and even a rugged rock or barren heath, tho' in themſelves diſagreeable, contribute by contraſt to the beauty of the whole: joining to theſe, the verdure of the fields, the mixture of light and ſhade, and the ſublime canopy ſpread over all; it will not appear wonderful, that ſo extenſive a group of ſplendid objects ſhould ſwell the heart to its utmoſt bounds, and raiſe the ſtrongeſt emotion of grandeur. The ſpectator is conſcious of an enthuſiaſm, which cannot bear confinement, nor the ſtrictneſs of regularity and order: he loves to range at large; and is ſo enchanted with magnificent objects, as to overlook ſlight beauties or deformities.

The ſame obſervation is applicable in ſome meaſure to works of art: in a ſmall building, the ſlighteſt irregularity is diſagreeable; but, in a magnificent palace, or a large Gothic church, irregularities are leſs regarded: in an epic poem we pardon many negligences that would not be permitted in a ſonnet or epigram. Notwithſtanding ſuch exceptions, it may be juſtly laid down for a rule, That in works of art, order and regularity ought to be governing principles: and hence the obſervation of Longinus *, "In works "of art we have regard to exact proportion;

* Chap. 30.

"in

" in thoſe of nature, to grandeur and magnifi-
" cence."

The ſame reflections are in a good meaſure applicable to ſublimity; particularly, that, like grandeur, it is a ſpecies of agreeableneſs; that a beautiful object placed high, appearing more agreeable than formerly, produces in the ſpectator a new emotion, termed *the emotion of ſublimity*; and that the perfection of order, regularity, and proportion, is leſs required in objects placed high, or at a diſtance, than at hand.

The pleaſant emotion raiſed by large objects, has not eſcaped the poets;

——————He doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs.

Julius Cæſar, act 1. *ſc.* 3.

Cleopatra. I dreamt there was an Emp'ror Antony;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
His face was as the heavens: and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O o' th' earth.
His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world.

Antony and Cleopatra, act 5. *ſc.* 3.

——————————Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulph, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount;

To

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To whoſe huge ſpokes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin.

Hamlet, act 3. *ſc.* 8.

The poets have alſo made good uſe of the emotion produced by the elevated ſituation of an object:

Quod ſi me lyricis vatibus inſeres,
Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.

Horat. Carm. l. 1. *ode* 1.

Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood,
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up,
To reach at victory above my head.

Richard II. *act* 1. *ſc.* 4.

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne.

Richard II. *act* 5. *ſc.* 2.

Anthony. Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent; and then caſt downward
To be trod out by Cæſar?

Dryden, All for love, act. 1.

The deſcription of Paradiſe in the fourth book of

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of *Paradiſe Loſt*, is a fine illuſtration of the impreſſion made by elevated objects:

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs; whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene; and as the ranks aſcend,
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung;
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd.

B. 4. l. 131.

Tho' a grand object is agreeable, we muſt not infer that a little object is diſagreeable; which would be unhappy for man, conſidering that he is ſurrounded with ſo many objects of that kind. The ſame holds with reſpect to place: a body placed high is agreeable; but the ſame body placed low, is not by that circumſtance rendered diſagreeable. Littleneſs and lowneſs

lowneſs of place are preciſely ſimilar in the following particular, that they neither give pleaſure nor pain. And in this may viſibly be diſcovered peculiar attention in fitting the internal conſtitution of man to his external circumſtances: were littleneſs and lowneſs of place agreeable, greatneſs and elevation could not be ſo: were littleneſs and lowneſs of place diſagreeable, they would occaſion perpetual uneaſineſs.

The difference between great and little with reſpect to agreeableneſs, is remarkably felt in a ſeries, when we paſs gradually from the one extreme to the other. A mental progreſs from the capital to the kingdom, from that to Europe—to the whole earth—to the planetary ſyſtem—to the univerſe, is extremely pleaſant: the heart ſwells, and the mind is dilated, at every ſtep. The returning in an oppoſite direction is not poſitively painful, tho' our pleaſure leſſens at every ſtep, till it vaniſh into indifference: ſuch a progreſs may ſometimes produce pleaſure of a different ſort, which ariſes from taking a narrower and narrower inſpection. The ſame obſervation holds in a progreſs upward and downward. Aſcent is pleaſant becauſe it elevates us: but deſcent is never painful; it is for the moſt part pleaſant from a different cauſe, that it is according to the order of nature. The fall of a ſtone from any height is extremely agreeable by its accelerated motion. I feel it pleaſant to deſcend from a mountain, becauſe the deſcent

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ſcent is natural and eaſy. Neither is looking downward painful; on the contrary, to look down upon objects makes part of the pleaſure of elevation: looking down becomes then only painful when the object is ſo far below as to create dizzineſs; and even when that is the caſe, we feel a ſort of pleaſure mixed with the pain, witneſs Shakeſpeare's deſcription of Dover cliffs:

——————— How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eye ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway-air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

King Lear, act 4. ſc. 6.

A remark is made above, that the emotions of grandeur and ſublimity are nearly allied. And hence it is, that the one term is frequently put for the other: an increaſing ſeries of numbers, for example, producing an emotion ſimilar to that of mounting upward, is commonly termed *an aſcending ſeries*; a ſeries of numbers gradually

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gradually decreaſing, producing an emotion ſimilar to that of going downward, is commonly termed *a deſcending ſeries:* we talk familiarly of going *up* to the capital, and of going *down* to the country: from a leſſer kingdom we talk of going *up* to a greater; whence the *anabaſis* in the Greek language, when one travels from Greece to Perſia. We diſcover the ſame way of ſpeaking in the language even of Japan *; and its univerſality proves it the offspring of a natural feeling.

The foregoing obſervation leads us to conſider grandeur and ſublimity in a figurative ſenſe, and as applicable to the fine arts. Hitherto theſe terms have been taken in their proper ſenſe, as applicable to objects of ſight only: and it was of importance to beſtow ſome pains upon that article; becauſe, generally ſpeaking, the figurative ſenſe of a word is derived from its proper ſenſe, which holds remarkably at preſent. Beauty in its original ſignification is confined to objects of ſight; but, as many other objects, intellectual as well as moral, raiſe emotions reſembling that of beauty, the reſemblance of the effects prompts us to extend the term *beauty* to theſe objects. This equally accounts for the terms *grandeur* and *ſublimity* taken in a figurative ſenſe. Every emotion, from whatever cauſe proceeding, that reſembles an emotion of gran-

* Kempfer's hiſtory of Japan, b. 5. ch. 2.

deur

deur or elevation, is called by the ſame name: thus generoſity is ſaid to be an *elevated* emotion, as well as great courage; and that firmneſs of ſoul which is ſuperior to misfortunes, obtains the peculiar name of *magnanimity*. On the other hand, every emotion that contracts the mind, and fixeth it upon things trivial or of no importance, is termed *low*, by its reſemblance to an emotion produced by a little or low object of ſight: thus an appetite for trifling amuſements is called *a low taſte*. The ſame terms are applied to characters and actions: we talk familiarly of an *elevated* genius, of a *great* man, and equally ſo of *littleneſs* of mind: ſome actions are *great* and *elevated*, and others are *little* and *groveling*. Sentiments, and even expreſſions, are characteriſed in the ſame manner: an expreſſion or ſentiment that raiſes the mind is denominated *great* or *elevated*; and hence the SUBLIME * in poetry. In ſuch figurative terms,

* Longinus gives a deſcription of the ſublime that is not amiſs, though far from being juſt in every circumſtance, "That the mind is elevated by it, and ſo ſen- "ſibly affected, as to ſwell in tranſport and inward pride, "as if what is only heard or read, were its own inven- "tion." But he adheres not to this deſcription; in his 6th chapter, he juſtly obſerves, that many paſſions have nothing of the grand, ſuch as grief, fear, pity, which depreſs the mind inſtead of raiſing it; and yet in chap. 8. he mentions Sappho's ode upon love as ſublime: beautiful it is undoubtedly, but it cannot be ſublime, becauſe it really

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terms, we loſe the diſtinction between *great* and *elevated* in their proper ſenſe; for the reſemblance is not ſo entire as to preſerve theſe terms diſtinct in their figurative application. We carry this figure ſtill farther. Elevation in its proper ſenſe, imports ſuperiority of place; and lowneſs, inferiority of place: and hence a man of *ſuperior* talents, of *ſuperior* rank, of *inferior* parts, of *inferior* taſte, and ſuch like. The veneration we have for our anceſtors, and for the ancients in general, being ſimilar to the emotion produced by an elevated object of ſight, juſtifies the figurative expreſſion, of the ancients being *raiſed* above us, or poſſeſſing a *ſuperior* place. And we may remark in paſſing, that as words are intimately connected with ideas, many, by this form of expreſſion, are led to conceive their anceſtors as really above them in place, and their poſterity below them:

A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children but one ſtep below.

Richard III. act 4. ſc. 5.

really depreſſes the mind inſtead of raiſing it. His tranſlator Boileaux is not more ſucceſsful in his inſtances: in his 10th reflection, he cites a paſſage from Demoſthenes and another from Herodotus as ſublime, which have not the leaſt tincture of that quality.

The

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The notes of the gamut, proceeding regularly from the blunter or groſſer ſounds to the more acute and piercing, produce in the hearer a feeling ſomewhat ſimilar to what is produced by mounting upward; and this gives occaſion to the figurative expreſſions, *a high note*, *a low note*.

Such is the reſemblance in feeling between real and figurative grandeur, that among the nations on the eaſt coaſt of Afric, who are directed purely by nature, the officers of ſtate are, with reſpect to rank, diſtinguiſhed by the length of the batoon each carries in his hand: and in Japan, princes and great lords ſhew their rank by the length and ſize of their ſedan-poles *. Again, it is a rule in painting, that figures of a ſmall ſize are proper for groteſque pieces; but that an hiſtorical ſubject, grand and important, requires figures as great as the life. The reſemblance of theſe feelings is in reality ſo ſtrong, that elevation, in a figurative ſenſe, is obſerved to have the ſame effect, even externally, with real elevation:

K. Henry. This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian.
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a-tiptoe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian.

Henry V. *act* 4. *ſc.* 8.

The reſemblance in feeling between real and figurative grandeur, is humorouſly illuſtrated by

* Kempfer's hiſtory of Japan.

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Addiſon in criticiſing upon Engliſh tragedy: "The ordinary method of making an hero, is to "clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, "which riſes ſo high, that there is often a great-"er length from his chin to the top of his head, "than to the ſole of his foot. One would be-"lieve, that we thought a great man and a tall "man the ſame thing. As theſe ſuperfluous "ornaments upon the head make a great man, "a princeſs generally receives her grandeur "from thoſe additional incumbrances that fall "into her tail: I mean the broad ſweeping "train, that follows her in all her motions; and "finds conſtant employment for a boy, who "ſtands behind her to open and ſpread it to "advantage *." The Scythians, impreſſed with the fame of Alexander, were aſtoniſhed when they found him a little man.

A gradual progreſs from ſmall to great is no leſs remarkable in figurative, than in real grandeur or elevation. Every one muſt have obſerved the delightful effect of a number of thoughts or ſentiments, artfully diſpoſed like an aſcending ſeries, and making impreſſions deeper and deeper: ſuch diſpoſition of members in a period is termed a *climax*.

Within certain limits, grandeur and ſublimity produce their ſtrongeſt effects, which leſſen by

* Spectator, No. 42.

exceſs

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excefs as well as by defect. This is remarkable in grandeur and ſublimity taken in their proper ſenſe: the grandeſt emotion that can be raiſed by a viſible object, is where the object can be taken in at one view; if ſo immenſe as not to be comprehended but in parts, it tends rather to diſtract than ſatisfy the mind *: in like manner, the ſtrongeſt emotion produced by elevation, is where the object is ſeen diſtinctly; a greater elevation leſſens in appearance the object, till it vaniſhes out of ſight with its pleaſant emotion. The ſame is equally remarkable in figurative grandeur and elevation, which ſhall be handled together, becauſe, as obſerved above, they are ſcarce diſtinguiſhable. Sentiments may be ſo ſtrained, as to become obſcure, or to exceed the capacity of the human mind: againſt ſuch licence of imagination, every good writer will be upon his guard. And therefore it is of greater importance to obſerve, that even the true ſublime may be carried beyond that pitch which produces the higheſt entertainment: we are un-

* It is juſtly obſerved by Addiſon, that perhaps a man would have been more aſtoniſhed with the majeſtic air that appeared in one of Lyſippus's ſtatues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with Mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the propoſal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other. *Spectator*, No. 415.

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doubtedly ſuſceptible of a greater elevation than can be inſpired by human actions, the moſt heroic and magnanimous; witneſs what we feel from Milton's deſcription of ſuperior beings: yet every man muſt be ſenſible of a more conſtant and ſweet elevation, when the hiſtory of his own ſpecies is the ſubject; he enjoys an elevation equal to that of the greateſt hero, of an Alexander or a Cæſar, of a Brutus or an Epaminondas; he accompanies theſe heroes in their ſublimeſt ſentiments and moſt hazardous exploits, with a magnanimity equal to theirs; and finds it no ſtretch, to preſerve the ſame tone of mind, for hours together, without ſinking. The caſe is not the ſame in deſcribing the actions or qualities of ſuperior beings: the reader's imagination cannot keep pace with that of the poet; the mind, unable to ſupport itſelf in a ſtrained elevation, falls as from a height; and the fall is immoderate, like the elevation: where that effect is not felt, it muſt be prevented by ſome obſcurity in the conception, which frequently attends the deſcription of unknown objects. Hence the St Franciſes, St Dominics, and other tutelary ſaints, among the Roman Catholics. A mind unable to raiſe itſelf to the Supreme Being ſelf-exiſtent and eternal, or to ſupport itſelf in a ſtrained elevation, finds itſelf more at eaſe in uſing the interceſſion of ſome ſaint whoſe piety and penances while on earth are ſuppoſed to have made him a favourite in heaven.

A

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A ſtrained elevation is attended with another inconvenience, that the author is apt to fall ſuddenly as well as the reader; becauſe it is not a little difficult, to deſcend ſweetly and eaſily from ſuch elevation, to the ordinary tone of the ſubject. The following paſſage is a good illuſtration of that obſervation:

Sæpe etiam immenſum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempeſtatem imbribus atris
Conlectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther,
Et pluvia ingenti ſata læta boumque labores
Diluit. Implentur foſſæ, et cava flumina creſcunt
Cum ſonitu, fervetque fretis ſpirantibus æquor.
Ipſe Pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſcâ
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor. Ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit: *ingeminant auſtri, et denſiſſimus imber.*

Virg. Georg. l. 1.

In the deſcription of a ſtorm, to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunder-bolts, is hyperbollically ſublime, if I may uſe the expreſſion: the tone of mind produced by that image is ſo diſtant from the tone produced by a thick ſhower of rain, that the ſudden tranſition muſt be unpleaſant.

Objects of ſight that are not remarkably great nor high, ſcarce raiſe any emotion of grandeur or of ſublimity: and the ſame holds in other objects; for we often find the mind rouſed and

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animated, without being carried to that height. This difference may be diſcerned in many ſorts of muſic, as well as in ſome muſical inſtruments: a kettle drum rouſes, and a hautboy is animating; but neither of them inſpires an emotion of ſublimity; revenge animates the mind in a conſiderable degree; but I think it never produceth an emotion that can be termed *grand* or *ſublime*; and I ſhall have occaſion afterward to obſerve, that no diſagreeable paſſion ever has that effect. I am willing to put this to the teſt, by placing before my reader a moſt ſpirited picture of revenge: it is a ſpeech of Antony wailing over the body of Cæſar:

Wo to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curſe ſhall light upon the kind of men;
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war.
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds,
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock!* and let ſlip the dogs of war.

Julius Cæſar, act 3. *ſc.* 4.

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No deſire is more univerſal than to be exalted and honoured; and upon that account chiefly are we ambitious of power, riches, titles, fame, which would ſuddenly loſe their reliſh, did they not raiſe us above others, and command ſubmiſſion and deference *; and it may be thought that our attachment to things grand and lofty proceeds from their connection with our favourite paſſion. This connection has undoubtedly an effect; but that the preference given to things grand and lofty muſt have a deeper root in human nature, will appear from conſidering, that many beſtow their time upon low and trifling amuſements, without having the leaſt tincture of this favourite paſſion: yet theſe very perſons talk the ſame language with the reſt of mankind, and prefer the more elevated pleaſures: they acknowledge a more refined taſte, and are aſhamed of their own as low and groveling. This ſentiment, conſtant and univerſal, muſt be the work of nature; and it plainly indicates an original attachment in human nature to every object that elevates the mind: ſome men may have a greater reliſh for an object

* Honeſtum per ſe eſſe expetendum indicant pueri, in quibus, ut in ſpeculis, natura cernitur. Quanta ſtudia decertantium ſunt! Quanta ipſa certamina! Ut illi efferuntur lætitia, cum vicerunt! Ut pudet victos! Ut ſe accuſari nolunt! Ut cupiunt laudari! Quos illi labores non perferunt, ut æqualium principes ſint! *Cicero de finibus.*

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not of the higheſt rank; but they are conſcious of the preference given by mankind in general to things grand and ſublime; and they are ſenſible that their peculiar taſte ought to yield to the general taſte.

What is ſaid above ſuggeſts a capital rule for reaching the ſublime in ſuch works of art as are ſuſceptible of it; and that is, to preſent thoſe parts or circumſtances only which make the greateſt figure, keeping out of view every thing low or trivial; for the mind, elevated by an important object, cannot, without reluctance, be forced down to beſtow any ſhare of its attention upon trifles. Such judicious ſelection of capital circumſtances, is by an eminent critic ſtyled *grandeur of manner* *. In none of the fine arts is there ſo great ſcope for that rule as in poetry; which, by that means, enjoys a remarkable power of beſtowing upon objects and events an air of grandeur: when we are ſpectators, every minute object preſents itſelf in its order; but, in deſcribing at ſecond hand, theſe are laid aſide, and the capital objects are brought cloſe together. A judicious taſte in thus ſelecting the moſt intereſting incidents, to give them an united force, accounts for a fact that may appear ſurpriſing; which is, that we are more moved by a ſpirited narrative at ſecond hand,

* Spectator, No. 415.

than

than by being ſpectators of the event itſelf, in all its circumſtances.

Longinus exemplifies the foregoing rule by a compariſon of two paſſages *. The firſt, from Ariſtæus, is thus tranſlated:

Ye pow'rs, what madneſs! how on ſhips ſo frail
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtleſs mortals ſail?
For ſtormy ſeas they quit the pleaſing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidſt the main.
Far o'er the deep (a trackleſs path) they go,
And wander oceans in purſuit of wo.
No eaſe their hearts, no reſt their eyes can find,
On heaven their looks, and on the waves their mind,
Sunk are their ſpirits, while their arms they rear,
And gods are wearied with their fruitleſs prayer.

The other, from Homer, I ſhall give in Pope's tranſlation:

Burſt as a wave that from the cloud impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends.
White are the decks with foam: the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing through every ſhroud.
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears,
And inſtant death on every wave appears.

In the latter paſſage, the moſt ſtriking circumſtances are ſelected to fill the mind with terror and aſtoniſhment. The former is a collection

* Chap. 8. of the Sublime.

of

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of minute and low circumſtances, which ſcatter the thought, and make no impreſſion: it is at the ſame time full of verbal antitheſes and low conceit, extremely improper in a ſcene of diſtreſs. But this laſt obſervation belongs to another head.

The following deſcription of a battle is remarkably ſublime, by collecting together, in the feweſt words, thoſe circumſtances which make the greateſt figure.

Like Autumn's dark ſtorms pouring from two echoing hills, toward each other approached the heroes: as two dark ſtreams from high rocks meet and roar on the plain, loud, rough, and dark in battle, meet Lochlin and Inisfail. Chief mixes his ſtrokes with chief, and man with man: ſteel ſounds on ſteel, and helmets are cleft on high: blood burſts and ſmokes around: ſtrings murmur on the poliſh'd yew: darts ruſh along the ſky: ſpears fall like ſparks of flame that gild the ſtormy face of night.

As the noiſe of the troubled ocean when roll the waves on high, as the laſt peal of thundering heaven, ſuch is the noiſe of battle. Tho' Cormac's hundred bards were there, feeble were the voice of a hundred bards to ſend the deaths to future times; for many were the deaths of the heroes, and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

Fingal.

The following paſſage in the 4th book of the Iliad is a deſcription of a battle, wonderfully ardent. "When now gathered on either ſide, "the

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"the hoſts plunged together in fight; ſhield is "harſhly laid to ſhield; ſpears craſh on the bra- "zen corſlets; boſſy buckler with buckler "meets; loud tumults rages over all; groans "are mixed with boaſts of men; the ſlain and "ſlayer join in noiſe; the earth is floating round "with blood. As when two ruſhing ſtreams "from two mountains come roaring down, and "throw together their rapid waters below, they "roar along the gulphy vale. The ſtartled "ſhepherd hears the ſound, as he ſtalks o'er the "diſtant hills; ſo, as they mixed in fight, from "both armies clamour with loud terror aroſe." But ſuch general deſcriptions are not frequent in Homer. Even his ſingle combats are rare. The fifth book is the longeſt account of a battle that is in the Iliad; and yet contains nothing but a long catalogue of chiefs killing chiefs, not in ſingle combat neither, but at a diſtance, with an arrow or a javelin; and theſe chiefs named for the firſt time and the laſt. The ſame ſcene is continued through a great part of the ſixth book. There is at the ſame time a minute deſcription of every wound, which for accuracy may do honour to an anatomiſt, but in an epic poem is tireſome and fatiguing. There is no relief from horrid languor but the beautiful Greek language, and melody of Homer's verſification.

In the twenty-firſt book of the Odyſſey, there is a paſſage which deviates widely from the rule above laid down: it concerns that part of the hiſtory

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hiſtory of Penelope and her ſuitors, in which ſhe is made to declare in favour of him who ſhould prove the moſt dextrous in ſhooting with the bow of Ulyſſes:

Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went:
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine);
The folding gates a dazzling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn'd round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound.
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring;
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtic through the wealthy room
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung.

Virgil ſometimes errs againſt this rule: in the following paſſages minute circumſtances are brought into full view; and, what is ſtill worſe, they are deſcribed with all the pomp of poetical diction; *Æneid*, *L.* 1. *l.* 214. *to* 219. *L.* 6. *l.* 176. *to* 182. *L.* 6. *l.* 212. *to* 231.: and the laſt, which deſcribes a funeral, is the leſs excuſable, as the man whoſe funeral it is makes no figure in the poem.

The

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The ſpeech of Clytemneſtra, deſcending from her chariot in the Iphigenia of Euripides *, is ſtuffed with a number of common and trivial circumſtances.

But of all writers, Lucan, as to this article, is the moſt injudicious: the ſea-fight between the Romans and Maſſilians †, is deſcribed ſo much in detail, without exhibiting any grand or total view, that the reader is fatigued with endleſs circumſtances, without ever feeling any degree of elevation; and yet there are ſome fine incidents, thoſe for example of the two brothers, and of the old man and his ſon, which, taken ſeparately, would affect us greatly. But Lucan, once engaged in a deſcription, knows no end. See other paſſages of the ſame kind, *L.* 4. *l.* 292. *to* 337. *L.* 4. *l.* 750. *to* 765. The epiſode of the ſorcereſs Erictho, end of book 6. is intolerably minute and prolix.

To theſe I venture to oppoſe a paſſage from an old hiſtorical ballad:

Go, little page, tell Hardiknute
That lives on hill ſo high ‡,
To draw his ſword, the dread of faes,
And haſte to follow me.

* Beginning of act 3.

† Lib. 3. beginning at line 567.

‡ *High*, in the old Scotch language, is pronounced *hee*.

The

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The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſter's arm.
"Come down, come down, Lord Hardiknute,
"And rid your king from harm."

This rule is alſo applicable to other fine arts. In painting it is eſtabliſhed, that the principal figure muſt be put in the ſtrongeſt light; that the beauty of attitude conſiſts in placing the nobler parts moſt in view, and in ſuppreſſing the ſmaller parts as much as poſſible; that the folds of the drapery muſt be few and large; that foreſhortenings are bad, becauſe they make the parts appear little; and that the muſcles ought to be kept as entire as poſſible, without being divided into ſmall ſections. Every one at preſent ſubſcribes to that rule as applied to gardening, in oppoſition to parterres ſplit into a thouſand ſmall parts in the ſtiffeſt regularity of figure. The moſt eminent architects have governed themſelves by the ſame rule in all their works.

Another rule chiefly regards the ſublime, tho' it is applicable to every ſort of literary performance intended for amuſement; and that is, to avoid as much as poſſible abſtract and general terms. Such terms, ſimilar to mathematical ſigns, are contrived to expreſs our thoughts in a conciſe manner; but images, which are the life of poetry, cannot be raiſed in any perfection but by introducing particular objects. General terms that comprehend a number of individuals, muſt

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muſt be excepted from that rule: our kindred, our clan, our country, and words of the like import, tho' they ſcarce raiſe any image, have however a wonderful power over our paſſions: the greatneſs of the complex object overbalances the obſcurity of the image.

Grandeur, being an extreme vivid emotion, is not readily produced in perfection but by reiterated impreſſions. The effect of a ſingle impreſſion can be but momentary; and if one feel ſuddenly ſomewhat like a ſwelling or exaltation of mind, the emotion vaniſheth as ſoon as felt. Single thoughts or ſentiments, I know, are often cited as examples of the ſublime; but their effect is far inferior to that of a grand ſubject diſplayed in its capital parts. I ſhall give a few examples, that the reader may judge for himſelf. In the famous action of Thermopylæ, where Leonidas the Spartan king, with his choſen band, fighting for their country, were cut off to the laſt man, a ſaying is reported of Dieneces, one of the band, which, expreſſing chearful and undiſturbed bravery, is well entitled to the firſt place in examples of that kind. Reſpecting the number of their enemies, it was obſerved, that the arrows ſhot by ſuch a multitude would intercept the light of the ſun. So much the better, ſays he, for we ſhall then fight in the ſhade *.

* Herodotus, book 7.

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Somerset. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as
we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power,
Ev'n now we heard the news. Ah! couldst thou fly!
Warwick. Why, then I would not fly.
Third part, Henry VI. *act* 5. *sc.* 3.

Such a sentiment from a man expiring of his wounds, is truly heroic, and must elevate the mind to the greatest height that can be done by a single expression: it will not suffer in a comparison with the famous sentiment *Qu'il mourut* of Corneille: the latter is a sentiment of indignation merely, the former of firm and chearful courage.

To cite in opposition many a sublime passage, enriched with the finest images, and dressed in the most nervous expressions, would scarce be fair: I shall produce but one instance, from Shakespear, which sets a few objects before the eye, without much pomp of language: it operates its effect by representing these objects in a climax, raising the mind higher and higher till it feel the emotion of grandeur in perfection:

The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve, &c.

The cloud-capt tow'rs produce an elevating emotion, heightened by the *gorgeous palaces;* and the

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the mind is carried ſtill higher and higher by the images that follow. Succeſſive images, making thus deeper and deeper impreſſions, muſt elevate more than any ſingle image can do.

As, on the one hand, no means directly applied have more influence to raiſe the mind than grandeur and ſublimity; ſo, on the other, no means indirectly applied have more influence to ſink and depreſs it: for in a ſtate of elevation, the artful introduction of an humbling object, makes the fall great in proportion to the elevation. Of this obſervation Shakeſpear gives a beautiful example, in the paſſage laſt quoted:

> The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
> The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
> Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
> And, like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
> Leave not a rack behind.——
>
> *Tempeſt, act 4. ſc. 4.*

The elevation of the mind in the former part of this beautiful paſſage, makes the fall great in proportion, when the moſt humbling of all images is introduced, that of an utter diſſolution of the earth and its inhabitants. The mind, when warmed, is more ſuſceptible of impreſſions than in a cool ſtate; and a depreſſing or melancholy object liſtened to, makes the ſtrongeſt impreſſion when it reaches the mind in its higheſt ſtate of elevation or chearfulneſs.

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But a humbling image is not always neceſſary to produce that effect: a remark is made above, that, in deſcribing ſuperior beings, the reader's imagination, unable to ſupport itſelf in a ſtrained elevation, falls often as from a height, and ſinks even below its ordinary tone. The following inſtance comes luckily in view; for a better cannot be given: "God ſaid, Let there be "light, and there was light." Longinus quotes this paſſage from Moſes as a ſhining example of the ſublime; and it is ſcarce poſſible, in fewer words, to convey ſo clear an image of the infinite power of the Deity; but then it belongs to the preſent ſubject to remark, that the emotion of ſublimity raiſed by this image is but momentary; and that the mind, unable to ſupport itſelf in an elevation ſo much above nature, immediately ſinks down into humility and veneration for a being ſo far exalted above groveling mortals. Every one is acquainted with a diſpute about that paſſage between two French critics *, the one poſitively affirming it to be ſublime, the other as poſitively denying. What I have remarked ſhows that both of them have reached the truth, but neither of them the whole truth: the primary effect of the paſſage is undoubtedly an emotion of grandeur; which ſo far juſtifies Boileau: but then every one muſt be ſenſible, that the emotion is merely a flaſh, which, va-

* Boileau and Huet.

niſhing

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niſhing inſtantaneouſly, gives way to humility and veneration. That indirect effect of ſublimity juſtifies Huet, who, being a man of true piety, and probably not much carried by imagination, felt the humbling paſſion more ſenſibly than his antagoniſt did. And, laying aſide difference of character, Huet's opinion may, I think, be defended as the more ſolid; becauſe in ſuch images, the depreſſing emotions are the more ſenſibly felt, and have the longer endurance.

The ſtraining an elevated ſubject beyond due bounds, is a vice not ſo frequent as to require the correction of criticiſm. But falſe ſublime is a rock that writers of more fire than judgment commonly ſplit on; and therefore a collection of examples may be of uſe as a beacon to future adventurers. One ſpecies of falſe ſublime, known by the name of *bombaſt*, is common among writers of a mean genius: it is a ſerious endeavour, by ſtrained deſcription, to raiſe a low or familiar ſubject above its rank; which, inſtead of being ſublime, becomes ridiculous. I am extremely ſenſible how prone the mind is, in ſome animating paſſions, to magnify its objects beyond natural bounds: but ſuch hyperbolical deſcription has its limits; and, when carried beyond the impulſe of the propenſity, it degenerates into burleſque. Take the following examples.

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Sejanus.——————Great and high
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread,
And at each ſtep I feel my advanc'd head
Knock out a ſtar in heav'n.

Sejanus, Ben Johnſon, act 5.

A writer who has no natural elevation of mind, deviates readily into bombaſt: he ſtrains above his natural powers; and the violent effort carries him beyond the bounds of propriety. Boileau expreſſes this happily:

L'autre à peur de ramper, il ſe perd dans la nue *.

The ſame author, Ben Johnſon, abounds in the bombaſt:

——————The mother,
Th' expulſed Apicata, finds them there;
Whom when ſhe ſaw lie ſpread on the degrees,
After a world of fury on herſelf,
Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,
Beating her breaſts and womb, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to heav'n, then to them; at laſt
Her drowned voice got up above her woes:
And with ſuch black and bitter execrations,
(As might affright the gods, and force the ſun
Run backward to the eaſt; nay, make the old
Deformed chaos riſe again t' o'erwhelm

* L'art poet. chant. 1. l. 68.

Them,

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Them, us, and all the world), ſhe fills the air,
Upbraids the heavens with their partial dooms,
Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands
What ſhe and thoſe poor innocents have tranſgreſs'd,
That they muſt ſuffer ſuch a ſhare in vengeance.

Sejanus, act 5. ſc. laſt.

——————Lentulus, the man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new
Out of the hand of Jove; and rivet him
To Caucaſus, ſhould he but frown; and let
His own gaunt eagle fly at him to tire.

Catiline, act 3.

Can theſe, or ſuch, be any aid to us?
Look they as they were built to ſhake the world,
Or be a moment to our enterpriſe?
A thouſand, ſuch as they are, could not make
One atom of our ſouls. They ſhould be men
Worth heaven's fear, that looking up, but thus,
Would make Jove ſtand upon his guard, and draw
Himſelf within his thunder; which, amaz'd,
He ſhould diſcharge in vain, and they unhurt.
Or, if they were, like Capaneus at Thebes,
They ſhould hang dead upon the higheſt ſpires
And aſk the ſecond bolt to be thrown down.
Why Lentulus talk you ſo long? This time
Had been enough t'have ſcatter'd all the ſtars,
T'have quench'd the ſun and moon, and made the world
Deſpair of day, or any light but ours.

Catiline, act 4.

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This is the language of a madman:

Guildford. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come,
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world
And make the ruin common.

Lady Jane Gray, act 4. near the end.

I am sorry to observe that the following bombast stuff dropt from the pen of Dryden.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Another species of false sublime is still more faulty than bombast; and that is, to force elevation by introducing imaginary beings without preserving any propriety in their actions; as if it were lawful to ascribe every extravagance and inconsistence to beings of the poet's creation. No writers are more licentious in that article than Johnson and Dryden:

Methinks I see Death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords:
And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price, as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make Fate,
While she tempts ours, to fear her own estate.

Catiline, act 5.

——The

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———The Furies ſtood on hill
Circling the place, and trembled to ſee men
Do more than they; whilſt Piety left the field,
Griev'd for that ſide, that in ſo bad a cauſe
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The Sun ſtood ſtill, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, ſeen ſweating to drive up
His frighted horſe, whom ſtill the noiſe drove backward.

Ibid. act. 5.

Oſmyn. While we indulge our common happineſs,
He is forgot by whom we all poſſeſs,
The brave Almanzor, to whoſe arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we ſhall do;
Who like a tempeſt that outrides the wind,
Made a juſt battle ere the bodies join'd.

Abdalla. His victories we ſcarce could keep in view,
Or poliſh 'em ſo faſt as he rough drew.

Abdemelech. Fate after him below with pain did move,
And Victory could ſcarce keep pace above.
Death did at length ſo many ſlain forget,
And loſt the tale, and took 'em by the great.

Conqueſt of Grenada, act 2. *at beginning.*

The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topleſs Apenine, and blows
To all the under world, all nations
The ſeas, and unfrequented deſerts, where the ſnow dwells,
Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and ſleep is,
Informs again the dead bones.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Bonduca, act 3. *ſc.* 3.

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An actor on the ſtage may be guilty of bombaſt as well as an author in his cloſet; a certain manner of acting, which is grand when ſupported by dignity in the ſentiment and force in the expreſſion, is ridiculous where the ſentiment is mean, and the expreſſion flat.

This chapter ſhall be cloſed with ſome obſervations. When the ſublime is carried to its due height, and circumſcribed within proper bounds, it enchants the mind, and raiſes the moſt delightful of all emotions; the reader, engroſſed by a ſublime object, feels himſelf raiſed as it were to a higher rank. Conſidering that effect, it is not wonderful that the hiſtory of conquerors and heroes, ſhould be univerſally the favourite entertainment. And this fairly accounts for what I once erroneouſly ſuſpected to be a wrong bias originally in human nature; which is, that the groſſeſt acts of oppreſſion and injuſtice ſcarce blemiſh the character of a great conqueror: we, nevertheleſs, warmly eſpouſe his intereſt, accompany him in his exploits, and are anxious for his ſucceſs: the ſplendour and enthuſiaſm of the hero transfuſed into the readers, elevate their minds far above the rules of juſtice, and render them in a great meaſure inſenſible of the wrongs that are committed:

For in thoſe days might only ſhall be admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and ſubdue
Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Manſlaughter,

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Manſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be ſtyl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and ſons of gods;
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame ſhall be atchiev'd, renown on earth,
And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.

Milton, b. 11.

The irregular influence of grandeur reaches alſo to other matters: however good, honeſt, or uſeful, a man may be, he is not ſo much reſpected as is one of a more elevated character, tho' of leſs integrity; nor do the misfortunes of the former affect us ſo much as thoſe of the latter. And I add, becauſe it cannot be diſguiſed, that the remorſe which attends breach of engagement, is in a great meaſure proportioned to the figure that the injured perſon makes: the vows and proteſtations of lovers are an illuſtrious example; for theſe commonly are little regarded when made to women of inferior rank.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

MOTION AND FORCE.

THAT motion is agreeable to the eye without relation to purpoſe or deſign, may appear from the amuſement it gives to infants: juvenile exerciſes are reliſhed chiefly on that account.

If a body in motion be agreeable, one will be apt to conclude that at reſt it muſt be diſagreeable: but we learn from experience, that this would be a raſh concluſion. Reſt is one of thoſe circumſtances that are neither agreeable nor diſagreeable, being viewed with perfect indifferency. And happy is it for mankind to have the matter ſo ordered: if reſt were agreeable, it would diſincline us to motion, by which all things are performed: if it were diſagreeable, it would be a ſource of perpetual uneaſineſs; for the bulk of the things we ſee appear to be at reſt. A ſimilar inſtance of deſigning wiſdom I have had occaſion to explain, in oppoſing grandeur to littleneſs, and elevation to lowneſs of place *. Even in the ſimpleſt matters, the finger of God is conſpicuous: the happy adjuſtment of the internal nature of man to

* See Chap. 4.

his

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his external circumſtances, diſplayed in the inſtances here given, is indeed admirable.

Motion is agreeable in all its varieties of quickneſs and ſlowneſs; but motion long continued admits ſome exceptions. That degree of continued motion which correſponds to the natural courſe of our perceptions, is the moſt agreeable. The quickeſt motion is for an inſtant delightful; but ſoon appears to be too rapid: it becomes painful by forcibly accelerating the courſe of our perceptions. Slow continued motion becomes diſagreeable from an oppoſite cauſe, that it retards the natural courſe of our perceptions *.

There are other varieties in motion, beſide quickneſs and ſlowneſs, that make it more or leſs agreeable: regular motion is preferred before what is irregular; witneſs the motion of the planets in orbits nearly circular: the motion of the comets in orbits leſs regular, is leſs agreeable.

Motion uniformly accelerated, reſembling an aſcending ſeries of numbers, is more agreeable than when uniformly retarded: motion upward is agreeable, by tendency to elevation. What then ſhall we ſay of downward motion regularly accelerated by the force of gravity, compared with upward motion regularly retarded by the ſame force? Which of theſe is the moſt agreeable? This queſtion is not eaſily ſolved.

* This will be explained more fully afterward, ch. 9.

Motion

Motion in a ſtraight line is agreeable: but we prefer undulating motion, as of waves, of a flame, of a ſhip under ſail; ſuch motion is more free, and alſo more natural. Hence the beauty of a ſerpentine river.

The eaſy and ſliding motion of a fluid, from the lubricity of its parts, is agreeable upon that account: but the agreeableneſs chiefly depends on the following circumſtance, that the motion is perceived, not as of one body, but as of an endleſs number moving together with order and regularity. Poets ſtruck with that beauty, draw more images from fluids in motion than from ſolids.

Force is of two kinds; one quieſcent, and one exerted in motion. The former, dead weight for example, muſt be laid aſide; for a body at reſt is not, by that circumſtance, either agreeable or diſagreeable. Moving force only is my province; and, though it is not ſeparable from motion, yet by the power of abſtraction, either of them may be conſidered independent of the other. Both of them are agreeable, becauſe both of them include activity. It is agreeable to ſee a thing move: to ſee it moved, as when it is dragged or puſhed along, is neither agreeable nor diſagreeable, more than when at reſt. It is agreeable to ſee a thing exert force; but it makes not the thing either agreeable or diſagreeable, to ſee force exerted upon it.

Though

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Though motion and force are each of them agreeable, the impreſſions they make are different. This difference, clearly felt, is not eaſily deſcribed. All we can ſay is, that the emotion raiſed by a moving body, reſembling its cauſe, is felt as if the mind were carried along: the emotion raiſed by force exerted, reſembling alſo its cauſe, is felt as if force were exerted within the mind.

To illuſtrate that difference, I give the following examples. It has been explained why ſmoke aſcending in a calm day, ſuppoſe from a cottage in a wood, is an agreeable object *; ſo remarkably agreeable, that landſcape-painters introduce it upon all occaſions. The aſcent being natural, and without effort, is pleaſant in a calm ſtate of mind: it reſembles a gently-flowing river, but is more agreeable, becauſe aſcent is more to our taſte than deſcent. A fire-work or a *jet d'eau* rouſes the mind more; becauſe the beauty of force viſibly exerted, is ſuperadded to that of upward motion. To a man reclining indolently upon a bank of flowers, aſcending ſmoke in a ſtill morning is charming; but a fire-work or a *jet d'eau* rouſes him from that ſupine poſture, and puts him in motion.

A *jet d'eau* makes an impreſſion diſtinguiſhable from that of a water-fall. Downward motion being natural and without effort, tends rather to quiet the mind than to rouſe it: upward motion,

* Chap. 1.

on

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on the contrary, overcoming the reſiſtance of gravity, makes an impreſſion of a great effort, and thereby rouſes and enlivens the mind.

The public games of the Greeks and Romans, which gave ſo much entertainment to the ſpectators, conſiſted chiefly in exerting force, wreſtling, leaping, throwing great ſtones, and ſuch-like trials of ſtrength. When great force is exerted, the effort felt internally is animating. The effort may be ſuch, as in ſome meaſure to overpower the mind: thus the exploſion of gun-powder, the violence of a torrent, the weight of a mountain, and the cruſh of an earthquake, create aſtoniſhment rather than pleaſure.

No quality nor circumſtance contributes more to grandeur than force, eſpecially where exerted by ſenſible beings. I cannot make the obſervation more evident than by the following quotations.

——————Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Paradiſe Loſt, book i.

——————Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen charlots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs

Of

Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all heaven
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre ſhook.

Ibid. book 6.

They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of godlike pow'r? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles: two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while Expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if Nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.

Ibid. book 6.

We ſhall next conſider the effect of motion and force in conjunction. In contemplating the planetary ſyſtem, what ſtrikes us the moſt, is the ſpherical

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ſpherical figures of the planets, and their regular motions; the conception we have of their activity and enormous bulk being more obſcure: the beauty accordingly of that ſyſtem, raiſes a more lively emotion than its grandeur. But if we could comprehend the whole ſyſtem at one view, the activity and irreſiſtible force of theſe immenſe bodies would fill us with amazement: nature cannot furniſh another ſcene ſo grand.

Motion and force, agreeable in themſelves, are alſo agreeable by their utility when employed as means to accompliſh ſome beneficial end. Hence the ſuperior beauty of ſome machines, where force and motion concur to perform the work of numberleſs hands. Hence the beautiful motions, firm and regular, of a horſe trained for war: every ſingle ſtep is the fitteſt that can be, for obtaining the purpoſed end. But the grace of motion is viſible chiefly in man, not only for the reaſons mentioned, but becauſe every geſture is ſignificant. The power however of agreeable motion is not a common talent: every limb of the human body has an agreeable and diſagreeable motion; ſome motions being extremely graceful, others plain and vulgar; ſome expreſſing dignity, others meanneſs. But the pleaſure here, ariſing, not ſingly from the beauty of motion, but from indicating character and ſentiment, belongs to different chapters *.

* Chap. 11. and 15.

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I ſhould conclude with the final cauſe of the reliſh we have for motion and force, were it not ſo evident as to require no explanation. We are placed here in ſuch circumſtances as to make induſtry eſſential to our well-being; for without induſtry the plaineſt neceſſaries of life are not obtained. When our ſituation, therefore, in this world requires activity and a conſtant exertion of motion and force, Providence indulgently provides for our welfare by making theſe agreeable to us: it would be a groſs imperfection in our nature, to make any thing diſagreeable that we depend on for exiſtence; and even indifference would ſlacken greatly that degree of activity which is indiſpenſable.

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CHAP. VI.

NOVELTY, AND THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF OBJECTS.

OF all the circumſtances that raiſe emotions, not excepting beauty, nor even greatneſs, novelty hath the moſt powerful influence. A new object produceth inſtantaneouſly an emotion termed *wonder*, which totally occupies the mind, and for a time excludes all other objects. Converſation among the vulgar never is more intereſting than when it turns upon ſtrange objects and extraordinary events. Men tear themſelves from their native country in ſearch of things rare and new; and novelty converts into a pleaſure, the fatigues and even perils of travelling. To what cauſe ſhall we aſcribe theſe ſingular appearances? To curioſity undoubtedly, a principle implanted in human nature for a purpoſe extremely beneficial, that of acquiring knowledge; and the emotion of wonder, raiſed by new and ſtrange objects, inflames our curioſity to know more of them. This emotion is different from *admiration*: novelty where-ever found, whether in a quality or action, is the cauſe of wonder; admiration is directed to the perſon who performs any thing wonderful.

During

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During infancy, every new object is probably the occaſion of wonder, in ſome degree; becauſe, during infancy, every object at firſt ſight is ſtrange as well as new: but as objects are rendered familiar by cuſtom, we ceaſe by degrees to wonder at new appearances, if they have any reſemblance to what we are acquainted with; for a thing muſt be ſingular as well as new, to raiſe our wonder. To ſave multiplying words, I would be underſtood to comprehend both circumſtances when I hereafter talk of novelty.

In an ordinary train of perceptions where one thing introduces another, not a ſingle object makes its appearance unexpectedly *: the mind thus prepared for the reception of its objects, admits them one after another without perturbation. But when a thing breaks in unexpectedly, and without the preparation of any connection, it raiſes an emotion, known by the name of *ſurpriſe*. That emotion may be produced by the moſt familiar object, as when one unexpectedly meets a friend who was reported to be dead; or a man in high life lately a beggar. On the other hand, a new object, however ſtrange, will not produce the emotion, if the ſpectator be prepared for the ſight: an elephant in India will not ſurpriſe a traveller who goes to ſee one; and yet its novelty will raiſe his wonder: an

* See chap. 1.

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Indian in Britain would be much ſurpriſed to ſtumble upon an elephant feeding at large in the open fields: but the creature itſelf, to which he was accuſtomed, would not raiſe his wonder.

Surpriſe thus in ſeveral reſpects differs from wonder: unexpectedneſs is the cauſe of the former emotion; novelty is the cauſe of the latter. Nor differ they leſs in their nature and circumſtances, as will be explained by and by. With relation to one circumſtance they perfectly agree; which is, the ſhortneſs of their duration: the inſtantaneous production of theſe emotions in perfection, may contribute to that effect, in conformity to a general law, That things ſoon decay which ſoon come to perfection: the violence of the emotions may alſo contribute; for an ardent emotion, which is not ſuſceptible of increaſe, cannot have a long courſe. But their ſhort duration is occaſioned chiefly by that of their cauſes: we are ſoon reconciled to an object, however unexpected; and novelty ſoon degenerates into familiarity.

Whether theſe emotions be pleaſant or painful, is not a clear point. It may appear ſtrange, that our own feelings and their capital qualities, ſhould afford any matter for a doubt: but when we are engroſſed by any emotion, there is no place for ſpeculation; and when ſufficiently calm for ſpeculation, it is not eaſy to recal the emotion with accuracy. New objects are ſometimes terrible,

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terrible, ſometimes delightful: The terror which a tyger inſpires is greateſt at firſt, and wears off gradually by familiarity: on the other hand, even women will acknowledge that it is novelty which pleaſes the moſt in a new faſhion. It would be raſh however to conclude, that wonder is in itſelf neither pleaſant nor painful, but that it aſſumes either quality according to circumſtances. An object, it is true, that hath a threatening appearance, adds to our terror by its novelty: but from that experiment it doth not follow, that novelty is in itſelf diſagreeable; for it is perfectly conſiſtent, that we be delighted with an object in one view, and terrified with it in another: a river in flood ſwelling over its banks, is a grand and delightful object; and yet it may produce no ſmall degree of fear when we attempt to croſs it: courage and magnanimity are agreeable; and yet, when we view theſe qualities in an enemy, they ſerve to increaſe our terror. In the ſame manner, novelty may produce two effects clearly diſtinguiſhable from each other; it may, directly and in itſelf, be agreeable; and it may have an oppoſite effect indirectly, which is, to inſpire terror; for when a new object appears in any degree dangerous, our ignorance of its powers and qualities, affords ample ſcope for the imagination to dreſs it in the moſt frightful colours *. The firſt ſight of a

* Eſſays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion, part 2. eſſ. 6.

lion,

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lion, for example, may at the ſame inſtant produce two oppoſite feelings, the pleaſant emotion of wonder, and the painful paſſion of terror: the novelty of the object produces the former directly, and contributes to the latter indirectly. Thus, when the ſubject is analyſed, we find, that the power which novelty hath indirectly to inflame terror, is perfectly conſiſtent with its being in every circumſtance agreeable. The matter may be put in the cleareſt light, by adding the following circumſtances. If a lion be firſt ſeen from a place of ſafety, the ſpectacle is altogether agreeable without the leaſt mixture of terror. If, again, the firſt ſight puts us within reach of that dangerous animal, our terror may be ſo great as quite to exclude any ſenſe of novelty. But this fact proves not that wonder is painful: it proves only, that wonder may be excluded by a more powerful paſſion. Every man may be made certain from his own experience, that wonder raiſed by a new object which is inoffenſive, is always pleaſant; and with reſpect to offenſive objects, it appears from the foregoing deduction, that the ſame muſt hold as long as the ſpectator can attend to the novelty.

Whether ſurpriſe be in itſelf pleaſant or painful, is a queſtion no leſs intricate than the former. It is certain that ſurpriſe inflames our joy when unexpectedly we meet with an old friend, and our terror when we ſtumble upon any thing noxious. To clear that queſtion, the firſt thing to

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to be remarked is, that in ſome inſtances an unexpected object overpowers the mind, ſo as to produce a momentary ſtupefaction: where the object is dangerous, or appears ſo, the ſudden alarm it gives, without preparation, is apt totally to unhinge the mind, and for a moment to ſuſpend all its faculties, even thought itſelf *; in which ſtate a man is quite helpleſs; and if he move at all, is as like to run upon the danger as from it. Surpriſe carried to ſuch a height, cannot be either pleaſant or painful; becauſe the mind, during ſuch momentary ſtupefaction, is in a good meaſure, if not totally, inſenſible.

If we then inquire for the character of this emotion, it muſt be where the unexpected object or event produceth leſs violent effects. And while the mind remains ſenſible of pleaſure and pain, is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that ſurpriſe, like wonder, ſhould have an invariable character? I am inclined however to think, that ſurpriſe has no invariable character, but aſſumes that of the object which raiſes it. Wonder being an emotion invariably raiſed by novelty, and being diſtinguiſhable from all other emotions, ought naturally to poſſeſs one conſtant character. The unexpected appearance of an object, ſeems not equally entitled to produce an emotion diſtinguiſhable from that which is pro-

* Hence the Latin names for ſurpriſe, *torpor*, *animi ſtupor*. . .

duced

duced by the object in its ordinary appearance; the effect it ought naturally to have, is only to ſwell that emotion, by making it more pleaſant or more painful than it commonly is. And that conjecture is confirmed by experience, as well as by language, which is built upon experience: when a man meets a friend unexpectedly, he is ſaid to be agreeably ſurpriſed; and when he meets an enemy unexpectedly, he is ſaid to be diſagreeably ſurpriſed. It appears, then, that the ſole effect of ſurpriſe is to ſwell the emotion raiſed by the object. And that effect can be clearly explained: a tide of connected perceptions glide gently into the mind, and produce no perturbation; but an object breaking in unexpectedly, ſounds an alarm, rouſes the mind out of its calm ſtate, and directs its whole attention to the object, which, if agreeable, becomes doubly ſo. Several circumſtances concur to produce that effect: on the one hand, the agitation of the mind, and its keen attention, prepare it in the moſt effectual manner for receiving a deep impreſſion: on the other hand, the object, by its ſudden and unforeſeen appearance, makes an impreſſion, not gradually as expected objects do, but as at one ſtroke with its whole force. The circumſtances are preciſely ſimilar where the object is in itſelf diſagreeable *. The

* What the Mareſchal Saxe terms *le cœur humain* is no other than fear occaſioned by ſurpriſe. It is owing to that

The pleaſure of novelty is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from that of variety: to produce the latter, a plurality of objects is neceſſary; the former ariſes from a circumſtance found in a ſingle object.

that cauſe that an ambuſh is generally ſo deſtructive: intelligence of it beforehand renders it harmleſs. The Mareſchal gives from Cæſar's Commentaries two examples of what he calls *le cœur humain*. At the ſiege of Amiens by the Gauls, Cæſar came up with his army, which did not exceed 7000 men, and began to intrench himſelf in ſuch hurry, that the barbarians, judging him to be afraid, attacked his intrenchments with great ſpirit. During the time they were filling up the ditch, he iſſued out with his cohorts; and, by attacking them unexpectedly, ſtruck a panic that made them fly with precipitation, not a ſingle man offering to make a ſtand. At the ſiege of Aleſia, the Gauls, infinitely ſuperior in number, attacked the Roman lines of circumvallation, in order to raiſe the ſiege. Cæſar ordered a body of his men to march out ſilently, and to attack them on the one flank, while he with another body did the ſame on the other flank. The ſurpriſe of being attacked when they expected a defence only, put the Gauls into diſorder, and gave an eaſy victory to Cæſar.

A third may be added, no leſs memorable. In the year 846, an obſtinate battle was fought between Xamire King of Leon, and Abdoulrahman the Mooriſh King of Spain. After a very long conflict, the night only prevented the Arabians from obtaining a complete victory. The King of Leon, taking advantage of the darkneſs, retreated to a neighbouring hill, leaving the Arabians maſters of the field of battle. Next morning, perceiving that he could not maintain his place for want of proviſions,

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ject. Again, where objects, whether coexiſtent or in ſucceſſion, are ſufficiently diverſified, the pleaſure of variety is complete, tho' every ſingle object of the train be familiar: but the pleaſure of novelty, directly oppoſite to familiarity, requires no diverſification.

There are different degrees of novelty, and its effects are in proportion. The loweſt degree is found in objects ſurveyed a ſecond time after a long interval; and that in this caſe an object takes on ſome appearance of novelty, is certain from experience: a large building of many parts variouſly adorned, or an extenſive field embelliſhed with trees, lakes, temples, ſtatues, and other ornaments, will appear new oftener than once: the memory of an object ſo complex is ſoon loſt, of its parts at leaſt, or of their arrangement. But experience teaches, that even without any decay of remembrance, abſence alone will give an air of novelty to a once familiar object; which is not ſurpriſing, becauſe familiarity wears off gradually by abſence: thus a

ſions, nor be able to draw off his men in the face of a victorious army, he ranged his men in order of battle, and, without loſing a moment, marched to attack the enemy, reſolving to conquer or die. The Arabians, aſtoniſhed to be attacked by thoſe who were conquered the night before, loſt all heart: fear ſucceeded to aſtoniſhment, the panic was univerſal, and they all turned their backs without almoſt drawing a ſword.

perſon

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perſon with whom we have been intimate, returning after a long interval, appears like a new acquaintance: and diſtance of place contributes to this appearance, no leſs than diſtance of time: a friend, for example, after a ſhort abſence in a remote country, has the ſame air of novelty as if he had returned after a longer interval from a place near home: the mind forms a connection between him and the remote country, and beſtows upon him the ſingularity of the objects he has ſeen. For the ſame reaſon, when two things equally new and ſingular are preſented, the ſpectator balances between them; but when told that one of them is the product of a diſtant quarter of the world, he no longer heſitates, but clings to it as the more ſingular. Hence the preference given to foreign luxuries, and to foreign curioſities, which appear rare in proportion to their original diſtance.

The next degree of novelty, mounting upward, is found in objects of which we have ſome information at ſecond hand; for deſcription, tho' it contribute to familiarity, cannot altogether remove the appearance of novelty when the object itſelf is preſented: the firſt ſight of a lion occaſions ſome wonder, after a thorough acquaintance with the correcteſt pictures and ſtatues of that animal.

A new object that bears ſome diſtant reſemblance to a known ſpecies, is an inſtance of a third degree of novelty: a ſtrong reſemblance among

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among individuals of the ſame ſpecies, prevents almoſt entirely the effect of novelty, unleſs diſtance of place or ſome other circumſtance concur; but where the reſemblance is faint, ſome degree of wonder is felt, and the emotion riſes in proportion to the faintneſs of the reſemblance.

The higheſt degree of wonder ariſeth from unknown objects that have no analogy to any ſpecies we are acquainted with. Shakeſpear in a ſimile introduces that ſpecies of novelty:

> As glorious to the ſight
> As is a winged meſſenger from heaven
> Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eye
> Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
> When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
> And ſails upon the boſom of the air.
>
> *Romeo and Juliet.*

One example of that ſpecies of novelty deſerves peculiar attention; and that is, when an object altogether new is ſeen by one perſon only, and but once. Theſe circumſtances heighten remarkably the emotion: the ſingularity of the ſpectator concurs with the ſingularity of the object, to inflame wonder to its higheſt pitch.

In explaining the effects of novelty, the place a being occupies in the ſcale of exiſtence, is a circumſtance that muſt not be omitted. Novelty in the individuals of a low claſs is perceived with indifference, or with a very ſlight emotion: thus

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thus a pebble, however ſingular in its appearance, ſcarce moves our wonder. The emotion riſes with the rank of the object; and, other circumſtances being equal, is ſtrongeſt in the higheſt order of exiſtence: a ſtrange inſect affects us more than a ſtrange vegetable; and a ſtrange quadruped more than a ſtrange inſect.

However natural novelty may be, it is a matter of experience, that thoſe who reliſh it the moſt are careful to conceal its influence. Love of novelty, it is true, prevails in children, in idlers, and in men of ſhallow underſtanding: and yet, after all, why ſhould one be aſhamed of indulging a natural propenſity? A diſtinction will afford a ſatisfactory anſwer. No man is aſhamed of curioſity when it is indulged in order to acquire knowledge. But to prefer any thing merely becauſe it is new, ſhows a mean taſte, which one ought to be aſhamed of: vanity is commonly at the bottom, which leads thoſe who are deficient in taſte to prefer things odd, rare, or ſingular, in order to diſtinguiſh themſelves from others. And in fact, that appetite, as above mentioned, reigns chiefly among perſons of a mean taſte, who are ignorant of refined and elegant pleaſures.

One final cauſe of wonder, hinted above, is, that this emotion is intended to ſtimulate our curioſity. Another, ſomewhat different, is, to prepare the mind for receiving deep impreſſions of

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of new objects. An acquaintance with the various things that may affect us and with their properties, is essential to our well-being: nor will a slight or superficial acquaintance be sufficient; they ought to be so deeply engraved on the mind, as to be ready for use upon every occasion. Now, in order to make a deep impression, it is wisely contrived, that things should be introduced to our acquaintance with a certain pomp and solemnity productive of a vivid emotion. When the impression is once fairly made, the emotion of novelty, being no longer necessary, vanisheth almost instantaneously; never to return, unless where the impression happens to be obliterated by length of time or other means; in which case, the second introduction hath neary the same solemnity with the first.

Designing wisdom is no where more legible than in this part of the human frame. If new objects did not affect us in a very peculiar manner, their impressions would be so slight as scarce to be of any use in life: on the other hand, did objects continue to affect us as deeply as at first, the mind would be totally engrossed with them, and have no room left either for action or reflection.

The final cause of surprise is still more evident than of novelty. Self-love makes us vigilantly attentive to self-preservation; but self-love, which operates by means of reason and reflection,

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reflection, and impels not the mind to any particular object or from it, is a principle too cool for a ſudden emergency: an object breaking in unexpectedly, affords no time for deliberation; and, in that caſe, the agitation of ſurpriſe comes in ſeaſonably to rouſe ſelf-love into action: ſurpriſe gives the alarm; and if there be any appearance of danger, our whole force is inſtantly ſummoned up to ſhun or to prevent it.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

RISIBLE OBJECTS.

SUCH is the nature of man, that his powers and faculties are ſoon blunted by exerciſe. The returns of ſleep, ſuſpending all activity, are not alone ſufficient to preſerve him in vigor: during his waking hours, amuſement by intervals is requiſite to unbend his mind from ſerious occupation. To that end, nature hath kindly made a proviſion of many objects, which may be diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of *riſible*, becauſe they raiſe in us a peculiar emotion expreſſed externally by *laughter*: that emotion is pleaſant; and being alſo mirthful, it moſt ſucceſsfully unbends the mind, and recruits the ſpirits. Imagination contributes a part by multiplying ſuch objects without end.

Ludicrous is a general term, ſignifying, as may appear from its derivation, what is playſome, ſportive, or jocular. *Ludicrous*, therefore, ſeems the genus, of which *riſible* is a ſpecies, limited as above to what makes us laugh.

However eaſy it may be, concerning any particular object, to ſay whether it be riſible or not, it ſeems difficult, if at all practicable, to eſtabliſh any

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any general character, by which objects of that kind may be diſtinguiſhed from others. Nor is that a ſingular caſe; for, upon a review, we find the ſame difficulty in moſt of the articles already handled. There is nothing more eaſy, viewing a particular object, than to pronounce that it is beautiful or ugly, grand or little: but were we to attempt general rules for ranging objects under different claſſes, according to theſe qualities, we ſhould be much gravelled. A ſeparate cauſe increaſes the difficulty of diſtinguiſhing riſible objects by a general character: all men are not equally affected by riſible objects; nor the ſame man at all times; for in high ſpirits a thing will make him laugh outright, which ſcarce provokes a ſmile in a grave mood. Riſible objects, however, are circumſcribed within certain limits; which I ſhall ſuggeſt, without pretending to accuracy. And, in the firſt place, I obſerve, that no object is riſible but what appears ſlight, little, or trivial; for we laugh at nothing that is of importance to our own intereſt, or to that of others. A real diſtreſs raiſes pity, and therefore cannot be riſible; but a ſlight or imaginary diſtreſs, which moves not pity, is riſible. The adventure of the fulling-mills in Don Quixote, is extremely riſible; ſo is the ſcene where Sancho, in a dark night, tumbling into a pit, and attaching himſelf to the ſide by hand and foot, hangs there in terrible diſmay till the morning, when he diſcovers himſelf

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to be within a foot of the bottom. A noſe remarkably long or ſhort, is riſible; but to want it altogether, far from provoking laughter, raiſes horror in the ſpectator. Secondly, With reſpect to works both of nature and of art, none of them are riſible but what are out of rule, ſome remarkable defect or exceſs; a very long viſage, for example, or a very ſhort one. Hence nothing juſt, proper, decent, beautiful, proportioned, or grand, is riſible.

Even from this ſlight ſketch it will readily be conjectured, that the emotion raiſed by a riſible object is of a nature ſo ſingular, as ſcarce to find place while the mind is occupied with any other paſſion or emotion: and the conjecture is verified by experience; for we ſcarce ever find that emotion blended with any other. One emotion I muſt except; and that is, contempt raiſed by certain improprieties: every improper act inſpires us with ſome degree of contempt for the author; and if an improper act be at the ſame time riſible to provoke laughter, of which blunders and abſurdities are noted inſtances, the two emotions of contempt and of laughter unite intimately in the mind, and produce externally what is termed *a laugh of deriſion* or *of ſcorn*. Hence objects that cauſe laughter may be diſtinguiſhed into two kinds: they are either *riſible* or *ridiculous*. A riſible object is mirthful only: a ridiculous object is both mirthful and contemptible. The firſt raiſes

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raiſes an emotion of laughter that is altogether pleaſant: the pleaſant emotion of laughter raiſed by the other, is blended with the painful emotion of contempt; and the mixed emotion is termed *the emotion of ridicule*. The pain a ridiculous object gives me is reſented and puniſhed by a laugh of deriſion. A riſible object, on the other hand, gives me no pain: it is altogether pleaſant by a certain ſort of titillation, which is expreſſed externally by mirthful laughter. Ridicule will be more fully explained afterward: the preſent chapter is appropriated to the other emotion.

Riſible objects are ſo common, and ſo well underſtood, that it is unneceſſary to conſume paper or time upon them. Take the few following examples.

Falſtaff. I do remember him at Clement's inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife.

Second Part, Henry IV. *act* 3. *ſc.* 5.

The foregoing is of diſproportion. The following examples are of ſlight or imaginary misfortunes.

Falſtaff. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the

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Thames! Well, if I be ſerved ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th'litter; and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy,

Merry Wives of Windſor, act 3. ſc. 15.

Falſtaff. Nay, you ſhall hear, Maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane. They took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket. I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatic knavs would have ſearch'd it; but Fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, Maſter Brook. I ſuffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths; firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next, to be compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe. Think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to

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to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, Maſter Brook.

Merry Wives of Windſor, act 3. ſc. 17.

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CHAP. VIII.

RESEMBLANCE AND DISSIMILITUDE.

HAVING diſcuſſed thoſe qualities and circumſtances of ſingle objects that ſeem peculiarly connected with criticiſm, we proceed, according to the method propoſed in the chapter of beauty, to the relations of objects, beginning with the relations of reſemblance and diſſimiliſitude.

The connection that man hath with the beings around him, requires ſome acquaintance with their nature, their powers, and their qualities, for regulating his conduct. For acquiring a branch of knowledge ſo eſſential to our well-being, motives alone of reaſon and intereſt are not ſufficient: nature hath providently ſuperadded curioſity, a vigorous propenſity, which never is at reſt. This propenſity attaches us to every new object *; and incites us to compare objects, in order to diſcover their differences and reſemblances.

Reſemblance among objects of the ſame kind, and diſſimilitude among objects of different kinds, are too obvious and familiar to gratify our curioſity in any degree: its gratification lies

* See chap. 6.

in

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in diſcovering differences among things where reſemblance prevails, and reſemblances where difference prevails. Thus a difference in individuals of the ſame kind of plants or animals is deemed a diſcovery; while the many particulars in which they agree are neglected: and in different kinds, any reſemblance is greedily remarked, without attending to the many particulars in which they differ.

A compariſon, however, may be too far ſtretched. When differences or reſemblances are carried beyond certain bounds, they appear ſlight and trivial; and for that reaſon will not be reliſhed by a man of taſte: yet ſuch propenſity is there to gratify paſſion, curioſity in particular, that even among good writers we find many compariſons too ſlight to afford ſatisfaction. Hence the frequent inſtances among logicians of diſtinctions without any ſolid difference: and hence the frequent inſtances among poets and orators, of ſimilies without any juſt reſemblance. With regard to the latter, I ſhall confine myſelf to one inſtance, which will probably amuſe the reader, being a quotation, not from a poet nor orator, but from a grave author, writing an inſtitute of law. "Our ſtudent ſhall obſerve, that "the knowledge of the law is like a deep well, "out of which each man draweth according to "the ſtrength of his underſtanding. He that "reacheſt deepeſt, ſeeth the amiable and admi- "rable ſecrets of the law, wherein I aſſure you

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"the ſages of the law in former times have had "the deepeſt reach. And, as the bucket in the "depth is eaſily drawn to the uppermoſt part of "the water, (for *nullum elementum in ſuo proprio* "*loco eſt grave*) but take it from the water, it "cannot be drawn up but with a great difficul-"ty; ſo, albeit beginnings of this ſtudy ſeem "difficult, yet, when the profeſſor of the law "can dive into the depth, it is delightful, eaſy, "and without any heavy burden, ſo long as he "keep himſelf in his own proper element *." Shakeſpear, with uncommon humour, ridicules ſuch diſpoſition to ſimile-making, by putting in the mouth of a weak man a reſemblance much of a piece with that now mentioned.:

Fluellen. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn: I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you ſall find, in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is alſo moreover a river in Monmouth: it is called *Wye* at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies,

* Coke upon Lyttleton, p. 71.

and

and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend Clytus.

Gower. Our King is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Fluellen. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in figures, and compariſons of it: As Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jeſts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gower Sir John Falſtaff.

Fluellen. That is he: I tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

K. Henry V. *act* 4. *ſc.* 13.

Inſtruction, no doubt, is the chief end of compariſon; but that it is not the only end will be evident from conſidering, that a compariſon may be employed with ſucceſs to put a ſubject in a ſtrong point of view. A lively idea is formed of a man's courage, by likening it to that of a lion; and eloquence is exalted in our imagination, by comparing it to a river overflowing its banks, and involving all in its impetuous courſe. The ſame effect is produced by contraſt: a man in proſperity becomes more ſenſible of his happineſs by oppoſing his condi-

tion

tion to that of a perſon in want of bread. Thus, compariſon is ſubſervient to poetry as well as to philoſophy: and, with reſpect to both, the foregoing obſervation holds equally, that reſemblance among objects of the ſame kind, and diſſimilitude among objects of different kinds, have no effect: ſuch a compariſon neither tends to gratify our curioſity, nor to ſet the objects compared in a ſtronger light: two apartments in a palace, ſimilar in ſhape, ſize, and furniture, make ſeparately as good a figure as when compared; and the ſame obſervation is applicable to two ſimilar copartments in a garden: on the other hand, oppoſe a regular building to a fall of water, or a good picture to a towering hill, or even a little dog to a large horſe, and the contraſt will produce no effect. But a reſemblance between objects of different kinds, and a difference between objects of the ſame kind, have remarkably an enlivening effect. The poets, ſuch of them as have a juſt taſte, draw all their ſimiles from things that in the main differ widely from the principal ſubject; and they never attempt a contraſt but where the things have a common genus and a reſemblance in the capital circumſtances: place together a large and a ſmall ſized animal of the ſame ſpecies, the one will appear greater, the other leſs, than when viewed ſeparately: when we oppoſe beauty to deformity, each makes a greater figure by the compariſon. We compare the dreſs of different nations

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nations with curiosity, but without surprise; because they have no such resemblance in the capital parts as to please us by contrasting the smaller parts. But a new cut of a sleeve or of a pocket enchants by its novelty, and in opposition to the former fashion raises some degree of surprise.

That resemblance and dissimilitude have an enlivening effect upon objects of sight, is made sufficiently evident: and that they have the same effect upon objects of the other senses, is also certain. Nor is that law confined to the external senses; for characters contrasted make a greater figure by the opposition: Iago, in the tragedy of *Othello*, says,

> He hath a daily beauty in his life
> That makes me ugly.

The character of a fop, and of a rough warrior, are no where more successfully contrasted than in Shakespear:

> *Hotspur*, My liege, I did deny no prisoners;
> But I remember, when the fight was done,
> When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
> Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;
> Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
> Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
> Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
> He was perfumed like a milliner;
> And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

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A ponnet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe;—and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe!
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: among the reſt, demanded
My pris'ners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
I then all ſmarting with my wounds; being gall'd
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what:
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me, the ſov'reigneſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſaltpetre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.———

Firſt part, Henry IV. *act.* 1. *ſc.* 4.

Paſſions and emotions are alſo inflamed by compariſon. A man of high rank humbles the byſtanders, even to annihilate them in their own opinion: Cæſar, beholding the ſtatue of Alexander, was greatly mortified, that now at the age of thirty-two

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ty-two when Alexander died, he had not performed one memorable action.

Our opinions alſo are much influenced by compariſon. A man whoſe opulence exceeds the ordinary ſtandard, is reputed richer than he is in reality; and wiſdom or weakneſs, if at all remarkable in an individual, is generally carried beyond the truth.

The opinion a man forms of his preſent diſtreſs is heightened by contraſting it with his former happineſs:

Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am deſtin'd to. I'm not the firſt
That have been wretched: but to think how much
I have been happier.

Southern's Innocent Adultery, act 2.

The diſtreſs of a long journey makes even an indifferent inn agreeable: and in travelling, when the road is good, and the horſeman well covered, a bad day may be agreeable by making him ſenſible how ſnug he is.

The ſame effect is equally remarkable, when a man oppoſes his condition to that of others. A ſhip toſſed about in a ſtorm, makes the ſpectator reflect upon his own eaſe and ſecurity, and puts theſe in the ſtrongeſt light:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius ſpectare laborem;

Non

Non quia vexari quemquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuavè eſt.
Lucret. l. 2. principio.

A man in grief cannot bear mirth: it gives him a more lively notion of his unhappineſs, and of courſe makes him more unhappy. Satan contemplating the beauties of the terreſtrial paradiſe, has the following exclamation:

With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, ſweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
Paradiſe Loſt, book 9. l. 114.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not the King did baniſh thee;
But thou the King. Wo doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour;
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime,

Look

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Look what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Bolingbroke. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of Appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe.

King Richard II. act 1. ſc. 6.

The appearance of danger gives ſometimes pleaſure, ſometimes pain. A timorous perſon upon the battlements of a high tower, is ſeized with fear, which even the conſciouſneſs of ſecurity cannot diſſipate. But upon one of a firm head, this ſituation has a contrary effect: the appearance of danger heightens, by oppoſition, the conſciouſneſs of ſecurity, and conſequently, the ſatisfaction that ariſes from ſecurity: here the feeling reſembles that above mentioned, occaſioned by a ſhip labouring in a ſtorm.

The effect of magnifying or leſſening objects by means of compariſon, is ſo familiar, that no philoſopher

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philoſopher has thought of ſearching for a cauſe *. The obſcurity of the ſubject may poſſibly have contributed to their ſilence; but luckily, we diſcover the cauſe to be a principle unfolded above, which is, the influence of paſſion over our opinions †. We have had occaſion to ſee many illuſtrious effects of that ſingular power of paſſion; and that the magnifying or diminiſhing objects by means of compariſon, proceeds from the ſame cauſe, will evidently appear, by reflecting in what manner a ſpectator is affected, when a very large animal is for the firſt time placed beſide a very ſmall one of the ſame ſpecies. The firſt thing that ſtrikes the mind, is the difference between the two animals, which is ſo great as to occaſion ſurpriſe; and this, like other emotions, magnifying its object, makes us conceive the difference to be the greateſt that can be: we ſee, or ſeem to ſee, the one animal extremely little, and the other extremely large. The emotion of ſurpriſe ariſing from any unuſual reſemblance, ſerves equally to explain, why at firſt view we are apt to think ſuch reſemblance more entire

* Practical writers upon the fine arts will attempt any thing, being blind both to the difficulty and danger. De Piles, accounting why contraſt is agreeable, ſays, "That "it is a ſort of war, which puts the oppoſite parties in "motion." Thus, to account for an effect of which there is no doubt, any cauſe, however fooliſh, is made welcome.

† Chap. 2. part 5.

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entire than it is in reality. And it muſt not eſcape obſervation, that the circumſtances of more and leſs, which are the proper ſubjects of compariſon, raiſe a perception ſo indiſtinct and vague as to facilitate the effect deſcribed: we have no mental ſtandard of great and little, nor of the ſeveral degrees of any attribute; and the mind thus unreſtrained, is naturally diſpoſed to indulge its ſurpriſe to the utmoſt extent.

In exploring the operations of the mind, ſome of which are extremely nice and ſlippery, it is neceſſary to proceed with the utmoſt caution: and after all, ſeldom it happens that ſpeculations of that kind afford any ſatisfaction. Luckily, in the preſent caſe, our ſpeculations are ſupported by facts and ſolid argument. Firſt, a ſmall object of one ſpecies oppoſed to a great object of another, produces not, in any degree, that deception which is ſo remarkable when both objects are of the ſame ſpecies. The greateſt diſparity between objects of different kinds, is ſo common as to be obſerved with perfect indifference; but ſuch diſparity between objects of the ſame kind, being uncommon, never fails to produce ſurpriſe: and may we not fairly conclude, that ſurpriſe, in the latter caſe, is what occaſions the deception, when we find no deception in the former? In the next place, if ſurpriſe be the ſole cauſe of the deception, it follows neceſſarily, that the deception will vaniſh as ſoon as the objects compared become fami-

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liar. This holds ſo unerringly, as to leave no reaſonable doubt that ſurpriſe is the prime mover: our ſurpriſe is great the firſt time a ſmall lap-dog is ſeen with a large maſtiff; but when two ſuch animals are conſtantly together, there is no ſurpriſe, and it makes no difference whether they be viewed ſeparately or in company: we ſet no bounds to the riches of a man who has recently made his fortune, the ſurpriſing diſproportion between his preſent and his paſt ſituation being carried to an extreme; but with regard to a family that for many generations hath enjoyed great wealth, the ſame falſe reckoning is not made: it is equally remarkable, that a trite ſimile has no effect; a lover compared to a moth ſcorching itſelf at the flame of a candle, originally a ſprightly ſimile, has by frequent uſe loſt all force; love cannot now be compared to fire, without ſome degree of diſguſt: it has been juſtly objected againſt Homer, that the lion is too often introduced into his ſimilies; all the variety he is able to throw into them, not being ſufficient to keep alive the reader's ſurpriſe.

To explain the influence of compariſon upon the mind, I have choſen the ſimpleſt caſe, to wit, the firſt ſight of two animals of the ſame kind, differing in ſize only; but to complete the theory, other circumſtances muſt be taken in. And the next ſuppoſition I make, is where both animals, ſeparately familiar to the ſpectator, are brought together for the firſt time. In that caſe, the effect

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fect of magnifying and diminiſhing, is found remarkably greater than in that firſt mentioned; and the reaſon will appear upon analyſing the operation: the firſt feeling we have is of ſurpriſe at the uncommon difference of two creatures of the ſame ſpecies: we are next ſenſible, that the one appears leſs, the other larger, than they did formerly; and that new circumſtance, increaſing our ſurpriſe, makes us imagine a ſtill greater oppoſition between the animals than if we had formed no notion of them beforehand.

I ſhall confine myſelf to one other ſuppoſition; That the ſpectator was acquainted beforehand with one of the animals only, the lap-dog for example. This new circumſtance will vary the effect; for inſtead of widening the natural difference, by enlarging in appearance the one animal, and diminiſhing the other in proportion, the whole apparent alteration will reſt upon the lap-dog: the ſurpriſe to find it leſs than it appeared formerly, directs to it our whole attention, and makes us conceive it to be a moſt diminutive creature: the maſtiff in the mean time is quite overlooked. I am able to illuſtrate this effect by a familiar example. Take a piece of paper, or of linen tolerably white, and compare it with a pure white of the ſame kind: the judgment we formed of the firſt object is inſtantly varied; and the ſurpriſe occaſioned by finding it leſs white than was thought,

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produceth a haſty conviction that it is much leſs white than it is in reality: withdrawing now the pure white, and putting in its place a deep black, the ſurpriſe occaſioned by that new circumſtance carries us to the other extreme, and makes us conceive the object firſt mentioned to be a pure white: and thus experience compels us to acknowledge, that our emotions have an influence even upon our eye-ſight. This experiment leads to a general obſervation. That whatever is found more ſtrange or beautiful than was expected, is judged to be more ſtrange or beautiful than it is in reality. Hence a common artifice, to depretiate beforehand what we wiſh to make a figure in the opinion of others.

The compariſons employed by poets and orators, are of the kind laſt mentioned; for it is always a known object that is to be magnified or leſſened. The former is effected by likening it to ſome grand object, or by contraſting it with one of an oppoſite character. To effectuate the latter, the method muſt be reverſed: the object muſt be contraſted with ſomething ſuperior to it, or likened to ſomething inferior. The whole effect is produced upon the principal object, which by that means is elevated above its rank, or depreſſed below it.

In accounting for the effect that any unuſual reſemblance or diſſimilitude hath upon the mind, no cauſe has been mentioned but ſurpriſe; and to

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to prevent confuſion, it was proper to diſcuſs that cauſe firſt. But ſurpriſe is not the only cauſe of the effect deſcribed: another concurs, which operates perhaps not leſs powerfully, namely, a principle in human nature that lies ſtill in obſcurity, not having been unfolded by any writer, tho' its effects are extenſive; and as it is not diſtinguiſhed by a proper name, the reader muſt be ſatisfied with the following deſcription. Every man who ſtudies himſelf or others, muſt be ſenſible of a tendency or propenſity in the mind, to complete every work that is begun, and to carry things to their full perfection. There is little opportunity to diſplay that propenſity upon natural operations, which are ſeldom left imperfect; but in the operations of art, it hath great ſcope: it impels us to perſevere in our own work, and to wiſh for the completion of what another is doing: we feel a ſenſible pleaſure when the work is brought to perfection; and our pain is no leſs ſenſible when we are diſappointed. Hence our uneaſineſs, when an intereſting ſtory is broke off in the middle, when a piece of muſic ends without a cloſe, or when a building or garden is left unfiniſhed. The ſame propenſity operates in making collections, ſuch as the whole works good and bad of any author. A certain perſon attempted to collect prints of all the capital paintings, and ſucceeded except as to a few. La Bruyere remarks, that an anxious

xious ſearch was made for theſe; not for their value, but to complete the ſet *.

The

* The examples above given, are of things that can be carried to an end or concluſion. But the ſame uneaſineſs is perceptible with reſpect to things that admit not any concluſion; witneſs a ſeries that has no end, commonly called *an infinite ſeries*. The mind moving along ſuch a ſeries, begins ſoon to feel an uneaſineſs, which becomes more and more ſenſible, in continuing its progreſs without hope of an end.

An unbounded proſpect doth not long continue agreeable: we ſoon feel a ſlight uneaſineſs, which increaſes with the time we beſtow upon the proſpect. An avenue without a terminating object, is one inſtance of an unbounded proſpect; and we might hope to find the cauſe of its diſagreeableneſs, if it reſembled an infinite ſeries. The eye indeed promiſes no reſemblance; for the ſharpeſt eye commands but a certain length of ſpace, and there it is bounded, however obſcurely. But the mind perceives things as they exiſt; and the line is carried on in idea without end; in which reſpect an unbounded proſpect is ſimilar to an infinite ſeries. In fact, the uneaſineſs of an unbounded proſpect, differs very little in its feeling from that of an infinite ſeries; and therefore we may reaſonably preſume, that both proceed from the ſame cauſe.

We next conſider a proſpect unbounded every way, as, for example, a great plain or the ocean, viewed from an eminence. We feel here an uneaſineſs occaſioned by the want of an end or termination, preciſely as in the other caſes. A proſpect unbounded every way, is indeed ſo far ſingular, as at firſt to be more pleaſant than a proſpect that is unbounded in one direction only, and afterward to be more painful. But theſe circumſtances are eaſily explained,

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The final cauſe of the propenſity is an additional proof of its exiſtence: human works are of no ſignificancy till they be completed; and reaſon is not always a ſufficient counterbalance to indolence: ſome principle over and above is neceſſary, to excite our induſtry, and to prevent our ſtopping ſhort in the middle of the courſe.

We need not loſe time to deſcribe the co-operation of the foregoing propenſity with ſurpriſe, in producing the effect that follows any unuſual reſemblance or diſſimilitude. Surpriſe firſt operates, and carries our opinion of the reſemblance or diſſimilitude beyond truth. The propenſity we have been deſcribing carries us ſtill farther; for it forces upon the mind a conviction, that

explained, without wounding the general theory: the pleaſure we feel at firſt, is a vivid emotion of grandeur, ariſing from the immenſe extent of the object: and to increaſe the pain we feel afterward for the want of a termination, there concurs a pain of a different kind, occaſioned by ſtretching the eye to comprehend ſo wide a proſpect; a pain that gradually increaſes with the repeated efforts we make to graſp the whole.

It is the ſame principle, if I miſtake not, which operates imperceptibly with reſpect to quantity and number. Another's property indented into my field, gives me uneaſineſs; and I am eager to make the purchaſe, not for profit, but in order to ſquare my field. Xerxes and his army, in their paſſage to Greece, were ſumptuouſly entertained by Pythius the Lydian: Xerxes recompenſed him with 7000 Darics, which he wanted to complete the ſum of four millions.

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the reſemblance or diſſimilitude is complete. We need no better illuſtration, than the reſemblance that is fancied in ſome pebbles to a tree or an inſect; which reſemblance, however faint in reality, is conceived to be wonderfully perfect. The tendency to complete a reſemblance acting jointly with ſurpriſe, carries the mind ſometimes ſo far, as even to preſume upon future events. In the Greek tragedy entitled *Phineides*, thoſe unhappy women, ſeeing the place where it was intended they ſhould be ſlain, cried out with anguiſh, "They now ſaw their cruel deſtiny "had condemned them to die in that place, "being the ſame where they had been expoſed "in their infancy *."

The propenſity to advance every thing to its perfection, not only co-operates with ſurpriſe to deceive the mind, but of itſelf is able to produce that effect. Of this we ſee many inſtances where there is no place for ſurpriſe; and the firſt I ſhall give is of reſemblance. *Unumquodque eodem modo diſſolvitur quo colligatum eſt*, is a maxim in the Roman law that has no foundation in truth; for tying and looſing, building and demoliſhing, are acts oppoſite to each other, and are performed by oppoſite means: but when theſe acts are connected by their relation to the ſame ſubject, their connection leads us to imagine a ſort of reſemblance between them, which by the foregoing pro-

* Ariſtotle, poet. cap. 17.

penſity

penſity is conceived to be as complete as poſſible. The next inſtance ſhall be of contraſt. Addiſon obſerves *, "That the paleſt features "look the moſt agreeable in white; that a face "which is overflushed appears to advantage in "the deepeſt ſcarlet; and that a dark com- "plexion is not a little alleviated by a black "hood." The foregoing propenſity ſerves to account for theſe appearances; to make which evident, one of the caſes ſhall ſuffice. A complexion, however dark, never approaches to black: when theſe colours appear together, their oppoſition ſtrikes us; and the propenſity we have to complete the oppoſition makes the darkneſs of complexion vaniſh out of ſight.

The operation of this propenſity, even where there is no ground for ſurpriſe, is not confined to opinion or conviction: ſo powerful it is, as to make us ſometimes proceed to action, in order to complete a reſemblance or diſſimilitude. If this appear obſcure, it will be made clear by the following inſtances. Upon what principle is the *lex talionis* founded, other than to make the puniſhment reſemble the miſchief? Reaſon dictates, that there ought to be a conformity or reſemblance between a crime and its puniſhment; and the foregoing propenſity impels us to make the reſemblance as complete as poſſible. Titus Livius, under the influence of that pro-

* Spectator, No. 265.

penſity,

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penſity, accounts for a certain puniſhment by a reſemblance between it and the crime, too ſubtile for common apprehenſion. Treating of Mettus Fuffetius, the Alban general, who, for treachery to the Romans his allies, was ſentenced to be torn to pieces by horſes, he puts the following ſpeech in the mouth of Tullus Hoſtilius, who decreed the puniſhment. "Mette "Fuffeti, inquit, ſi ipſe diſcere poſſes fidem ac "fœdera ſervare, vivo tibi ea diſciplina a me "adhibita eſſet. Nunc, quoniam tuum inſana-"bile ingenium eſt, at tu tuo ſupplicio doce "humanum genus, ea ſancta credere, quae a te "violata ſunt. Ut igitur paulo ante animum "inter Fidenatem Romanamque rem ancipitem "geſſiſti, ita jam corpus paſſim diſtrahendum "dabis *." By the ſame influence, the ſentence is often executed upon the very ſpot where the crime was committed. In the *Electra* of Sophocles, Egiſtheus is dragged from the theatre into an inner room of the ſuppoſed palace, to ſuffer death where he murdered Agamemnon. Shakeſpear, whoſe knowledge of nature is no leſs profound than extenſive, has not overlooked this propenſity:

Othello. Get me ſome poiſon, Iago, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon; ſtrangle her in bed, even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

* Lib. 1. ſect. 28.

Othello.

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Othello. Good, good: The justice of it pleases; very good.

Othello, act 4. sc. 5.

Warwick. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there.
Instead whereof let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Third Part of Henry VI. act 2. sc. 9.

Persons in their last moments are generally seized with an anxiety to be buried with their relations. In the *Aminta* of Tasso, the lover, hearing that his mistress was torn to pieces by a wolf, expresses a desire to die the same death *.

Upon the subject in general I have two remarks to add. The first concerns resemblance, which, when too entire, hath no effect, however different in kind the things compared may be. The remark is applicable to works of art only; for natural objects of different kinds have scarce ever an entire resemblance. To give an example in a work of art, marble is a sort of matter very different from what composes an animal; and marble cut into a human figure produces great pleasure by the resemblance: but, if a marble statue be coloured like a picture, the re-

* Act iv. sc. 2.

semblance

ſemblance is ſo entire, as at a diſtance to make the ſtatue appear a perſon: we diſcover the miſtake when we approach; and no other emotion is raiſed, but ſurpriſe occaſioned by the deception: The figure ſtill appears a real perſon, rather than an imitation; and we muſt uſe reflection to correct the miſtake. This cannot happen in a picture; for the reſemblance can never be ſo entire as to diſguiſe the imitation.

The other remark relates to contraſt. Emotions make the greateſt figure when contraſted in ſucceſſion; but the ſucceſſion ought neither to be rapid, nor immoderately ſlow: if too ſlow, the effect of contraſt becomes faint by the diſtance of the emotions; and if rapid, no ſingle emotion has room to expand itſelf to its full ſize, but is ſtifled, as it were, in the birth, by a ſucceeding emotion. The funeral oration of the Biſhop of Meaux upon the Ducheſs of Orleans is a perfect hodge-podge of chearful and melancholy repreſentations following each other in the quickeſt ſucceſſion: oppoſite emotions are beſt felt in ſucceſſion; but each emotion ſeparately ſhould be raiſed to its due pitch, before another be introduced.

What is above laid down, will enable us to determine a very important queſtion concerning emotions raiſed by the fine arts, namely, Whether ought ſimilar emotions to ſucceed each other, or diſſimilar? The emotions raiſed by the fine arts are for the moſt part too nearly related to

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to make a figure by reſemblance; and for that reaſon their ſucceſſion ought to be regulated as much as poſſible by contraſt. This holds confeſſedly in epic and dramatic compoſitions; and the beſt writers, led perhaps by taſte more than by reaſoning, have generally aimed at that beauty. It holds equally in muſic: in the ſame cantata, all the variety of emotions that are within the power of muſic may not only be indulged, but, to make the greateſt figure, ought to be contraſted. In gardening, there is an additional reaſon for the rule: the emotions raiſed by that art are at beſt ſo faint, that every artifice ſhould be employed to give them their utmoſt vigour: a field may be laid out in grand, ſweet, gay, neat, wild, melancholy ſcenes; and when theſe are viewed in ſucceſſion, grandeur ought to be contraſted with neatneſs, regularity with wildneſs, and gaiety with melancholy, ſo as that each emotion may ſucceed its oppoſite: nay it is an improvement to intermix in the ſucceſſion rude uncultivated ſpots as well as unbounded views, which in themſelves are diſagreeable, but in ſucceſſion heighten the feeling of the agreeable objects; and we have nature for our guide, which in her moſt beautiful landſcapes often intermixes rugged rocks, dirty marſhes, and barren ſtony heaths. The greateſt maſters of muſic have the ſame view in their compoſitions: the ſecond part of an Italian ſong ſeldom conveys any ſentiment; and, by its harſhneſs, ſeems purpoſely con-

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contrived to give a greater reliſh for the intereſting parts of the compoſition.

A ſmall garden comprehended under a ſingle view, affords little opportunity for that embelliſhment. Diſſimilar emotions require different tones of mind; and therefore in conjunction can never be pleaſant *: gaiety and ſweetneſs may be combined, or wildneſs and gloomineſs; but a compoſition of gaiety and gloomineſs is diſtaſteful. The rude uncultivated copartment of furze and broom in Richmond garden hath a good effect in the ſucceſſion of objects; but a ſpot of that nature would be inſufferable in the midſt of a poliſhed parterre or flower-plot. A garden, therefore, if not of great extent, admits not diſſimilar emotions; and in ornamenting a ſmall garden, the ſafeſt courſe is to confine it to a ſingle expreſſion. For the ſame reaſon, a landſcape ought alſo to be confined to a ſingle expreſſion; and accordingly it is a rule in painting, That if the ſubject be gay, every figure ought to contribute to that emotion.

It follows from the foregoing train of reaſoning, that a garden near a great city ought to have an air of ſolitude. The ſolitarineſs again of a waſte country ought to be contraſted in forming a garden; no temples, no obſcure walks; but *jets d'eau*, caſcades, objects active, gay and ſplendid. Nay, ſuch a garden ſhould in ſome meaſure avoid imitating nature, by ta-

* See chap. 2. part 4.

king

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king on an extraordinary appearance of regularity and art, to ſhow the buſy hand of man, which in a waſte country has a fine effect by contraſt.

It may be gathered from what is ſaid above *, that wit and ridicule make not an agreeable mixture with grandeur. Diſſimilar emotions have a fine effect in a ſlow ſucceſſion; but in a rapid ſucceſſion, which approaches to coexiſtence, they will not be reliſhed: in the midſt of a laboured and elevated deſcription of a battle, Virgil introduces a ludicrous image, which is certainly out of its place:

Obvius ambuſtum torrem Chorinæus ab ara
Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo plagamque ferenti
Occupat os flammis: illi ingens barba reluxit,
Nidòremque ambuſta dedit.

Æn. xii. 298.

The following image is no leſs ludicrous, nor leſs improperly placed.

Mentre fan queſti i bellici ſtromenti
Perche debbiano toſto in uſo porſe,
Il gran nemico de l'humane genti
Contra i Chriſtiani i lividi occhi torſe:
E lor veggendo à le bell' opre intenti,
Ambo le labra per furor ſi morſe:

* Chap. 2. part 4.

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E qual tauro ferito, il ſuo dolore
Verſo mugghiando e ſoſpirando fuore.
Geruſal. cant. 4. ſt. 1.

It would, however, be too auſtere to baniſh altogether ludicrous images from an epic poem. This poem doth not always ſoar above the clouds: it admits great variety; and upon occaſion can deſcend even to the ground without ſinking. In its more familiar tones, a ludicrous ſcene may be introduced without impropriety. This is done by Virgil * in a foot-race; the circumſtances of which, not excepting the ludicrous part, are copied from Homer †. After a fit of merriment, we are, it is true, the leſs diſpoſed to the ſerious and ſublime: but then, a ludicrous ſcene, by unbending the mind from ſevere application to more intereſting ſubjects, may prevent fatigue, and preſerve our reliſh entire.

* Æn. lib. 5.
† Iliad, book 23. l. 879.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

UNIFORMITY AND VARIETY.

IN attempting to explain uniformity and variety, in order to ſhow how we are affected by theſe circumſtances, a doubt occurs, what method ought to be followed. In adhering cloſe to the ſubject, I foreſee difficulties; and yet by indulging ſuch a circuit as may be neceſſary for a ſatisfactory view, I probably ſhall incur the cenſure of wandering.—Yet the dread of cenſure ought not to prevail over what is proper: beſide that the intended circuit will lead to ſome collateral matters, that are not only curious, but of conſiderable importance in the ſcience of human nature.

The neceſſary ſucceſſion of perceptions may be examined in two different views; one with reſpect to order and connection, and one with reſpect to uniformity and variety. In the firſt view it is handled above *: and I now proceed to the ſecond. The world we inhabit is replete with things no leſs remarkable for their variety than for their number: theſe, unfolded by the wonderful mechaniſm of external ſenſe, furniſh

* Chap. 1.

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the mind with many perceptions; which, joined with ideas of memory, of imagination, and of reflection, form a complete train that has not a gap or interval. This train of perceptions and ideas depends very little on will. The mind, as has been obſerved *, is ſo conſtituted, "That "it can by no effort break off the ſucceſſion of "its ideas, nor keep its attention long fixed "upon the ſame object:" we can arreſt a perception in its courſe; we can ſhorten its natural duration, to make room for another; we can vary the ſucceſſion, by change of place or of amuſement; and we can in ſome meaſure prevent variety, by frequently recalling the ſame object after ſhort intervals: but ſtill there muſt be a ſucceſſion, and a change from one perception to another. By artificial means, the ſucceſſion may be retarded or accelerated, may be rendered more various or more uniform, but in one ſhape or another is unavoidable.

The train, even when left to its ordinary courſe, is not always uniform in its motion; there are natural cauſes that accelerate or retard it conſiderably. The firſt I ſhall mention, is a peculiar conſtitution of mind. One man is diſtinguiſhed from another, by no circumſtance more remarkably, than his train of perceptions: to a cold languid temper belongs a ſlow courſe of perceptions, which

* Locke, book 2. chap. 14.

occaſions

occaſions dulneſs of apprehenſion and ſluggiſhneſs in action: to a warm temper, on the contrary, belongs a quick courſe of perceptions, which occaſions quickneſs of apprehenſion and activity in buſineſs. The Aſiatic nations, the Chineſe eſpecially, are obſerved to be more cool and deliberate than the Europeans: may not the reaſon be, that heat enervates by exhauſting the ſpirits? and that a certain degree of cold, as in the middle regions of Europe, bracing the fibres, rouſeth the mind, and produceth a briſk circulation of thought, accompanied with vigour in action? In youth is obſervable a quicker ſucceſſion of perceptions than in old age: and hence, in youth, a remarkable avidity for variety of amuſements, which in riper years give place to more uniform and more ſedate occupation. This qualifies men of middle age for buſineſs, where activity is required, but with a greater proportion of uniformity than variety. In old age, a ſlow and languid ſucceſſion makes variety unneceſſary; and for that reaſon, the aged, in all their motions, are generally governed by an habitual uniformity. Whatever be the cauſe, we may venture to pronounce, that heat in the imagination and temper, is always connected with a briſk flow of perceptions.

The natural rate of ſucceſſion, depends alſo, in ſome degree, upon the particular perceptions that compoſe the train. An agreeable object,

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taking a ſtrong hold of the mind, occaſions a ſlower ſucceſſion than when the objects are indifferent; grandeur and novelty fix the attention for a conſiderable time, excluding all other ideas: and the mind thus occupied is ſenſible of no vacuity. Some emotions, by hurrying the mind from object to object, accelerate the ſucceſſion. Where the train is compoſed of connected perceptions or ideas, the ſucceſſion is quick; for if it is ſo ordered by nature, that the mind goes eaſily and ſweetly along connected objects *. On the other hand, the ſucceſſion muſt be ſlow, where the train is compoſed of unconnected perceptions or ideas, which find not ready acceſs to the mind; and that an unconnected object is not admitted without a ſtruggle, appears from the unſettled ſtate of the mind for ſome moments after ſuch an object is preſented, wavering between it and the former train: during that ſhort period, one or other of the former objects will intrude, perhaps oftener than once, till the attention be fixt entirely upon the new object. The ſame obſervations are applicable to ideas ſuggeſted by language: the mind can bear a quick ſucceſſion of related ideas; but an unrelated idea, for which the mind is not prepared, takes time to make an impreſſion; and therefore a train compoſed of ſuch ideas, ought to proceed with a ſlow pace. Hence an

* See chap. 1.

epic

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epic poem, a play, or any ſtory connected in all its parts, may be peruſed in a ſhorter time, than a book of maxims or apothegms, of which a quick ſucceſſion creates both confuſion and fatigue.

Such latitude hath nature indulged in the rate of ſucceſſion: what latitude it indulges with reſpect to uniformity, we proceed to examine. The uniformity or variety of a train, ſo far as compoſed of perceptions, depends on the particular objects that ſurround the percipient at the time. The preſent occupation muſt alſo have an influence; for one is ſometimes engaged in a multiplicity of affairs, ſometimes altogether vacant. A natural train of ideas of memory is more circumſcribed, each object being, by ſome connection, linked to what precedes and to what follows it: theſe connections, which are many, and of different kinds, afford ſcope for a ſufficient degree of variety; and at the ſame time prevent that degree which is unpleaſant by exceſs. Temper and conſtitution alſo have an influence here, as well as upon the rate of ſucceſſion: a man of a calm and ſedate temper, admits not willingly any idea but what is regularly introduced by a proper connection: one of a roving diſpoſition embraces with avidity every new idea, however ſlender its relation be to thoſe that preceded it. Neither muſt we overlook the nature of the perceptions that compoſe the train; for their influence is no leſs with reſpect to uniformity and variety,

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variety, than with reſpect to the rate of ſucceſſion. The mind engroſſed by any paſſion, love or hatred, hope or fear, broods over its object, and can bear no interruption; and in ſuch a ſtate, the train of perceptions muſt not only be ſlow, but extremely uniform. Anger newly inflamed eagerly graſps its object, and leaves not a cranny in the mind for another thought but of revenge. In the character of Hotſpur, that ſtate of mind is repreſented to the life; a picture remarkable for likeneſs as well as for high colouring.

Worceſter. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hotſpur. If he fall in, good night. Or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the eaſt into the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple. Oh! the blood more ſtirs
To rouſe a lion than to ſtart a hare.

Worceſter. Thoſe ſame Noble Scots,
That are your priſoners———

Hotſpur. I'll keep them all;
By Heav'n, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No; if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Worceſter. You ſtart away.

And

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And lend no ear unto my purpoſes:
Thoſe pris'ners you ſhall keep.
Hotſpur. I will, that's flat:
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer:
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a ſtarling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Worceſter. Hear you, couſin, a word.
Hotſpur. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
(But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance),
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Worceſter. Farewel, my kinſman, I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Firſt part, Henry IV. *act* 1. *ſc.* 4.

Having viewed a train of perceptions as directed by nature, and the variations it is ſuſceptible of from different neceſſary cauſes, we proceed to examine how far it is ſubjected to will; for that this faculty hath ſome influence, is obſerved above. And firſt, the rate of ſucceſſion may be retarded by inſiſting upon one object, and propelled by diſmiſſing another before its time. But ſuch voluntary mutations in the natural courſe of ſucceſſion, have limits that cannot be extended by the moſt painful efforts:

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which will appear from conſidering, that the mind circumſcribed in its capacity, cannot, at the ſame inſtant, admit many perceptions; and when replete, that it hath not place for new perceptions, till others are removed; conſequently, that a voluntary change of perceptions cannot be inſtantaneous, as the time it requires ſets bounds to the velocity of ſucceſſion. On the other hand, the power we have to arreſt a flying perception, is equally limited: and the reaſon is, that the longer we detain any perception, the more difficulty we find in the operation; till, the difficulty becoming unſurmountable, we are forced to quit our hold, and to permit the train to take its uſual courſe.

The power we have over this train as to uniformity and variety, is in ſome caſes very great, in others very little. A train compoſed of perceptions of external objects, depends entirely on the place we occupy, and admits not more nor leſs variety but by change of place. A train compoſed of ideas of memory, is ſtill leſs under our power; becauſe we cannot at will call up any idea that is not connected with the train *. But a train of ideas ſuggeſted by reading, may be varied at will, provided we have books at hand.

The power that nature hath given us over our train of perceptions, may be greatly ſtrengthen-

* See chap. 2.

ed

ed by proper diſcipline, and by an early application to buſineſs; witneſs ſome mathematicians, who go far beyond common nature in ſlowneſs and uniformity; and ſtill more perſons devoted to religious exerciſes, who paſs whole days in contemplation, and impoſe upon themſelves long and ſevere penances. With reſpect to celerity and variety, it is not eaſily conceived what length a habit of activity in affairs will carry ſome men. Let a ſtranger, or let any perſon to whom the ſight is not familiar, attend the chancellor of Great Britain through the labours but of one day, during a ſeſſion of parliament: how great will be his aſtoniſhment! what multiplicity of law-buſineſs, what deep thinking, and what elaborate application to matters of government! The train of perceptions muſt in that great man be accelerated far beyond the ordinary courſe of nature: yet no confuſion or hurry; but in every article the greateſt order and accuracy. Such is the force of habit. How happy is man, to have the command of a principle of action that can elevate him ſo far above the ordinary condition of humanity *!

We are now ripe for conſidering a train of perceptions, with reſpect to pleaſure and pain: and to that ſpeculation peculiar attention muſt be given, becauſe it ſerves to explain the effects that uniformity and variety have upon the mind.

* This chapter was compoſed in the year 1753.

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A man, when his perceptions flow in their natural courſe, feels himſelf free, light, and eaſy, eſpecially after any forcible acceleration or retardation. On the other hand, the accelerating or retarding the natural courſe, excites a pain, which, tho' ſcarcely felt in ſmall removes, becomes conſiderable toward the extremes. Averſion to fix on a ſingle object for a long time, or to take in a multiplicity of objects in a ſhort time, is remarkable in children; and equally ſo in men unaccuſtomed to buſineſs: a man languiſhes when the ſucceſſion is very ſlow; and, if he grow not impatient, is apt to fall aſleep: during a rapid ſucceſſion, he hath a feeling as if his head were turning round; he is fatigued, and his pain reſembles that of wearineſs after bodily labour.

But a moderate courſe will not ſatisfy the mind, unleſs the perceptions be alſo diverſified: number without variety is not ſufficient to conſtitute an agreeable train. In comparing a few objects, uniformity is pleaſant; but the frequent reiteration of uniform objects becomes unpleaſant: one tires of a ſcene that is not diverſified; and ſoon feels a ſort of unnatural reſtraint when confined within a narrow range, whether occaſioned by a retarded ſucceſſion or by too great uniformity. An exceſs in variety is, on the other hand, fatiguing: which is felt even in a train of related perceptions; much more of unrelated perceptions, which gain not admittance without

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without effort: the effort, it is true, is ſcarce perceptible in a ſingle inſtance; but by frequent reiteration it becomes exceedingly painful. Whatever be the cauſe, the fact is certain, that a man never finds himſelf more at eaſe, than when his perceptions ſucceed each other with a certain degree, not only of velocity, but alſo of variety. The pleaſure that ariſes from a train of connected ideas, is remarkable in a reverie; eſpecially where the imagination interpoſeth, and is active in coining new ideas, which is done with wonderful facility: one muſt be ſenſible, that the ſerenity and eaſe of the mind in that ſtate, makes a great part of the enjoyment. The caſe is different where external objects enter into the train; for theſe, making their appearance without order, and without connection ſave that of contiguity, form a train of perceptions that may be extremely uniform or extremely diverſified; which, for oppoſite reaſons, are both of them painful.

To alter, by an act of will, that degree of variety which nature requires, is not leſs painful, than to alter that degree of velocity which it requires. Contemplation, when the mind is long attached to one ſubject, becomes painful by reſtraining the free range of perception: curioſity, and the proſpect of uſeful diſcoveries, may fortify one to bear that pain: but it is deeply felt by the bulk of mankind, and produceth in them averſion to all abſtract ſciences. In any profeſſion or calling, a train of operation that is ſimple and

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and reiterated without intermiſſion, makes the operator languiſh, and loſe vigour: he complains neither of too great labour, nor of too little action; but regrets the want of variety, and the being obliged to do the ſame thing over and over: where the operation is ſufficiently varied, the mind retains its vigour, and is pleaſed with its condition. Actions again create uneaſineſs when exceſſive in number or variety, tho' in every other reſpect pleaſant: thus a throng of buſineſs in law, in phyſic, or in traffic, diſtreſſes and diſtracts the mind, unleſs where a habit of application is acquired by long and conſtant exerciſe: the exceſſive variety is the diſtreſſing circumſtance; and the mind ſuffers grievouſly by being kept conſtantly upon the ſtretch.

With relation to involuntary cauſes diſturbing that degree of variety which nature requires, a ſlight pain affecting one part of the body without variation, becomes, by its conſtancy and long duration, almoſt inſupportable: the patient, ſenſible that the pain is not increaſed in degree, complains of its conſtancy more than of its ſeverity, of its engroſſing his whole thoughts, and admitting no other object. A ſhifting pain is more tolerable, becauſe change of place contributes to variety: and an intermitting pain, ſuffering other objects to intervene, ſtill more ſo. Again, any ſingle colour or ſound often returning becomes unpleaſant; as may be obſerved in viewing a train of ſimilar apartments in a great houſe

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houſe painted with the ſame colour, and in hearing the prolonged tollings of a bell. Colour and ſound varied within certain limits, tho' without any order, are pleaſant; witneſs the various colours of plants and flowers in a field, and the various notes of birds in a thicket: increaſe the number or variety, and the feeling becomes unpleaſant; thus a great variety of colours, crowded upon a ſmall canvas or in quick ſucceſſion, create an uneaſy feeling, which is prevented by putting the colours at a greater diſtance from each other either of place or of time. A number of voices in a crowded aſſembly, a number of animals collected in a market, produce an unpleaſant feeling; tho' a few of them together, or all of them in a moderate ſucceſſion, would be pleaſant. And becauſe of the ſame exceſs in variety, a number of pains felt in different parts of the body, at the ſame inſtant or in a rapid ſucceſſion, are an exquiſite torture.

The pleaſure or pain reſulting from a train of perceptions in different circumſtances, are a beautiful contrivance of nature for valuable purpoſes. But being ſenſible, that the mind, inflamed with ſpeculations ſo highly intereſting, is beyond meaſure diſpoſed to conviction; I ſhall be watchful to admit no argument nor remark, but what appears ſolidly founded; and with that caution I proceed to unfold theſe purpoſes. It is occaſionally obſerved above, that perſons of a phlegmatic

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phlegmatic temperament, having a ſluggiſh train of perceptions are indiſpoſed to action; and that activity conſtantly accompanies a briſk flow of perceptions. To aſcertain that fact, a man need not go abroad for experiments: reflecting on things paſſing in his own mind, he will find, that a briſk circulation of thought conſtantly prompts him to action; and that he is averſe to action when his perceptions languiſh in their courſe. But as man by nature is formed for action, and muſt be active in order to be happy, nature hath kindly provided againſt indolence, by annexing pleaſure to a moderate courſe of perceptions, and by making any remarkable retardation painful. A ſlow courſe of perceptions is attended with another bad effect: man, in a few capital caſes, is governed by propenſity or inſtinct; but in matters that admit deliberation and choice, reaſon is aſſigned him for a guide: now, as reaſoning requires often a great compaſs of ideas, their ſucceſſion ought to be ſo quick as readily to furniſh every motive that may be neceſſary for mature deliberation; in a languid ſucceſſion, motives will often occur after action is commenced, when it is too late to retreat.

Nature hath guarded man, her favourite, againſt a ſucceſſion too rapid, no leſs carefully than againſt one too ſlow: both are equally painful, tho' the pain is not the ſame in both. Many are the good effects of that contrivance. In the firſt place, as the exertion of bodily faculties is

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by certain painful ſenſations confined within proper limits, Nature is equally provident with reſpect to the nobler faculties of the mind: the pain of an accelerated courſe of perceptions, is Nature's admonition to relax our pace, and to admit a more gentle exertion of thought. Another valuable purpoſe is diſcovered upon reflecting in what manner objects are imprinted on the mind: to give the memory firm hold of an external object, time is required, even where attention is the greateſt; and a moderate degree of attention, which is the common caſe, muſt be continued ſtill longer to produce the ſame effect: a rapid ſucceſſion, accordingly, muſt prevent objects from making an impreſſion ſo deep as to be of real ſervice in life; and Nature, for the ſake of memory, has, by a painful feeling, guarded againſt a rapid ſucceſſion. But a ſtill more valuable purpoſe is anſwered by the contrivance; as, on the one hand, a ſluggiſh courſe of perceptions indiſpoſeth to action; ſo, on the other, a courſe too rapid impels to raſh and precipitant action: prudent conduct is the child of deliberation and clear conception, for which there is no place in a rapid courſe of thought. Nature therefore, taking meaſures for prudent conduct, has guarded us effectually from precipitancy of thought, by making it painful.

Nature not only provides againſt a ſucceſſion too ſlow or too quick, but makes the middle courſe extremely pleaſant. Nor is that courſe confined

confined within narrow bounds: every man can naturally, without pain, accelerate or retard in ſome degree the rate of his perceptions. And he can do it in a ſtill greater degree by the force of habit: a habit of contemplation annihilates the pain of a retarded courſe of perceptions; and a buſy life, after long practice, makes acceleration pleaſant.

Concerning the final cauſe of our taſte for variety, it will be conſidered, that human affairs, complex by variety as well as number, require the diſtributing our attention and activity in meaſure and proportion. Nature therefore, to ſecure a juſt diſtribution correſponding to the variety of human affairs, has made too great uniformity or too great variety in the courſe of perceptions, equally unpleaſant: and indeed, were we addicted to either extreme, our internal conſtitution would be ill ſuited to our external circumſtances. At the ſame time, where great uniformity of operation is required, as in ſeveral manufactures, or great variety, as in law or phyſic, Nature, attentive to all our wants, hath alſo provided for theſe caſes, by implanting in the breaſt of every perſon, an efficacious principle that leads to habit: an obſtinate perſeverance in the ſame occupation, relieves from the pain of exceſſive uniformity; and the like perſeverance in a quick circulation of different occupations, relieves from the pain of exceſſive variety. And thus we come to take delight in ſeveral occupations,

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pations, that by nature, without habit, are not a little diſguſtful.

A middle rate alſo in the train of perceptions between uniformity and variety, is no leſs pleaſant than between quickneſs and ſlowneſs. The mind of man, ſo framed, is wonderfully adapted to the courſe of human affairs, which are continually changing, but not without connection: it is equally adapted to the acquiſition of knowledge, which reſults chiefly from diſcovering reſemblances among differing objects, and differences among reſembling objects: ſuch occupation, even abſtracting from the knowledge we acquire, is in itſelf delightful, by preſerving a middle rate between too great uniformity and too great variety.

We are now arrived at the chief purpoſe of the preſent chapter; which is to conſider uniformity and variety with relation to the fine arts, in order to diſcover if we can, when it is that the one ought to prevail, and when the other. And the knowledge we have obtained, will even at firſt view ſuggeſt a general obſervation, That in every work of art, it muſt be agreeable, to find that degree of variety which correſponds to the natural courſe of our perceptions; and that an exceſs in variety or in uniformity muſt be diſagreeable, by varying that natural courſe. For that reaſon, works of art admit more or leſs variety according to the nature of the ſubject: in a picture of an intereſting event that ſtrongly at-

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taches the ſpectator to a ſingle object, the mind reliſheth not a multiplicity of figures nor of ornaments: a picture repreſenting a gay ſubject, admits great variety of figures and ornaments; becauſe theſe are agreeable to the mind in a chearful tone. The ſame obſervation is applicable to poetry and to muſic.

It muſt at the ſame time be remarked, that one can bear a greater variety of natural objects, than of objects in a picture; and a greater variety in a picture, than in a deſcription. A real object preſented to view, makes an impreſſion more readily than when repreſented in colours, and much more readily than when repreſented in words. Hence it is, that the profuſe variety of objects in ſome natural landſcapes, neither breed confuſion nor fatigue: and for the ſame reaſon, there is place for greater variety of ornament in a picture than in a poem. A picture, however, like a building, ought to be ſo ſimple as to be comprehended in one view. Whether every one of Le Brun's pictures of Alexander's hiſtory will ſtand this teſt, is ſubmitted to judges.

From theſe general obſervations, I proceed to particulars. In works expoſed continually to public view, variety ought to be ſtudied. It is a rule accordingly in ſculpture, to contraſt the different limbs of a ſtatue, in order to give it all the variety poſſible. Tho' the cone, in a ſingle view, be more beautiful than the pyramid; yet a pyramidal ſteeple, becauſe of its variety, is juſtly preferred.

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ferred. For the ſame reaſon, the oval is preferred before the circle; and painters, in copying buildings or any regular work, give an air of variety, by repreſenting the ſubject in an angular view: we are pleaſed with the variety, without loſing ſight of the regularity. In a landſcape repreſenting animals, thoſe eſpecially of the ſame kind, contraſt ought to prevail: to draw one ſleeping, another awake; one ſitting, another in motion; one moving toward the ſpectator, another from him, is the life of ſuch a performance.

In every ſort of writing intended for amuſement, variety is neceſſary in proportion to the length of the work. Want of variety is ſenſibly felt in Davila's hiſtory of the civil wars of France: the events are indeed important and various; but the reader languiſhes by a tireſome monotony of character, every perſon engaged being figured a conſummate politician, governed by intereſt only. It is hard to ſay, whether Ovid diſguſts more by too great variety, or too great uniformity: his ſtories are all of the ſame kind, concluding invariably with the transformation of one being into another; and ſo far he is tireſome by exceſs in uniformity: he is not leſs fatiguing by exceſs in variety, hurrying his reader inceſſantly from ſtory to ſtory. Arioſto is ſtill more fatiguing than Ovid, by exceeding the juſt bounds of variety: not ſatisfied, like Ovid, with a ſucceſſion in his ſtories, he diſtracts the reader, by jumbling together a multitude of them with-

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out any connection. Nor is the Orlando Furioso less tiresome by its uniformity than the Metamorphoses, tho' in a different manner: after a story is brought to a crisis, the reader, intent on the catastrophe, is suddenly snatched away to a new story, which makes no impression so long as the mind is occupied with the former. This tantalizing method, from which the author never once swerves during the course of a long work, beside its uniformity, had another bad effect: it prevents that sympathy, which is raised by an interesting event when the reader meets with no interruption.

The emotions produced by our perceptions in a train, have been little considered, and less understood; the subject therefore required an elaborate discussion. It may surprise some readers to find variety treated as only contributing to make a train of perceptions pleasant, when it is commonly held to be a necessary ingredient in beauty of whatever kind; according to the definition, "That beauty consists in uniformity "amid variety." But, after the subject is explained and illustrated as above, I presume it will be evident, that this definition, however applicable to one or other species, is far from being just with respect to beauty in general: variety contributes no share to the beauty of a moral action, nor of a mathematical theorem: and numberless are the beautiful objects of sight that have little or no variety in them; a globe, the most

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moſt uniform of all figures, is of all the moſt beautiful; and a ſquare, though more beautiful than a trapezium, hath leſs variety in its conſtituent parts. The foregoing definition, which at beſt is but obſcurely expreſſed, is only applicable to a number of objects in a group or in ſucceſſion, among which indeed a due mixture of uniformity and variety is always agreeable; provided the particular objects, ſeparately conſidered, be in any degree beautiful, for uniformity amid variety among ugly objects, affords no pleaſure. This circumſtance is totally omitted in the definition; and indeed to have mentioned it, would at the very firſt glance have ſhown the definition to be imperfect: for to define beauty as ariſing from beautiful objects blended together in a due proportion of uniformity and variety, would be too groſs to paſs current; as nothing can be more groſs, than to employ in a definition the very term that is to be explained.

Appendix to Chap. IX.

Concerning the Works of Nature, chiefly with reſpect to Uniformity and Variety.

In things of Nature's workmanſhip, whether we regard their internal or external ſtructure, beauty and deſign are equally conſpicuous.

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We ſhall begin with the outſide of nature, as what firſt preſents itſelf.

The figure of an organic body is generally regular. The trunk of a tree, its branches, and their ramifications, are nearly round, and form a ſeries regularly decreaſing from the trunk to the ſmalleſt fibre: uniformity is no where more remarkable than in the leaves, which, in the ſame ſpecies, have all the ſame colour, ſize, and ſhape: the ſeeds and fruits are all regular figures, approaching for the moſt part to the globular form. Hence a plant, eſpecially of the larger kind, with its trunk, branches, foliage, and fruit, is a charming object.

In an animal, the trunk, which is much larger than the other parts, occupies a chief place: its ſhape, like that of the ſtem of plants, is nearly round; a figure which of all is the moſt agreeable: its two ſides are preciſely ſimilar: ſeveral of the under parts go off in pairs; and the two individuals of each pair are accurately uniform: the ſingle parts are placed in the middle: the limbs, bearing a certain proportion to the trunk, ſerve to ſupport it, and to give it a proper elevation: upon one extremity are diſpoſed the neck and head, in the direction of the trunk: the head being the chief part, poſſeſſes with great propriety the chief place. Hence, the beauty of the whole figure, is the reſult of many equal and proportional parts orderly diſpoſed; and the ſmalleſt variation in number, equality, proportion,

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portion, or order, never fails to produce a perception of deformity.

Nature in no particular ſeems more profuſe of ornament, than in the beautiful colouring of her works. The flowers of plants, the furs of beaſts, and the feathers of birds, vie with each other in the beauty of their colours, which in luſtre as well as in harmony are beyond the power of imitation. Of all natural appearances, the colouring of the human face is the moſt exquiſite: it is the ſtrongeſt inſtance of the ineffable art of nature, in adapting and proportioning its colours to the magnitude, figure, and poſition, of the parts. In a word, colour ſeems to live in nature only, and to languiſh under the fineſt touches of art.

When we examine the internal ſtructure of a plant or animal, a wonderful ſubtility of mechaniſm is diſplayed. Man, in his mechanical operations, is confined to the ſurface of bodies; but the operations of nature are exerted through the whole ſubſtance, ſo as to reach even the elementary parts. Thus the body of an animal, and of a plant, are compoſed of certain great veſſels; theſe of ſmaller; and theſe again of ſtill ſmaller, without end, as far as we can diſcover. This power of diffuſing mechaniſm through the moſt intimate parts, is peculiar to nature, and diſtinguiſhes her operations, moſt remarkably, from every work of art. Such texture, continued from the groſſer parts to the moſt minute, preſerves all along the

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ſtricteſt regularity: the fibres of plants are a bundle of cylindric canals, lying in the ſame direction, and parallel or nearly parallel to each other: in ſome inſtances, a moſt accurate arrangement of parts is diſcovered, as in onions, formed of concentric coats, one within another, to the very centre. An animal body is ſtill more admirable, in the diſpoſition of its internal parts, and in their order and ſymmetry: there is not a bone, a muſcle, a blood-veſſel, a nerve, that hath not one correſponding to it on the oppoſite ſide; and the ſame order is carried through the moſt minute parts: the lungs are compoſed of two parts, which are diſpoſed upon the ſides of the thorax; and the kidneys, in a lower ſituation, have a poſition no leſs orderly: as to the parts that are ſingle, the heart is advantageouſly ſituated near the middle; the liver, ſtomach, and ſpleen, are diſpoſed in the upper region of the abdomen, about the ſame height: the bladder is placed in the middle of the body, as well as the inteſtinal canal, which fills the whole cavity with its convolutions.

The mechanical power of nature, not confined to ſmall bodies, reacheth equally thoſe of the greateſt ſize; witneſs the bodies that compoſe the ſolar ſyſtem, which, however large, are weighed, meaſured, and ſubjected to certain laws, with the utmoſt accuracy. Their places round the ſun, with their diſtances, are determined by a preciſe rule, correſponding to their quantity of matter.

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The ſuperior dignity of the central body, in reſpect of its bulk and lucid appearance, is ſuited to the place it occupies. The globular figure of theſe bodies, is not only in itſelf beautiful, but is above all others fitted for regular motion. Each planet revolves about its own axis in a given time; and each moves round the ſun, in an orbit nearly circular, and in a time proportioned to its diſtance. Their velocities, directed by an eſtabliſhed law, are perpetually changing by regular accelerations and retardations. In fine, the great variety of regular appearances, joined with the beauty of the ſyſtem itſelf, cannot fail to produce the higheſt delight in every one who is ſenſible of deſign, power, or beauty.

Nature hath a wonderful power of connecting ſyſtems with each other, and of propagating that connection through all her works. Thus the conſtituent parts of a plant, the roots, the ſtem, the branches, the leaves, the fruit, are really different ſyſtems, united by a mutual dependence on each other: in an animal, the lymphatic and lacteal ducts, the blood-veſſels and nerves, the muſcles and glands, the bones and cartilages, the membranes and bowels, with the other organs, form diſtinct ſyſtems, which are united into one whole. There are, at the ſame time, other connections leſs intimate: every plant is joined to the earth by its roots; it requires rain and dews to furniſh it with juices; and it requires heat to preſerve theſe juices in fluidity and motion; every animal;

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by its gravity, is connected with the earth, with the element in which it breathes, and with the ſun, by deriving from it cheriſhing and enlivening heat: the earth furniſheth aliment to plants, theſe to animals, and theſe again to other animals, in a long train of dependence: that the earth is part of a greater ſyſtem, comprehending many bodies mutually attracting each other, and gravitating all toward one common centre, is now thoroughly explored. Such a regular and uniform ſeries of connections, propagated through ſo great a number of beings, and through ſuch wide ſpaces, is wonderful: and our wonder muſt increaſe, when we obſerve theſe connections propagated from the minuteſt atoms to bodies of the moſt enormous ſize, and ſo widely diffuſed as that we can neither perceive their beginning nor their end. That theſe connections are not confined within our own planetary ſyſtem, is certain: they are diffuſed over ſpaces ſtill more remote, where new bodies and ſyſtems riſe without end. All ſpace is filled with the works of God, which are conducted by one plan, to anſwer unerringly one great end.

But the moſt wonderful connection of all, tho' not the moſt conſpicuous, is that of our internal frame with the works of nature: man is obviouſly fitted for contemplating theſe works, becauſe in this contemplation he has great delight. The works of nature are remarkable in their uniformity no leſs than in their variety; and the mind

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mind of man is fitted to receive pleaſure equally from both. Uniformity and variety are interwoven in the works of nature with ſurpriſing art: variety, however great, is never without ſome degree of uniformity; nor the greateſt uniformity without ſome degree of variety: there is great variety in the ſame plant, by the different appearances of its ſtem, branches, leaves, bloſſoms, fruit, ſize, and colour; and yet, when we trace that variety through different plants, eſpecially of the ſame kind, there is diſcovered a ſurpriſing uniformity: again, where nature ſeems to have intended the moſt exact uniformity, as among individuals of the ſame kind, there ſtill appears a diverſity, which ſerves readily to diſtinguiſh one individual from another. It is indeed admirable, that the human viſage, in which uniformity is ſo prevalent, ſhould yet be ſo marked, as to leave no room, among millions, for miſtaking one perſon for another: theſe marks, though clearly perceived, are generally ſo delicate, that words cannot be found to deſcribe them. A correſpondence ſo perfect between the human mind and the works of nature, is extremely remarkable. The oppoſition between variety and uniformity is ſo great, that one would not readily imagine they could both be reliſhed by the ſame palate; at leaſt not in the ſame object, nor at the ſame time: it is however true, that the pleaſures they afford, being

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ing happily adjuſted to each other, and readily mixing in intimate union, are frequently produced by the ſame individual object. Nay, further, in the objects that touch us the moſt, uniformity and variety are conſtantly combined; witneſs natural objects, where this combination is always found in perfection. Hence it is, that natural objects readily form themſelves into groups, and are agreeable in whatever manner combined: a wood with its trees, ſhrubs, and herbs, is agreeable: the muſic of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the murmuring of a brook, are in conjunction delightful; though they ſtrike the ear without modulation or harmony. In ſhort, nothing can be more happily accommodated to the inward conſtitution of man, than that mixture of uniformity with variety, which the eye diſcovers in natural objects; and, accordingly, the mind is never more highly gratified than in contemplating a natural landſcape.

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CHAP. X.

CONGRUITY AND PROPRIETY.

MAN is ſuperior to the brute, not more by his rational faculties, than by his ſenſes. With reſpect to external ſenſes, brutes probably yield not to men; and they may alſo have ſome obſcure perception of beauty: but the more delicate ſenſes of regularity, order, uniformity, and congruity, being connected with morality and religion, are reſerved to dignify the chief of the terreſtrial creation. Upon that account, no diſcipline is more ſuitable to man, nor more *congruous* to the dignity of his nature, than that which refines his taſte, and leads him to diſtinguiſh, in every ſubject, what is regular, what is orderly, what is ſuitable, and what is fit and proper *.

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* Nec vero illa parva vis naturæ eſt rationiſque, quod unum hoc animal ſentit quid ſit ordo, quid ſit quod deceat in factis dictiſque, qui modus. Itaque eorum ipſorum, quæ aſpectu ſentiuntur, nullum aliud animal, pulchritudinem, venuſtatem, convenientiam partium ſentit. Quam ſimilitudinem natura ratioque ab oculis ad animum transferens, multo etiam magis pulchritudinem, conſtan-

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It is clear from the very conception of the terms *congruity* and *propriety*, that they are not applicable to any ſingle object: they imply a plurality, and obviouſly ſignify a particular *relation* between different objects. Thus we ſay currently, that a decent garb is ſuitable or *proper* for a judge, modeſt behaviour for a young woman, and a lofty ſtyle for an epic poem: and, on the other hand, that it is unſuitable or *incongruous* to ſee a little woman ſunk in an overgrown farthingale, a coat richly embroidered covering coarſe and dirty linen, a mean ſubject in an elevated ſtyle, an elevated ſubject in a mean ſtyle, a firſt miniſter darning his wife's ſtocking, or a reverend prelate in lawn ſleeves dancing a hornpipe.

The perception we have of this relation, which ſeems peculiar to man, cannot proceed from any other cauſe, but from a *ſenſe* of congruity or propriety; for, ſuppoſing us deſtitute of that ſenſe, the terms would be to us unintelligible *.

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conſtantiam, ordinem, in conſiliis factiſque conſervandum putat, cavetque ne quid indecore effeminateve faciat; tum in omnibus et opinionibus et factis ne quid libidinoſe aut faciat aut cogitet. Quibus ex rebus conflatur et efficitur id, quod quærimus, honeſtum. *Cicero de Officiis*, *l.* 1.

* From many things that paſs current in the world without being generally condemned, one at firſt view would imagine, that the ſenſe of congruity or propriety hath ſcarce any foundation in nature; and that it is rather

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It is matter of experience, that congruity or propriety, wherever perceived, is agreeable; and that incongruity or impropriety, wherever perceived, is diſagreeable. The only difficulty is, to aſcertain what are the particular objects that in conjunction ſuggeſt theſe relations; for there are many objects that do not: the ſea, for example, viewed in conjunction with a picture, or a man viewed in conjunction with a mountain, ſuggeſt not either congruity or incongruity. It ſeems natural to infer, what will be found true by induction, that we never perceive congruity nor incongruity but among things that are con-

ther an artificial refinement of thoſe who affect to diſtinguiſh themſelves from others. The fulſome panegyrics beſtowed upon the great and opulent, in epiſtles dedicatory and other ſuch compoſitions, would incline us to think ſo. Did there prevail in the world, it will be ſaid, or did nature ſuggeſt, a taſte of what is ſuitable, decent, or proper, would any good writer deal in ſuch compoſitions, or any man of ſenſe receive them without diſguſt? Can it be ſuppoſed that Lewis XIV. of France was endued by nature with any ſenſe of propriety, when, in a dramatic performance purpoſely compoſed for his entertainment, he ſuffered himſelf, publicly and in his preſenſe, to be ſtyled the greateſt king ever the earth produced? Theſe, it is true, are ſtrong facts; but luckily they do not prove the ſenſe of propriety to be artificial: they only prove, that the ſenſe of propriety is at times overpowered by pride and vanity; which is no ſingular caſe, for that ſometimes is the fate even of the ſenſe of juſtice.

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nected by ſome relation; ſuch as a man and his actions, a principal and its acceſſories, a ſubject and its ornaments. We are indeed ſo framed by nature, as, among things ſo connected, to require a certain ſuitableneſs or correſpondence, termed *congruity* or *propriety*; and to be diſpleaſed when we find the oppoſite relation of *incongruity* or *impropriety* *.

If things connected be the ſubject of congruity, it is reaſonable beforehand to expect a degree of congruity proportioned to the degree of the connection. And, upon examination we find our expectation to be well founded: where the relation is intimate, as between a cauſe and and its effect, a whole and its parts, we require

* In the chapter of beauty, qualities are diſtinguiſhed into primary and ſecondary: and to clear ſome obſcurity that may appear in the text, it is proper to be obſerved, that the ſame diſtinction is applicable to relations. Reſemblance, equality, uniformity, proximity, are relations that depend not on us, but exiſt equally whether perceived or not; and upon that account may juſtly be termed *primary* relations. But there are other relations, that only appear ſuch to us, and that have not any external exiſtence like primary relations; which is the caſe of congruity, incongruity, propriety, impropriety: theſe may be properly termed *ſecondary* relations. Thus it appears from what is ſaid in the text, that the ſecondary relations mentioned ariſe from objects connected by ſome primary relation. Property is an example of a ſecondary relation, as it exiſts no where but in the mind. I purchaſe a field or a horſe: the covenant makes the primary relation; and the ſecondary relation built on it, s property.

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the ſtricteſt congruity; but where the relation is ſlight, or accidental, as among things jumbled together, we require little or no congruity: the ſtricteſt propriety is required in behaviour and manner of living; becauſe a man is connected with theſe by the relation of cauſe and effect: the relation between an edifice and the ground it ſtands upon is of the moſt intimate kind, and therefore the ſituation of a great houſe ought to be lofty: its relation to neighbouring hills, rivers, plains, being that of propinquity only, demands but a ſmall ſhare of congruity: among members of the ſame club, the congruity ought to be conſiderable, as well as among things placed for ſhow in the ſame niche: among paſſengers in a ſtage-coach we require very little congruity; and leſs ſtill at a public ſpectacle.

Congruity is ſo nearly allied to beauty, as commonly to be held a ſpecies of it; and yet they differ ſo eſſentially, as never to coincide: beauty, like colour, is placed upon a ſingle ſubject; congruity upon a plurality: further, a thing beautiful in itſelf, may, with relation to other things, produce the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of incongruity.

Congruity and propriety are commonly reckoned ſynonimous terms; and hitherto in opening the ſubject they have been uſed indifferently: but they are diſtinguiſhable; and the preciſe meaning of each muſt be aſcertained. Con-

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gruity is the genus, of which propriety is a ſpecies; for we call nothing *propriety*, but that congruity or ſuitableneſs, which ought to ſubſiſt between ſenſible beings and their thoughts, words, and actions.

In order to give a full view of theſe ſecondary relations, I ſhall trace them through ſome of the moſt conſiderable primary relations. The relation of a part to the whole, being extremely intimate, demands the utmoſt degree of congruity: even the ſlighteſt deviation is diſguſtful; witneſs the *Lutrin*, a burleſque poem, which is cloſed with a ſerious and warm panegyric on Lamoignon, one of the King's judges:

——————Amphora cœpit
Inſtitui; currente rota, cur urceus exit?

Examples of congruity and incongruity are furniſhed in plenty by the relation between a ſubject and its ornaments. A literary performance intended merely for amuſement is ſuſceptible of much ornament, as well as a muſic-room or a playhouſe; for in gaiety the mind hath a peculiar reliſh for ſhow and decoration. The moſt gorgeous apparel, however improper in tragedy, is not unſuitable to opera-actors: the truth is, an opera, in its preſent form, is a mighty fine thing; but, as it deviates from nature in its capital circumſtances, we look not for nature nor propriety in thoſe which are acceſſory. On the other hand, a ſerious and important

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tant ſubject admits not much ornament *; nor a ſubject that of itſelf is extremely beautiful: and a ſubject that fills the mind with its loftineſs and grandeur, appears beſt in a dreſs altogether plain.

To a perſon of a mean appearance, gorgeous apparel is unſuitable; which, beſide the incongruity, ſhows by contraſt the meanneſs of appearance in the ſtrongeſt light. Sweetneſs of look and manner requires ſimplicity of dreſs joined with the greateſt elegance. A ſtately and majeſtic air requires ſumptuous apparel, which ought not to be gaudy, nor crowded with little ornaments. A woman of conſummate beauty can bear to be highly adorned, and yet ſhows beſt in a plain dreſs,

——————For lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.

Thomſon's Autumn, 208.

Congruity regulates not only the quantity of ornament, but alſo the kind. The decorations

* Contrary to this rule, the introduction to the third volume of the *Characteriſtics*, is a continued chain of metaphors: theſe in ſuch profuſion are too florid for the ſubject; and have beſide the bad effect of removing our attention from the principal ſubject, to fix it upon ſplendid trifles.

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of a dancing-room ought all of them to be gay. No picture is proper for a church but what has religion for its ſubject. Every ornament upon a ſhield ſhould relate to war; and Virgil, with great judgment, confines the carvings upon the ſhield of Æneas to the military hiſtory of the Romans: that beauty is overlooked by Homer; for the bulk of the ſculpture upon the ſhield of Achilles is of the arts of peace in general, and of joy and feſtivity in particular: the author of Telemachus betrays the ſame inattention, in deſcribing the ſhield of that young hero.

In judging of propriety with regard to ornaments, we muſt attend, not only to the nature of the ſubject that is to be adorned, but alſo to the circumſtances in which it is placed: the ornaments that are proper for a ball will appear not altogether ſo decent at public worſhip: and the ſame perſon ought to dreſs differently for a marriage-feaſt and for a funeral.

Nothing is more intimately related to a man than his ſentiments, words, and actions; and therefore we require here the ſtricteſt conformity. When we find what we thus require, we have a lively ſenſe of propriety: when we find the contrary, our ſenſe of impropriety is no leſs lively. Hence the univerſal diſtaſte of affectation, which conſiſts in making a ſhew of greater delicacy and refinement, than is ſuited either to the character or circumſtances of the perſon. Nothing in epic

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or dramatic compoſitions is more diſguſtful than impropriety of manners. In Corneille's tragedy of *Cinna*, Æmilia, a favourite of Auguſtus, receives daily marks of his affection, and is loaded with benefits: yet all the while is laying plots to aſſaſſinate her benefactor, directed by no other motive but to avenge her father's death *: revenge againſt a benefactor, founded ſolely upon filial piety, cannot be directed by any principle but that of juſtice, and therefore never can ſuggeſt unlawful means; yet the crime here attempted, a treacherous murder, is what even a miſcreant will ſcarce attempt againſt his bittereſt enemy.

What is ſaid might be thought ſufficient to explain the relations of congruity and propriety. And yet the ſubject is not exhauſted: on the contrary, the proſpect enlarges upon us, when we take under view the effects theſe relations produce in the mind. Congruity and propriety, wherever perceived, appear agreeable; and every agreeable object produceth in the mind a pleaſant emotion: incongruity and impropriety, on the other hand, are diſagreeable; and of courſe produce painful emotions. Theſe emotions, whether pleaſant or painful, ſometimes vaniſh without any conſequence; but more frequently occaſion other emotions, to which I proceed.

When any ſlight incongruity is perceived in an

* See act 1. ſc. 2.

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accidental combination of perſons or things, as of paſſengers in a ſtage-coach, or of individuals dining at an ordinary; the painful emotion of incongruity, after a momentary exiſtence, vaniſheth without producing any effect. But this is not the caſe of propriety and impropriety: voluntary acts, whether words or deeds, are imputed to the author; when proper, we reward him with our eſteem; when improper, we puniſh him with our contempt. Let us ſuppoſe, for example, a generous action ſuited to the character of the author, which raiſes in him and in every ſpectator the pleaſant emotion of propriety: this emotion generates in the author both ſelf-eſteem and joy; the former when he conſiders his relation to the action, and the latter when he conſiders the good opinion that others will entertain of him: the ſame emotion of propriety produceth in the ſpectators eſteem for the author of the action; and when they think of themſelves, it alſo produceth by contraſt an emotion of humility. To diſcover the effects of an unſuitable action, we muſt invert each of theſe circumſtances: the painful emotion of impropriety generates in the author of the action both humility and ſhame; the former when he conſiders his relation to the action, and the latter when he conſiders what others will think of him: the ſame emotion of impropriety produceth in the ſpectators contempt for the author of the action; and it alſo produceth, by contraſt when they think of themſelves,

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themſelves, an emotion of ſelf-eſteem. Here then are many different emotions, derived from the ſame action conſidered in different views by different perſons; a machine provided with many ſprings, and not a little complicated. Propriety of action, it would ſeem, is a favourite of nature, or of the author of nature, when ſuch care and ſolicitude is beſtowed on it. It is not left to our own choice; but, like juſtice, is required at our hands; and, like juſtice, is enforced by natural rewards and puniſhments: a man cannot, with impunity, do any thing unbecoming or improper; he ſuffers the chaſtiſement of contempt inflicted by others, and of ſhame inflicted by himſelf. An apparatus ſo complicated, and ſo ſingular, ought to rouſe our attention: for nature doth nothing in vain; and we may conclude with certainty, that this curious branch of the human conſtitution is intended for ſome valuable purpoſe. To the diſcovery of that purpoſe or final cauſe I ſhall with ardour apply my thoughts, after diſcourſing a little more at large upon the puniſhment, as it may now be called, that nature hath provided for indecent and unbecoming behaviour. This, at any rate, is neceſſary, in order to give a full view of the ſubject; and who knows whether it may not, over and above, open ſome track that will lead us to the final cauſe we are in queſt of?

A groſs impropriety is puniſhed with contempt and indignation, which are vented againſt the

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offender by external expreſſions: not is even the ſlighteſt impropriety ſuffered to paſs without ſome degree of contempt. But there are improprieties of the ſlighter kind, that provoke laughter; of which we have examples without end in the blunders and abſurdities of our own ſpecies: ſuch improprieties receive a different puniſhment, as will appear by what follows. The emotions of contempt and of laughter occaſioned by an impropriety of that kind, uniting intimately in the mind of the ſpectator, are expreſſed externally by a peculiar ſort of laugh, termed *a laugh of deriſion* or *ſcorn* *. An impropriety that thus moves not only contempt but laughter, is diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of *ridiculous*; and a laugh of deriſion or ſcorn is the puniſhment provided for it by nature. Nor ought it to eſcape obſervation, that we are ſo fond of inflicting that puniſhment, as ſometimes to exert it even againſt creatures of an inferior ſpecies: witneſs a turkycock ſwelling with pride, and ſtrutting with diſplayed feathers, which in a gay mood is apt to provoke a laugh of deriſion.

We muſt not expect, that theſe different improprieties are ſeparated by diſtinct boundaries: for of improprieties, from the ſlighteſt to the moſt groſs, from the moſt riſible to the moſt ſerious, there are degrees without end. Hence it is, that in viewing ſome unbecoming actions,

* See chap. 7.

too

too risible for anger, and too serious for derision, the spectator feels a sort of mixt emotion, partaking both of derision and of anger; which accounts for an expression, common with respect to the impropriety of some actions, That we know not whether to laugh or be angry.

It cannot fail to be observed, that in the case of a risible impropriety, which is always slight, the contempt we have for the offender is extremely faint, tho' derision, its gratification, is extremely pleasant. This disproportion between a passion and its gratification, may seem not conformable to the analogy of nature. In looking about for a solution, I reflect upon what is laid down above, that an improper action, not only moves our contempt for the author, but also, by means of contrast, swells the good opinion we have of ourselves. This contributes, more than any other particular, to the pleasure we have in ridiculing follies and absurdities; and accordingly, it is well known, that those who have the greatest share of vanity, are the most prone to laugh at others. Vanity, which is a vivid passion, pleasant in itself, and not less so in its gratification, would singly be sufficient to account for the pleasure of ridicule, without borrowing any aid from contempt. Hence appears the reason of a noted observation, That we are the most disposed to ridicule the blunders and absurdities of others, when we are in high

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high ſpirits; for in high ſpirits, ſelf-conceit diſplays itſelf with more than ordinary vigour.

Having with wary ſteps traced an intricate road, not without danger of wandering; what remains to complete our journey, is to account for the final cauſe of congruity and propriety, which make ſo great a figure in the human conſtitution. One final cauſe, regarding congruity, is pretty obvious, that the ſenſe of congruity, as one principle of the fine arts, contributes in a remarkable degree to our entertainment; which is the final cauſe aſſigned above for our ſenſe of proportion *, and need not be enlarged upon here. Congruity, indeed, with reſpect to quantity, coincides with proportion: when the parts of a building are nicely adjuſted to each other, it may be ſaid indifferently, that it is agreeable by the congruity of its parts, or by the proportion of its parts. But propriety, which regards voluntary agents only, can never be the ſame with proportion: a very long noſe is diſproportioned, but cannot be termed *improper*. In ſome inſtances, it is true, impropriety coincides with diſproportion in the ſame ſubject, but never in the ſame reſpect. I give for an example a very little man buckled to a long toledo: conſidering the man and the ſword with reſpect to ſize, we perceive a diſproportion: conſidering the ſword

* See chap. 3.

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as the choice of the man, we perceive an impropriety.

The ſenſe of impropriety with reſpect to miſtakes, blunders, and abſurdities, is evidently calculated for the good of mankind. In the ſpectators it is productive of mirth and laughter, excellent recreation in an interval from buſineſs. But this is a trifle compared to what follows. It is painful to be the ſubject of ridicule; and to puniſh with ridicule the man who is guilty of an abſurdity, tends to put him more on his guard in time coming. It is well ordered, that even the moſt innocent blunder is not committed with impunity; becauſe, were errors licenſed where they do no hurt, inattention would grow into habit, and be the occaſion of much hurt.

The final cauſe of propriety, as to moral duties, is of all the moſt illuſtrious. To have a juſt notion of it, the moral duties that reſpect others muſt be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe that reſpect ourſelves. Fidelity, gratitude, and abſtinence from injury, are examples of the firſt ſort; temperance, modeſty, firmneſs of mind, are examples of the other: the former are made duties by the ſenſe of juſtice; the latter, by the ſenſe of propriety. Here is a final cauſe of the ſenſe of propriety that will rouſe our attention. It is undoubtedly the intereſt of every man to ſuit his behaviour to the dignity of his nature, and to the ſtation allotted him by Providence; for ſuch

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ſuch rational conduct contributes in every reſpect to happineſs, by preſerving health, by procuring plenty, by gaining the eſteem of others, and, which of all is the greateſt bleſſing, by gaining a juſtly founded ſelf-eſteem. But in a matter ſo eſſential to our well-being, even ſelf-intereſt is not relied on: the powerful authority of duty is ſuperadded to the motive of intereſt. The God of nature, in all things eſſential to our happineſs, hath obſerved one uniform method: to keep us ſteady in our conduct, he hath fortified us with natural laws and principles, preventive of many aberrations, which would daily happen were we totally ſurrendered to ſo fallible a guide as is human reaſon. Propriety cannot rightly be conſidered in another light, than as the natural law that regulates our conduct with reſpect to ourſelves; as juſtice is the natural law that regulates our conduct with reſpect to others. I call propriety a law, no leſs than juſtice; becauſe both are equally rules of conduct that *ought* to be obeyed: propriety includes that obligation; for to ſay an action is proper, is in other words to ſay, that it *ought* to be performed; and to ſay it is improper, is in other words to ſay, that it *ought* to be forborne. It is that very character of *ought* and *ſhould* which makes juſtice a law to us; and the ſame character is applicable to propriety, tho' perhaps more faintly than to juſtice: but the difference is in degree only, not in kind; and we ought, without hefitation

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tion or reluctance, to ſubmit equally to the government of both.

But I have more to urge upon that head. To the ſenſe of propriety as well as of juſtice, are annexed the ſanctions of rewards and puniſhments; which evidently prove the one to be a law as well as the other. The ſatisfaction a man hath in doing his duty, joined to the eſteem and good-will of others, is the reward that belongs to both equally. The puniſhments alſo, though not the ſame, are nearly allied; and differ in degree more than in quality. Diſobedience to the law of juſtice is puniſhed with remorſe; diſobedience to the law of propriety, with ſhame, which is remorſe in a lower degree. Every tranſgreſſion of the law of juſtice raiſes indignation in the beholder; and ſo doth every flagrant tranſgreſſion of the law of propriety. Slighter improprieties receive a milder puniſhment: they are always rebuked with ſome degree of contempt, and frequently with deriſion. In general, it is true, that the rewards and puniſhments annexed to the ſenſe of propriety are ſlighter in degree than thoſe annexed to the ſenſe of juſtice; which is wiſely ordered, becauſe duty to others is ſtill more eſſential to ſociety than duty to ourſelves: ſociety, indeed, could not ſubſiſt a moment, were individuals not protected from the headſtrong and turbulent paſſions of their neighbours.

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The final cauſe now unfolded of the ſenſe of propriety, muſt, to every diſcerning eye, appear delightful: and yet this is but a partial view; for that ſenſe reaches another illuſtrious end, which is, in conjunction with the ſenſe of juſtice, to enforce the performance of ſocial duties. In fact, the ſanctions viſibly contrived to compel a man to be juſt to himſelf, are equally ſerviceable to compel him to be juſt to others; which will be evident from a ſingle reflection, That an action, by being unjuſt, ceaſes not to be improper: an action never appears more eminently improper, than when it is unjuſt: it is obviouſly becoming, and ſuitable to human nature, that each man do his duty to others; and, accordingly, every tranſgreſſion of duty to others, is at the ſame time a tranſgreſſion of duty to one's ſelf. This is a plain truth without exaggeration; and it opens a new and enchanting view in the moral landſcape, the proſpect being greatly enriched by the multiplication of agreeable objects. It appears now, that nothing is overlooked, nothing left undone, that can poſſibly contribute to the enforcing ſocial duty; for to all the ſanctions that belong to it ſingly, are ſuperadded the ſanctions of ſelf-duty. A familiar example ſhall ſuffice for illuſtration. An act of ingratitude, conſidered in itſelf, is to the author diſagreeable, as well as to every ſpectator: conſidered by the author with relation to himſelf, it raiſes ſelf-contempt: conſidered by him with relation

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relation to the world, it makes him aſhamed: conſidered by others, it raiſes their contempt and indignation againſt the author. Theſe feelings are all of them occaſioned by the impropriety of the action. When the action is conſidered as unjuſt, it occaſions another ſet of feelings: in the author it produces remorſe, and a dread of merited puniſhment; and in others, the benefactor chiefly, indignation and hatred directed to the ungrateful perſon. Thus ſhame and remorſe united in the ungrateful perſon, and indignation united with hatred in the hearts of others, are the puniſhments provided by nature for injuſtice. Stupid and inſenſible muſt he be, who, in a contrivance ſo exquiſite, perceives not the benevolent hand of our Creator.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

DIGNITY AND GRACE.

THE terms *dignity* and *meanneſs* are applied to man in point of character, ſentiment, and behaviour: we ſay, for example, of one man, that he hath natural dignity in his air and manner; of another, that he makes a mean figure: we perceive dignity in every action and ſentiment of ſome perſons; meanneſs and vulgarity in the actions and ſentiments of others. With reſpect to the fine arts, ſome performances are ſaid to be manly, and ſuitable to the dignity of human nature; others are termed low, mean, trivial. Such expreſſions are common, tho' they have not always a preciſe meaning. With reſpect to the art of criticiſm, it muſt be a real acquiſition to aſcertain what theſe terms truly import; which poſſibly may enable us to rank every performance in the fine arts according to its dignity.

Inquiring firſt to what ſubjects the terms *dignity* and *meanneſs* are appropriated, we ſoon diſcover, that they are not applicable to any thing inanimate: the moſt magnificent palace that ever was built, may be lofty, may be grand, but it has no

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no relation to dignity: the moſt diminutive ſhrub may be little, but it is not mean. Theſe terms muſt belong to ſenſitive beings, probably to man only; which will be evident when we advance in the inquiry.

Human actions appear in many different lights: in themſelves they appear grand or little; with reſpect to the author, they appear proper or improper; with reſpect to thoſe affected by them, juſt or unjuſt: and I now add, that they are alſo diſtinguiſhed by dignity and meanneſs. If any one incline to think, that, with reſpect to human actions, dignity coincides with grandeur, and meanneſs with littleneſs, the difference will be evident upon reflecting, that an action may be grand without being virtuous, and little without being faulty; but that we never attribute dignity to any action but what is virtuous, nor meanneſs to any but what is faulty. Every action of dignity creates reſpect and eſteem for the author; and a mean action draws upon him contempt. A man is admired for a grand action, but frequently is neither loved nor eſteemed for it: neither is a man always contemned for a low or little action. The action of Cæſar paſſing the Rubicon was grand; but there was no dignity in it, conſidering that his purpoſe was to enſlave his country: Cæſar, in a march, taking opportunity of a rivulet to quench his thirſt, did a low action, but the action was not mean.

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As it appears to me, dignity and meanneſs are founded on a natural principle not hitherto mentioned. Man is endowed with a SENSE of the worth and excellence of his nature: he deems it more perfect than that of the other beings around him; and he perceives, that the perfection of his nature conſiſts in virtue, particularly in virtues of the higheſt rank. To expreſs that ſenſe, the term *dignity* is appropriated. Further, to behave with dignity, and to refrain from all mean actions, is felt to be, not a virtue only, but a duty: it is a duty every man owes to himſelf. By acting in that manner, he attracts love and eſteem: by acting meanly, or below himſelf, he is diſapproved and contemned.

According to the deſcription here given of dignity and meanneſs, they appear to be a ſpecies of propriety and impropriety. Many actions may be proper or improper, to which dignity or meanneſs cannot be applied: to eat when one is hungry, is proper, but there is no dignity in that action: revenge fairly taken, if againſt law, is improper, but not mean. But every action of dignity is alſo proper, and every mean action is alſo improper.

This ſenſe of the dignity of human nature, reaches even our pleaſures and amuſements: if they enlarge the mind by raiſing grand or elevated emotions, or if they humanize the mind by exerciſing our ſympathy, they are approved as ſuited to the dignity of our nature: if they contract

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tract the mind by fixing it on trivial objects, they are contemned as not ſuited to the dignity of our nature. Hence, in general, every occupation, whether of uſe or amuſement, that correſponds to the dignity of man, is termed *manly*; and every occupation below his nature, is termed *childiſh*.

To thoſe who ſtudy human nature, there is a point which has always appeared intricate: How comes it that generoſity and courage are more eſteemed, and beſtow more dignity, than good-nature, or even juſtice; tho' the latter contribute more than the former to private as well as to public happineſs? This queſtion, bluntly propoſed, might puzzle a cunning philoſopher; but, by means of the foregoing obſervations, will eaſily be ſolved. Human virtues, like other objects, obtain a rank in our eſtimation, not from their utility, which is a ſubject of reflection, but from the direct impreſſion they make on us. Juſtice and good-nature are a ſort of negative virtues, that ſcarce make any impreſſion but when they are tranſgreſſed: courage and generoſity, on the contrary, producing elevated emotions, enliven greatly the ſenſe of a man's dignity, both in himſelf and in others; and for that reaſon, courage and generoſity are in higher regard than the other virtues mentioned: we deſcribe them as grand and elevated, as of greater dignity, and more praiſeworthy.

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This leads us to examine more directly emotions and paſſions with reſpect to the preſent ſubject; and it will not be difficult to form a ſcale of them, beginning with the meaneſt, and aſcending gradually to thoſe of the higheſt rank and dignity. Pleaſure felt as at the organ of ſenſe, named *corporeal pleaſure*, is perceived to be low; and when indulged to exceſs, is perceived alſo to be mean: for that reaſon, perſons of any delicacy diſſemble the pleaſure they take in eating and drinking. The pleaſures of the eye and ear, having no organic feeling *, and being free from any ſenſe of meanneſs, are indulged without any ſhame: they even riſe to a certain degree of dignity when their objects are grand or elevated. The ſame is the caſe of the ſympathetic paſſions: a virtuous perſon behaving with fortitude and dignity under cruel misfortunes, makes a capital figure; and the ſympathiſing ſpectator feels in himſelf the ſame dignity. Sympathetic diſtreſs at the ſame time never is mean: on the contrary, it is agreeable to the nature of a ſocial being, and has general approbation. The rank that love poſſeſſes in the ſcale, depends in a great meaſure on its object: it poſſeſſes a low place when founded on external properties merely; and is mean when beſtowed on a perſon of inferior rank without any extraordinary qualification: but when founded on the more

* See the Introduction.

elevated

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elevated internal properties, it assumes a considerable degree of dignity. The same is the case of friendship. When gratitude is warm, it animates the mind; but it scarce rises to dignity. Joy bestows dignity when it proceeds from an elevated cause.

If I can depend upon induction, dignity is not a property of any disagreeable passion: one is slight, another severe; one depresses the mind, another animates it; but there is no elevation, far less dignity, in any of them. Revenge, in particular, tho' it enflame and swell the mind, is not accompanied with dignity, not even with elevation: it is not, however, felt as mean or groveling, unless when it takes indirect measures for gratification. Shame and remorse, tho' they sink the spirits, are not mean. Pride, a disagreeable passion, bestows no dignity in the eye of a spectator. Vanity always appears mean; and extremely so where founded, as commonly happens, on trivial qualifications.

I proceed to the pleasures of the understanding, which possess a high rank in point of dignity. Of this every one will be sensible, when he considers the important truths that have been laid open by science; such as general theorems, and the general laws that govern the material and moral worlds. The pleasures of the understanding are suited to man as a rational and contemplative being; and they tend not a little to ennoble his nature; even to the Deity he stretch-

eth

eth his contemplations, which, in the diſcovery of infinite power, wiſdom, and benevolence, afford delight of the moſt exalted kind. Hence it appears, that the fine arts ſtudied as a rational ſcience, afford entertainment of great dignity; ſuperior far to what they afford as a ſubject of taſte merely.

But contemplation, however in itſelf valuable, is chiefly reſpected as ſubſervient to action; for man is intended to be more an active than a contemplative being. He accordingly ſhows more dignity in action than in contemplation: generoſity, magnanimity, heroiſm, raiſe his character to the higheſt pitch: theſe beſt expreſs the dignity of his nature, and advance him nearer to divinity than any other of his attributes.

By every production that ſhows art and contrivance, our curioſity is excited upon two points; firſt, how it was made; and next, to what end. Of the two, the latter is the more important inquiry, becauſe the means are ever ſubordinate to the end; and, in fact, our curioſity is always more enflamed by the *final* than by the *efficient* cauſe. This preference is no where more viſible, than in contemplating the works of nature: if in the efficient cauſe wiſdom and power be diſplayed, wiſdom is no leſs conſpicuous in the final cauſe; and from it only can we infer benevolence, which of all the divine attributes is to man the moſt important.

Having

Having endeavoured to aſſign the efficient cauſe of dignity and meanneſs, by unfolding the principle on which they are founded, we proceed to explain the final cauſe of the dignity or meanneſs beſtowed upon the ſeveral particulars above mentioned, beginning with corporeal pleaſures. Theſe, as far as uſeful, are, like juſtice, fenced with ſufficient ſanctions to prevent their being neglected: hunger and thirſt are painful ſenſations; and we are incited to animal love by a vigorous propenſity: were corporeal pleaſures dignified over and above with a place in a high claſs, they would infallibly diſturb the balance of the mind, by outweighing the ſocial affections. This is a ſatisfactory final cauſe for refuſing to theſe pleaſures any degree of dignity: and the final cauſe is no leſs evident of their meanneſs, when they are indulged to exceſs. The more refined pleaſures of external ſenſe, conveyed by the eye and the ear from natural objects and from the fine arts, deſerve a high place in our eſteem, becauſe of their ſingular and extenſive utility: in ſome caſes they riſe to a conſiderable dignity; and the very loweſt pleaſures of the kind are never eſteemed mean or grovelling. The pleaſure ariſing from wit, humour, ridicule, or from what is ſimply ludicrous, is uſeful, by relaxing the mind after the fatigue of more manly occupation: but the mind, when it ſurrenders itſelf to pleaſure of that kind,

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loſes its vigour, and ſinks gradually into ſloth *. The place this pleaſure occupies in point of dignity, is adjuſted to theſe views: to make it uſeful as a relaxation, it is not branded with meanneſs; to prevent its uſurpation, it is removed from that place but a ſingle degree: no man values himſelf for that pleaſure, even during gratification; and if it have engroſſed more of his time than is requiſite for relaxation, he looks back with ſome degree of ſhame.

In point of dignity, the ſocial emotions riſe above the ſelfiſh, and much above thoſe of the eye and ear: man is by his nature a ſocial being; and to qualify him for ſociety, it is wiſely contrived, that he ſhould value himſelf more for being ſocial than ſelfiſh †.

The excellency of man is chiefly diſcernible in the great improvements he is ſuſceptible of in ſociety: theſe, by perſeverance, may be carried on progreſſively above any aſſignable limits;

* Neque enim ita generati à natura ſumus, ut ad ludum et jocum facti eſſe videamur, ſed ad ſeveritatem potius et ad quaedam ſtudia graviora atque majora. Ludo autem et joco, uti illis quidem licet, ſed ſicut ſomno et quietibus caeteris, tum cum gravibus ſeriiſque rebus ſatisfecerimus. *Cicero de offic. lib.* 1.

† For the ſame reaſon, the ſelfiſh emotions that are founded upon a ſocial principle, riſe higher in our eſteem than thoſe that are founded upon a ſelfiſh principle. As to which ſee above, p. 47. note.

and,

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and, even abſtracting from revelation, there is great probability, that the progreſs begun here will be completed in ſome future ſtate. Now, as all valuable improvements proceed from the exerciſe of our rational faculties, the author of our nature, in order to excite us to a due uſe of theſe faculties, hath aſſigned a high rank to the pleaſures of the underſtanding: their utility, with reſpect to this life as well as a future, entitles them to that rank.

But as action is the aim of all our improvements, virtuous actions juſtly poſſeſs the higheſt of all the ranks. Theſe, we find, are by nature diſtributed into different claſſes, and the firſt in point of dignity aſſigned to actions that appear not the firſt in point of uſe: generoſity, for example, in the ſenſe of mankind is more reſpected than juſtice, tho' the latter is undoubtedly more eſſential to ſociety; and magnanimity, heroiſm, undaunted courage, riſe ſtill higher in our eſteem. One would readily think, that the moral virtues ſhould be eſteemed according to their importance. Nature has here deviated from her ordinary path, and great wiſdom is ſhown in the deviation: the efficient cauſe is explained above, and the final cauſe is explained in the Eſſays of morality and natural religion *.

We proceed to analyſe *grace*, which being in

* Part 1. eſſay 2. chap. 4.

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a good meaſure an uncultivated field, requires more than ordinary labour.

Graceful is an attribute: *grace* and *graceful-neſs* expreſs that attribute in the form of a noun.

That this attribute is agreeable, no one doubts.

As grace is diſplayed externally, it muſt be an object of one or other of our five ſenſes. That it is an object of ſight, every perſon of taſte can bear witneſs; and that it is confined to that ſenſe, appears from induction; for it is not an object of ſmell, nor of taſte, nor of touch. Is it an object of hearing? Some muſic indeed is termed graceful; but that expreſſion is metaphorical, as when we ſay of other muſic that it is beautiful: the latter metaphor, at the ſame time, is more ſweet and eaſy; which ſhows how little applicable to muſic or to ſound the former is, when taken in its proper ſenſe.

That it is an attribute of man, is beyond diſpute. But of what other beings is it alſo an attribute? We perceive at firſt ſight that nothing inanimate is entitled to that epithet. What animal then, beſide man, is entitled? Surely, not an elephant, nor even a lion. A horſe may have a delicate ſhape with a lofty mein, and all his motions may be exquiſite; but he is never ſaid to be graceful. Beauty and grandeur are common to man with ſome other beings: but dignity is not applied to any being inferior to man; and

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and upon the ſtricteſt examination, the ſame appears to hold in grace.

Confining then grace to man, the next inquiry is, whether, like beauty, it makes a conſtant appearance, or in ſome circumſtances only. Does a perſon diſplay this attribute at reſt as well as in motion, aſleep as when awake? It is undoubtedly connected with motion; for when the moſt graceful perſon is at reſt, neither moving nor ſpeaking, we loſe ſight of that quality as much as of colour in the dark. Grace then is an agreeable attribute, inſeparable from motion as oppoſed to reſt, and as comprehending ſpeech, looks, geſtures, and loco-motion.

As ſome motions are homely, the oppoſite to graceful, the next inquiry is, with what motions is this attribute connected? No man appears graceful in a maſk; and, therefore, laying aſide the expreſſions of the countenance, the other motions may be genteel, may be elegant, but of themſelves never are graceful. A motion adjuſted in the moſt perfect manner to anſwer its end, is elegant; but ſtill ſomewhat more is required to complete our idea of grace, or gracefulneſs.

What this unknown *more* may be, is the nice point. One thing is clear from what is ſaid, that this *more* muſt ariſe from the expreſſion of the countenance: and from what expreſſions ſo naturally as from thoſe which indicate mental qualities, ſuch as ſweetneſs, benevolence, elevation, dignity? This promiſes to be a fair analyſis;

ſis; becauſe of all objects mental qualities affect us the moſt; and the impreſſion made by graceful appearance upon every ſpectator of taſte, is too deep for any cauſe purely corporeal.

The next ſtep is, to examine what are the mental qualities, that, in conjunction with elegance of motion, produce a graceful appearance. Sweetneſs, chearfulneſs, affability, are not ſeparately ſufficient, nor even in conjunction. As it appears to me, dignity alone with elegant motion may produce a graceful appearance; but ſtill more graceful, with the aid of other qualities, thoſe eſpecially that are the moſt exalted.

But this is not all. The moſt exalted virtues may be the lot of a perſon whoſe countenance has little expreſſion: ſuch a perſon cannot be graceful. Therefore, to produce this appearance, we muſt add another circumſtance, namely, an expreſſive countenance, diſplaying to every ſpectator of taſte, with life and energy, every thing that paſſes in the mind.

Collecting theſe circumſtances together, grace may be defined, that agreeable appearance which ariſes from elegance of motion, and from a countenance expreſſive of dignity. Expreſſions of other mental qualities are not eſſential to that appearance, but they heighten it greatly.

Of all external objects, a graceful perſon is the moſt agreeable.

Dancing affords great opportunity for diſplaying grace, and haranguing ſtill more.

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I conclude with the following reflection, That in vain will a perſon attempt to be graceful, who is deficient in amiable qualities. A man, it is true, may form an idea of qualities he is deſtitute of; and, by means of that idea, may endeavour to expreſs theſe qualities by looks and geſtures: but ſuch ſtudied expreſſion will be too faint and obſcure to be graceful.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

RIDICULE.

TO define ridicule has puzzled and vexed every critic. The definition given by Ariſtotle is obſcure and imperfect *. Cicero handles it at great length †; but without giving any ſatisfaction: he wanders in the dark, and miſſes the diſtinction between riſible and ridiculous. Quintilian is ſenſible of the diſtinction ‡, but has not attempted to explain it. Luckily this ſubject lies no longer in obſcurity: a riſible object produceth an emotion of laughter merely ‖: a ridiculous object is improper as well as riſible; and produceth a mixt emotion, which is vented by a laugh of deriſion or ſcorn ‖‖.

Having therefore happily unravelled the knotty part, I proceed to other particulars.

Burleſque, tho' a great engine of ridicule, is not confined to that ſubject; for it is clearly di-

* Poet. cap. 5. † L. 2. De Oratore.

‡ Ideoque anceps ejus rei ratio eſt, quod a deriſu non procul abeſt riſus; *lib.* 6. *cap.* 3. § 1.

‖ See chap. 7. ‖‖ See chap. 10.

ſtinguiſhable

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ſtinguiſhable into burleſque that excites laughter merely, and burleſque that provokes deriſion or ridicule. A grave ſubject in which there is no impropriety, may be brought down by a certain colouring ſo as to be riſible; which is the caſe of *Virgil Traveſtie* *; and alſo the caſe of the *Secchia Rapita* †: the authors laugh firſt, in order to make their readers laugh. The *Lutrin* is a burleſque poem of the other ſort, laying hold of a low and trifling incident, to expoſe the luxury, indolence, and contentious ſpirit of a ſet of monks. Boileau, the author, gives a ridiculous air to the ſubject, by dreſſing it in the heroic ſtyle, and affecting to conſider it as of the utmoſt dignity and importance. In a compoſition of this kind, no image profeſſedly ludicrous ought to find quarter, becauſe ſuch images deſtroy the contraſt; and, accordingly, the author ſhows always the grave face, and never once betrays a ſmile.

Though the burleſque that aims at ridicule, produces its effect by elevating the ſtyle far above the ſubject, yet it has limits beyond which the elevation ought not to be carried: the poet, conſulting the imagination of his readers, ought to confine himſelf to ſuch images as are lively, and readily apprehended: a ſtrained elevation, ſoaring above an ordinary reach of fancy, makes not a pleaſant impreſſion: the reader, fatigued

* Scarron. † Taſſoni.

with

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with being always upon the ſtretch, is ſoon diſguſted; and if he perſevere, becomes thoughtleſs and indifferent. Further, a fiction gives no pleaſure unleſs it be painted in colours ſo lively as to produce ſome perception of reality; which never can be done effectually where the images are formed with labour or difficulty. For theſe reaſons, I cannot avoid condemning the *Batrachomuomachia*, ſaid to be the compoſition of Homer: it is beyond the power of imagination to form a clear and lively image of frogs and mice, acting with the dignity of the higheſt of our ſpecies; nor can we form a conception of the reality of ſuch an action, in any manner ſo diſtinct as to intereſt our affections even in the ſlighteſt degree.

The *Rape of the Lock* is of a character clearly diſtinguiſhable from thoſe now mentioned: it is not properly a burleſque performance, but what may rather be termed *an heroi-comical poem:* it treats a gay and familiar ſubject with pleaſantry, and with a moderate degree of dignity: the author puts not on a maſk like Boileau, nor profeſſes to make us laugh like Taſſoni. The *Rape of the Lock* is a genteel ſpecies of writing, leſs ſtrained than thoſe mentioned: and is pleaſant or ludicrous without having ridicule for its chief aim; giving way however to ridicule where it ariſes naturally from a particular character, ſuch as that of Sir Plume. Addiſon's *Spectator* upon the

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the exercise of the fan * is extremely gay and ludicrous, resembling in its subject the *Rape of the Lock*.

Humour belongs to the present chapter, because it is connected with ridicule. Congreve defines humour to be "a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying any thing, "peculiar and natural to one man only, by "which his speech and actions are distinguished "from those of other men." Were this definition just, a majestic and commanding air, which is a singular property, is humour; as also a natural flow of correct and commanding eloquence, which it no less singular. Nothing just or proper is denominated humour; nor any singularity of character, words, or actions, that is valued or respected. When we attend to the character of an humorist, we find that it arises from circumstances both risible and improper, and therefore that it lessens the man in our esteem, and makes him in some measure ridiculous.

Humour in writing is very different from humour in character. When an author insists upon ludicrous subjects with a professed purpose to make his readers laugh, he may be styled *a ludicrous writer*; but is scarce entitled to be styled *a writer of humour*. This quality belongs to an author, who, affecting to be grave and serious, paints his objects in such colours as to provoke

* No. 102.

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mirth and laughter. A writer that is really an humoriſt in character, does this without deſign: if not, he muſt affect the character in order to ſucceed. Swift and Fontaine were humoriſts in character, and their writings are full of humour. Addiſon was not an humoriſt in character; and yet in his proſe writings a moſt delicate and refined humour prevails. Arbuthnot exceeds them all in drollery and humourous painting; which ſhows a great genious, becauſe, if I am not miſinformed, he had nothing of that peculiarity in his character.

There remains to ſhow by examples the manner of treating ſubjects, ſo as to give them a ridiculous appearance.

Il ne dit jamais, je vous donne, mais, je vous prete le bon jour.

Moliere.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Conſtable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans. What's he?

Conſtable. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

Henry V. Shakeſpear.

He never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk.

Ibid.

Millament. Sententious Mirabell! pr'ythee don't look with

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with that violent and inflexible wife face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapeſtry hanging.

Way of the World.

A true critic in the peruſal of a book, is like a dog at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what the gueſts fling away, and conſequently is apt to ſnarl moſt when there are the feweſt bones.

Tale of a Tub.

In the following inſtances, the ridicule ariſes from abſurd conceptions in the perſons introduced.

Maſcarille. Te ſouvient-il, vicomte de cette demi-lune, que nous emportâmes ſur les ennemis au ſiege d'Arras?

Jodelet. Que veux tu dire avec ta demi-lune? c'étoit bien une lune tout entiere.

Moliere les Precieuſes Ridicules, ſc. 11.

Slender. I came yonder at Eaton to Marry Mrs Anne Page; and ſhe's a great lubberly boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think ſo when I took a boy for a girl; if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

Valentine. Your bleſſing, Sir.

Sir Sampſon. You've had it already, Sir; I think I ſent it you to day in a bill for four thouſand pound; a great deal of money; Brother Foreſight.

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Foresight. Ay indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what can he do with it.

Love for Love, act 2. sc. 7.

Millament. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country-diversion; I lothe the country, and every thing that relates to it.

Sir Wilful. Indeed! hah! look ye, look ye, you do? nay, 'tis like you may——here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like; that must be confess'd indeed.

Millament. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the town too.

Sir Wilful. Dear heart, that's much——hah! that you should hate 'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country——'tis like you may be one of these, Cousine.

Way of the World, act 4. sc. 4.

Lord Froth. I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at no body's jests but my own, or a lady's: I assure, you, Sir Paul.

Brisk. How? how, my Lord? what, affront my wit! Let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be laugh'd at?

Lord Froth. O foy, don't misapprehend me, I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! every body can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any body else of the same quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous!

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lous! To be pleas'd with what pleaſes the crowd! Now, when I laugh I always laugh alone.

Double Dealer, act 1. ſc. 4.

So ſharp-ſighted is pride in blemiſhes, and ſo willing to be gratified, that it takes up with the very ſlighteſt improprieties; ſuch as a blunder by a foreigner in ſpeaking our language, eſpecially if the blunder can bear a ſenſe that reflects on the ſpeaker:

Quickly. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

Love-ſpeeches are finely ridiculed in the following paſſage.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantine,
As chains of deſtiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigſneye,
The ſun and day ſhall ſooner part,
Than love, or you, ſhake off my heart;
The ſun that ſhall no more diſpenſe
His own but your bright influence:
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true love-knots, and flouriſhes;

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That ſhall infuſe eternal ſpring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing:
Drink evr'y letter on't in ſtum,
And make it briſk champaign become.
Where-e'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The primroſe and the violet;
All ſpices, perfumes, and ſweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter ſhall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds and natures to outlive;
And, like to herald's moons, remain
All creſcents, without change or wane.

Hudibras, part 2. canto 1.

Irony turns things into ridicule in a peculiar manner; it conſiſts in laughing at a man under diſguiſe of appearing to praiſe or ſpeak well of him. Swift affords us many illuſtrious examples of that ſpecies of ridicule. Take the following.

By theſe methods, in a few weeks, there ſtarts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt and moſt univerſal ſubjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full! And if you will bate him but the circumſtances of method, and ſtyle, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of tranſcribing from others,

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others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee occaſion; he will deſire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatiſe that ſhall make a very comely figure on a bookſeller's ſhelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inſcribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by ſtudents, nor bound to everlaſting chains of darkneſs in a library; but when the fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to aſcend the ſky *.

I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have indeed made great progreſs in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauch'd with any *high reliſh* in poetry, but are in this one taſte leſs *nice* than our anceſtors.

If the Reverend clergy ſhewed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of ſouls; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehenſion and terror could be diſtinguiſhed to be greater or leſs, according to their ranks and degrees in the church †.

A parody muſt be diſtinguiſhed from every ſpecies of ridicule: it enlivens a gay ſubject by imitating ſome important incident that is ſerious:

* Tale of a Tub, ſect 7.

† A true and faithful narrative of what paſſed in London during the general conſternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind.

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it is ludicrous, and may be riſible; but ridicule is not a neceſſary ingredient. Take the following examples, the firſt of which refers to an expreſſion of Moſes.

The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let ſpades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.

Rape of the Lock, Canto iii. 45.

The next is in imitation of Achilles's oath in Homer:

But by this lock, this ſacred lock, I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.

Ibid. canto iv. 133.

The following imitates the hiſtory of Agamemnon's ſceptre in Homer.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide,
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great-great-grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;

Then

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Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Ibid. canto v. 87.

Tho' ridicule, as obſerved above, is no neceſſary ingredient in a parody, yet there is no oppoſition between them: ridicule may be ſucceſsfully employed in a parody: and a parody may be employed to promote ridicule; witneſs the following example with reſpect to the latter, in which the goddeſs of Dullneſs is addreſſed upon the ſubject of modern education:

Thou gav'ſt that ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy nor man;
Through ſchool and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt *;
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.

Dunciad, b. iv. 287.

The interpoſition of the gods, in the manner of Homer and Virgil, ought to be confined to ludicrous ſubjects, which are much enlivened by ſuch interpoſition handled in the form of a parody; witneſs the cave of Spleen, *Rape of the Lock, canto* 4.; the goddeſs of Diſcord, *Lutrin, canto* 1.; and the goddeſs of Indolence, *canto* 2.

Thoſe who have a talent for ridicule, which is ſeldom united with a taſte for delicate and

* Æn. l. 1. *At Venus obſcuro*, &c.

refined

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refined beauties, are quick-ſighted in impropriеties; and theſe they eagerly graſp, in order to gratify their favourite propenſity. Perſons galled are provoked to maintain, that ridicule is improper for grave ſubjects. Subjects really grave are by no means fit for ridicule: but then it is urged againſt them, that when it is called in queſtion whether a certain ſubject be really grave, ridicule is the only means of determining the controverſy. Hence a celebrated queſtion, Whether ridicule be or be not a teſt of truth? I give this queſtion a place here, becauſe it tends to illuſtrate the nature of ridicule.

The queſtion ſtated in accurate terms is, Whether the ſenſe of ridicule be the proper teſt for diſtinguiſhing ridiculous objects, from what are not ſo. Taking it for granted, that ridicule is not a ſubject of reaſoning, but of ſenſe or taſte *, I proceed thus. No perſon doubts but that our ſenſe of beauty is the true teſt of what is beautiful; and our ſenſe of grandeur, of what is great or ſublime. Is it more doubtful whether our ſenſe of ridicule be the true teſt of what is ridiculous? It is not only the true teſt, but indeed the only teſt; for this ſubject comes not, more than beauty or grandeur, under the province of reaſon. If any ſubject, by the influence of faſhion or cuſtom, have acquired a degree of veneration to which naturally it is not entitled,

* See chap. 10. compared with chap. 7.

what

what are the proper means for wiping off the artificial colouring, and diſplaying the ſubject in its true light? A man of true taſte ſees the ſubject without diſguiſe: but if he heſitate, let him apply the teſt of ridicule, which ſeparates it from its artificial connections, and expoſes it naked with all its native improprieties.

But it is urged, that the graveſt and moſt ſerious matters may be ſet in a ridiculous light. Hardly ſo; for where an object is neither riſible nor improper, it lies not open in any quarter to an attack from ridicule. But ſuppoſing the fact, I foreſee not any harmful conſequence. By the ſame ſort of reaſoning, a talent for wit ought to be condemned, becauſe it may be employed to burleſque a great or lofty ſubject. Such irregular uſe made of a talent for wit or ridicule, cannot long impoſe upon mankind: it cannot ſtand the teſt of correct and delicate taſte; and truth will at laſt prevail even with the vulgar. To condemn a talent for ridicule becauſe it may be perverted to wrong purpoſes, is not a little ridiculous: could one forbear to ſmile, if a talent for reaſoning were condemned becauſe it alſo may be perverted? and yet the concluſion in the latter caſe, would be not leſs juſt than in the former: perhaps more juſt; for no talent is more frequently perverted than that of reaſon.

We had beſt leave nature to her own operations: the moſt valuable talents may be abuſed, and

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and ſo may that of ridicule: let us bring it under proper culture if we can, without endeavouring to pluck it up by the root. Were we deſtitute of this teſt of truth, I know not what might be the conſequences: I ſee not what rule would be left us to prevent ſplendid trifles paſſing for matters of importance, ſhow and form for ſubſtance, and ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm for pure religion.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

WIT.

WIT is a quality of certain thoughts and expreſſions: the term is never applied to an action nor to a paſſion, and as little to an external object.

However difficult it may be, in many inſtances, to diſtinguiſh a witty thought or expreſſion from one that is not ſo, yet, in general, it may be laid down, that the term *wit* is appropriated to ſuch thoughts and expreſſions as are ludicrous, and alſo occaſion ſome degree of ſurpriſe by their ſingularity. Wit alſo, in a figurative ſenſe, expreſſes a talent for inventing ludicrous thoughts or expreſſions: we ſay commonly, *a witty man*, or *a man of wit*.

Wit in its proper ſenſe, as explained above, is diſtinguiſhable into two kinds; wit in the thought, and wit in the words or expreſſion. Again, wit in the thought is of two kinds; ludicrous images, and ludicrous combinations of things that have little or no natural relation.

Ludicrous images that occaſion ſurpriſe by their ſingularity, as having little or no foundation in nature, are fabricated by the imagination:

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tion: and the imagination is well qualified for the office; being of all our faculties the moſt active, and the leaſt under reſtraint. Take the following example:

Shylock. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Salino. That's certain; I for my part knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Merchant of Venice, act. 3. *ſc.* 1.

The image here is undoubtedly witty. It is ludicrous: and it muſt occaſion ſurpriſe; for having no natural foundation, it is altogether unexpected.

The other branch of wit in the thought, is that only which is taken notice of by Addiſon, following Locke, who defines it "to lie in the "aſſemblage of ideas; and putting thoſe to-"gether, with quickneſs and variety, wherein "can be found any reſemblance or congruity, "thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and "agreeable viſions in the fancy *." It may be defined more conciſely, and perhaps more accurately, "A junction of things by diſtant and "fanciful relations, which ſurpriſe becauſe they "are unexpected †." The following is a proper example.

We grant although he had much wit,
He was very ſhie of uſing it,

As

* B. 2. ch. 11. § 2. † See chap. 1.

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As being loth to wear it out;
And therefore bore it not about,
Unleſs on holidays, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.

Hudibras, canto 1.

Wit is of all the moſt elegant recreation: the image enters the mind with gaiety, and gives a ſudden flaſh, which is extremely pleaſant. Wit thereby gently elevates without ſtraining, raiſes mirth without diſſoluteneſs, and relaxes while it entertains.

Wit in the expreſſion, commonly called *a play of words*, being a baſtard ſort of wit, is reſerved for the laſt place. I proceed to examples of wit in the thought; and firſt of ludicrous images.

Falſtaff, ſpeaking of his taking Sir John Colevile of the Dale:

Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt twopences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the Noble. Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Second part, Henry IV. *act* 4. *ſc.* 6.

I knew, when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel,

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rel, but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers; Your *if* is the only peacemaker; much virtue is in *if*.

Shakeſpear.

For there is not through all nature, another ſo callous, and inſenſible a member, as the world's poſteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch.

Preface to a Tale of a Tub.

The war hath introduced abundance of polyſyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns. Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambaſſadors, paliſadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffeehouſes, we ſhall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

Tatler, N°. 230.

Speaking of Diſcord,

She never went abroad, but ſhe brought home ſuch a bundle of monſtrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal, but ſuch as knew her; of a whale that had ſwallowed a fleet of ſhips; of the lions being let out of the tower to deſtroy the Proteſtant religion; of the Pope's being ſeen in a brandy-ſhop at Wapping, &c.

Hiſtory of John Bull, part 1. *ch.* 16.

The other branch of wit in the thought, namely, ludicrous combinations and oppoſitions, may be traced through various ramifications. And, firſt, fanciful cauſes aſſigned that have no natural relation to the effects produced:

Lancaſter.

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Lancaſter. Fare you well, Falſtaff; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Falſtaff. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo overcool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good ſherris-ſack hath a twofold operation in it: it aſcends me into the brain; dries me there all the fooliſh, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris is, the warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and thus valour comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,

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till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Second part of Henry IV. *act* 4. *ſc.* 7.

The trenchant blade, toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack.
The peaceful ſcabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful,
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manful;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.

Hudibras, canto 1.

Speaking of phyſicians,

Le bon de cette profeſſion eſt, qu'il y a parmi les morts une honnêteté, une diſcrétion la plus grande du monde; jamais on n'en voit ſe plaindre du médicin qui l'a tué.

Le medicin malgré lui.

Admirez les bontez, admirez les tendreſſes,
De ces vieux eſclaves du ſort.

Ils

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Ils ne ſont jamais las d'aquérir des richeſſes,
Pour ceux qui ſouhaitent leur mort.

Belinda. Lard, he has ſo peſter'd me with flames and ſtuff—I think I ſhan't endure the ſight of a fire this twelvemonth.

Old Bachelor, act 2. ſc. 8.

To account for effects by ſuch fantaſtical cauſes, being highly ludicrous, is quite improper in any ſerious compoſition. Therefore the following paſſage from Cowley, in his poem on the death of Sir Henry Wooton, is in a bad taſte.

He did the utmoſt bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not ſo large as was his mind.
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan,
Becauſe that Art had no more worlds than one.
And when he ſaw that he through all had paſt,
He dy'd, leſt he ſhould idle grow at laſt.

Fanciful reaſoning:

Falſtaff. Imbowell'd!——if thou imbowel me today, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me tomorrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed.

Firſt part, Henry IV. act 1. ſc. 10.

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Clown. And the more pity that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſtian.

Hamlet, act 5. ſc. 1.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beatrice. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working days. Your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day.

Much ado about nothing, act 2. ſc. 5.

Jeſſica. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Launcelot. Truly the more to blame he; we were Chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live by one another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not have a raſher on the coals for money.

Merchant of Venice, act 3. ſc. 6.

In weſtern clime there is a town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our reader:
For brevity is very good
When w' are, or are not underſtood.

Hudibras, canto 1.

But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Juſt in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd;

Becauſe

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Becauſe a kick in that part, more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Ibid. canto 3.

Ludicrous junction of ſmall things with great, as of equal importance:

This day black omens threat the brighteſt fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care:
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night:
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law;
Or ſome frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.

Rape of the Lock, canto ii. 101.

One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen.

Ibid. canto iii. 13.

Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their laſt;
Or when rich china veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt and painted fragments lie!

Ibid. canto iii. 155.

Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,

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Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.

Ibid. canto iv. 3.

Joining things that in appearance are oppoſite. As for example, where Sir Rodger de Coverley, in the Spectator, ſpeaking of his widow,

That he would have given her a coal-pit to have kept her in clean linen; and that her finger ſhould have ſparkled with one hundred of his richeſt acres.

Premiſſes that promiſe much and perform nothing. Cicero upon that article ſays,

Sed ſcitis eſſe notiſſimum ridiculi genus, cum aliud expectamus, aliud dicitur: hic nobiſmetipſis noſter error riſum movet *.

Beatrice. ———With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Much ado about nothing, act 2. *ſc.* 1.

Beatrice. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Ibid.

Le medicin que l'on m'indique
Sait le Latin, le Grec, l'Hebreu,

* De oratore, l. 2. cap. 63.

Les

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Les belles lettres, la phyſique,
La chimie et la botanique.
Chacun lui donne ſon aveu :
Il auroit auſſi ma pratique ;
Mais je veux vivre encore un peu.

Again,

Vingt fois le jour le bon Grégoire
A ſoin de fermer ſon armoire.
De quoi penſez vous qu'il a peur ?
Belle demande ! Qu'un voleur
Trouvant une facile proie,
Ne lui raviſſe tout ſon bien.
Non ; Grégoire a peur qu'on ne voie
Que dans ſon armoire il n'a rien.

Again,

L'athſmatique Damon a cru que l'air des champs
Repareroit en lui le ravage des ans,
Il s'eſt fuit, a grands fraix, tranſporter en Bretagne.
Or voiez ce qu'a fait l'air natal qu'il a pris !
Damon ſeroit mort à Paris :
Damon eſt mort à la campagne.

Having diſcuſſed wit in the thought, we proceed to what is verbal only, commonly called *a play of words*. This ſort of wit depends, for the moſt part, upon chooſing a word that hath different ſignifications : by that artifice hocus-pocus tricks are played in language, and thoughts plain and ſimple take on a very different appearance.

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Play is neceſſary for man, in order to refreſh him after labour; and accordingly man loves play, even ſo much as to reliſh a play of words: and it is happy for us, that words can be employed, not only for uſeful purpoſes, but alſo for our amuſement. This amuſement, tho' humble and low, unbends the mind; and is reliſhed by ſome at all times, and by all at ſome times.

It is remarkable, that this low ſpecies of wit, has among all nations been a favourite entertainment, in a certain ſtage of their progreſs toward refinement of taſte and manners, and has gradually gone into diſrepute. As ſoon as a language is formed into a ſyſtem, and the meaning of words is aſcertained with tolerable accuracy, opportunity is afforded for expreſſions that, by the double meaning of ſome words, give a familiar thought the appearance of being new; and the penetration of the reader or hearer is gratified in detecting the true ſenſe diſguiſed under the double meaning. That this ſort of wit was in England deemed a reputable amuſement, during the reigns of Eliſabeth and James I. is vouched by the works of Shakeſpear, and even by the writings of grave divines. But it cannot have any long endurance: for as language ripens, and the meaning of words is more and more aſcertained, words held to be ſynonymous diminiſh daily; and when thoſe that remain have been more than once employed, the pleaſure vaniſheth with the novelty.

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I proceed to examples, which, as in the former caſe, ſhall be diſtributed into different claſſes.

A ſeeming reſemblance from the double meaning of a word:

Beneath this ſtone my wife doth lie;
She's now at reſt, and ſo am I.

A ſeeming contraſt from the ſame cauſe, termed *a verbal antitheſis*, which hath no deſpicable effect in ludicrous ſubjects:

Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die,
Some aſk for charms, and others philters chuſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Diſpenſary, Canto 2.

And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.
Ibid. canto 3.

While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give.
Rape of the Lock.

Other ſeeming connections from the ſame cauſe:

Will you employ your conqu'ring ſword,
To break a fiddle, and your word?
Hudibras, canto 2.

To whom the knight with comely grace
Put off his hat to put his caſe.
Ibid. part 3. *canto* 3.

Here

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Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.

Rape of the Lock, canto 3. *l.* 5.

O'er their quietus where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe.

Diſpenſary, canto 1.

Speaking of Prince Eugene:

This general is a great taker of ſnuff as well as of towns.

Pope, Key to the Lock.

Exul mentiſque domuſque.

Metamorphoſes, l. ix. 409.

A ſeeming oppoſition from the ſame cauſe:

Hic quieſcit qui nunquam quievit.

Again,

Quel âge a cette Iris, dont on fait tant de bruit?
Me demandoit Cliton n'aguere.
Il faut, dis-je, vous ſatisfaire,
Elle a vingt ans le jeur, et cinquante ans la nuit.

Again,

So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are;

In

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In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

Waller.

What new found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art; like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a burning glaſs of ice.

Cowley.

Wit of this kind is unſuitable in a ſerious poem; witneſs the following line in Pope's Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady:

Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before.

This ſort of writing is finely burleſqued by Swift:

Her hands the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.

Strephon and Chloe.

Taking a word in a different ſenſe from what is meant, comes under wit, becauſe it occaſions ſome ſlight degree of ſurpriſe:

Beatrice. I may ſit in a corner, and cry *Heigh ho!* for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your

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Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Much ado about nothing, act 2. sc. 5.

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards and more.

Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act 1. sc. 7.

Lo. Sands———By your leave, sweet ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne Bullen. Was he mad, Sir!

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none———

K. Henry VIII.

An assertion that bears a double meaning, one right, one wrong, but so introduced as to direct us to the wrong meaning, is a species of bastard wit, which is distinguished from all others by the name *pun*. For example,

Paris.———Sweet Helen, I must woo you,
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island Kings, disarm great Hector.

Troilus and Cressida, act 3. sc. 2.

The

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The pun is in the close. The word *disarm* has a double meaning: it signifies to take off a man's armour, and also to subdue him in fight. We are directed to the latter sense by the context; but, with regard to Helen, the word holds only true in the former sense. I go on with other examples:

Esse nihil dicis quicquid petis, improbe Cinna:
Si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

Martial, l. 3. epigr. 61.

Jocondus geminum imposuit tibi, Sequana, pontem;
Hunc tu jure potes dicere pontificem.

Sanazarius.

N. B. *Jocondus was a monk.*

Chief Justice. Well! the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Falstaff. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Chief Justice. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falstaff. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Second Part, Henry IV. *act* 1. *sc.* 5.

Celia. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clown. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

As you like it, act 2. *sc.* 4.

He

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He that impoſes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be ſaid
To break an oath he never made?

Hudibras, part 2. *canto* 2.

The ſeventh ſatire of the firſt book of Horace is purpoſely contrived to introduce at the cloſe a moſt execrable pun. Talking of ſome infamous wretch whoſe name was *Rex Rupilius*,

Perſius exclamat, Per magnos, Brute, deos te
Oro, qui reges conſueris tollere, cur non
Hunc regem jugulas? Operum hoc, mihi crede, tuorum eſt.

Though playing with words is a mark of a mind at eaſe, and diſpoſed to any ſort of amuſement, we muſt not thence conclude that playing with words is always ludicrous. Words are ſo intimately connected with thought, that if the ſubject be really grave, it will not appear ludicrous even in that fantaſtic dreſs. I am, however, far from recommending it in any ſerious performance: on the contrary, the diſcordance between the thought and expreſſion muſt be diſagreeable; witneſs the following ſpecimen.

He hath abandoned his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope: and finds

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finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

All's well that ends well, act I. *ſc.* I.

K. Henry. O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

Second part, K. Henry IV.

If any one ſhall obſerve, that there is a third ſpecies of wit, different from thoſe mentioned, conſiſting in ſounds merely, I am willing to give it place. And indeed it muſt be admitted, that many of Hudibras's double rhymes come under the definition of wit given in the beginning of this chapter: they are ludicrous, and their ſingularity occaſions ſome degree of ſurpriſe. Swift is no leſs ſucceſsful than Butler in this ſort of wit; witneſs the following inſtances: *Goddeſs—Boddice. Pliny—Nicolini. Iſcariots—Chariots. Mitre—Nitre. Dragon—Suffragan.*

A repartee may happen to be witty: but it cannot be conſidered as a ſpecies of wit; becauſe there are many repartees extremely ſmart, and yet extremely ſerious. I give the following example. A certain petulant Greek, objecting to Anacharſis that he was a Scythian: True, ſays Anacharſis, my country diſgraces me, but you diſgrace your country. This fine turn gives ſurpriſe; but it is far from being ludicrous.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

CUSTOM AND HABIT.

VIEWING man as under the influence of novelty, would one ſuſpect that cuſtom alſo ſhould influence him? and yet our nature is equally ſuſceptible of each; not only in different objects, but frequently in the ſame. When an object is new, it is enchanting: familiarity renders it indifferent; and cuſtom, after a longer familiarity, makes it again diſagreeable. Human nature, diverſified with many and various ſprings of action, is wonderfully, and, indulging the expreſſion, intricately conſtructed.

Cuſtom hath ſuch influence upon many of our feelings, by warping and varying them, that we muſt attend to its operations if we would be acquainted with human nature. This ſubject, in itſelf obſcure, has been much neglected; and a complete analyſis of it would be no eaſy taſk. I pretend only to touch it curſorily; hoping, however, that what is here laid down, will diſpoſe diligent inquirers to attempt further diſcoveries.

Cuſtom reſpects the action, *habit* the agent. By *cuſtom* we mean a frequent reiteration of the ſame act; and by *habit*, the effect that cuſtom has on the agent. This effect may be either active,

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active, witneſs the dexterity produced by cuſtom in performing certain exerciſes; or paſſive, as when a thing makes an impreſſion on us different from what it did originally. The latter only, as relative to the ſenſitive part of our nature, comes under the preſent undertaking.

This ſubject is intricate: ſome pleaſures are fortified by cuſtom; and yet cuſtom begets familiarity, and conſequently indifference *: in many inſtances, ſatiety and diſguſt are the conſequences of reiteration: again, though cuſtom blunts the edge of diſtreſs and of pain, yet the want of any thing to which we have been long accuſtomed, is a ſort of torture. A clue to guide us through all the intricacies of this labyrinth, would be an acceptable preſent.

Whatever be the cauſe, it is certain that we are much influenced by cuſtom: it hath an effect upon our pleaſures, upon our actions, and even upon our thoughts and ſentiments. Habit makes no figure during the vivacity of youth: in middle age it gains ground; and in old age governs without control. In that period of life, generally ſpeaking, we eat at a certain hour, take exerciſe at a certain hour, go to reſt at a certain hour, all by the direction of habit: nay, a par-

* If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work:
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
Firſt part, Henry IV. *act* 1. *ſc.* 3.

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ticular ſeat, table, bed, comes to be eſſential; and a habit in any of theſe cannot be controlled without uneaſineſs.

Any ſlight or moderate pleaſure frequently reiterated for a long time, forms a peculiar connection between us and the thing that cauſes the pleaſure. This connection, termed *habit*, has the effect to awaken our deſire or appetite for that thing when it returns not as uſual. During the courſe of enjoyment, the pleaſure riſes inſenſibly higher and higher till a habit be eſtabliſhed; at which time the pleaſure is at its height. It continues not however ſtationary: the ſame cuſtomary reiteration which carried it to its height, brings it down again by inſenſible degrees, even lower than it was at firſt: but of that circumſtance afterward. What at preſent we have in view, is to prove by experiments, that thoſe things which at firſt are but moderately agreeable, are the apteſt to become habitual. Spiritous liquors, at firſt ſcarce agreeable, readily produce an habitual appetite: and cuſtom prevails ſo far, as even to make us fond of things originally diſagreeable, ſuch as coffee, aſſa-foetida, and tobacco; which is pleaſantly illuſtrated by Congreve:

Fainall. For a paſſionate lover, methinks you are a man ſomewhat too diſcerning in the failings of your miſtreſs.

Mirabell. And for a diſcerning man, ſomewhat too paſſionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay like her for her faults. Her follies are ſo natural,

or

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or ſo artful, that they become her; and thoſe affectations which in another woman would be odious, ſerve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, ſhe once us'd me with that inſolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces, ſifted her, and ſeparated her failings; I ſtudy'd 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was ſo large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I ſo us'd myſelf to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my deſign and expectation, they gave me every hour leſs and leſs diſturbance; till in a few days, it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being diſpleaſed. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability, in a little time longer, I ſhall like 'em as well.

The way of the world, act 1. *ſc.* 3.

A walk upon the quarter-deck, tho' intolerably confined, becomes however ſo agreeable by cuſtom, that a ſailor in his walk on ſhore, confines himſelf commonly within the ſame bounds. I knew a man who had relinquiſhed the ſea for a country-life: in the corner of his garden he reared an artificial mount with a level ſummit, reſembling moſt accurately a quarter-deck, not only in ſhape but in ſize; and here he generally walked. In Minorca Governour Kane made an excellent road the whole length of the iſland; and yet the inhabitants adhere to the old road, though not only longer but extremely bad *.

* Cuſtom is a ſecond nature. Formerly, the merchants of Briſtol had no place for meeting but the ſtreet, open to every

Play or gaming, at firſt barely amuſing by the occupation it affords, becomes in time extremely agreeable; and is frequently proſecuted with avidity, as if it were the chief buſineſs of life. The ſame obſervation is applicable to the pleaſures of the internal ſenſes, thoſe of knowledge and virtue in particular: children have ſcarce any ſenſe of theſe pleaſures; and men very little who are in the ſtate of nature without culture: our taſte for virtue and knowledge improves ſlowly; but is capable of growing ſtronger than any other appetite in human nature.

To introduce an active habit, frequency of acts is not ſufficient without length of time: the quickeſt ſucceſſion of acts in a ſhort time, is not ſufficient; nor a ſlow ſucceſſion in the longeſt time. The effect muſt be produced by a moderate ſoft action, and a long ſeries of eaſy touches, removed from each other by ſhort intervals. Nor are theſe ſufficient without regularity in the time, place, and other circumſtances of the action: the more uniform any operation is, the ſooner it becomes habitual. And this holds equally in a paſſive habit; variety in any remarkable degree, prevents the effect: thus any particular food will ſcarce ever become habitual,

every variety of weather. An exchange was erected for them with convenient piazzas. But ſo rivetted were they to their accuſtomed place, that in order to diſlodge them, the magiſtrates were forced to break up the pavement, and to render the place a heap of rough ſtones.

where

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where the manner of dreſſing is varied. The circumſtances then requiſite to augment a moderate pleaſure, and at the long-run to form a habit, are weak uniform acts, reiterated during a long courſe of time without any conſiderable interruption: every agreeable cauſe that operates in this manner, will grow habitual.

Affection and *averſion*, as diſtinguiſhed from paſſion on the one hand, and on the other from original diſpoſition, are in reality habits reſpecting particular objects, acquired in the manner above ſet forth. The pleaſure of ſocial intercourſe with any perſon, muſt originally be faint, and frequently reiterated, in order to eſtabliſh the habit of affection. Affection thus generated, whether it be friendſhip or love, ſeldom ſwells into any tumultuous or vigorous paſſion; but is however the ſtrongeſt cement that can bind together two individuals of the human ſpecies. In like manner, a ſlight degree of diſguſt often reiterated with regularity, grows into the habit of averſion, which commonly ſubſiſts for life.

Objects of taſte that are delicious, far from tending to become habitual, are apt by indulgence to produce ſatiety and diſguſt: no man contracts a habit of ſugar, honey, or ſweetmeats, as he doth of tobacco:

Dulcia non ferimus; ſucco renovamur amaro.

Ovid. art. amand. l. 3.

Inſipido è quel dolce, che condito
Non è di qualche amaro, e toſto ſatia.

Aminta di Taſſo.

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Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Romeo and Juliet, act 2. ſc. 6.

The ſame obſervation holds with reſpect to all objects that being extremely agreeable raiſe violent paſſions: ſuch paſſions are incompatible with a habit of any ſort; and in particular they never produce affection nor averſion: a man who at firſt ſight falls violently in love, has a ſtrong deſire of enjoyment, but no affection for the woman *: a man

* Violent love without affection is finely exemplified in the following ſtory. When Conſtantinople was taken by the Turks, Irene, a young Greek of an illuſtrious family, fell into the hands of Mahomet II. who was at that time in the prime of youth and glory. His ſavage heart being ſubdued by her charms, he ſhut himſelf up with her, denying acceſs even to his miniſters. Love obtained ſuch aſcendant as to make him frequently abandon the army, and fly to his Irene. War relaxed, for victory was no longer the monarch's favourite paſſion. The ſoldiers, accuſtomed to booty, began to murmur; and the infection ſpread even among the commanders. The Baſha Muſtapha, conſulting the fidelity he owed his maſter, was the firſt who durſt acquaint him of the diſcourſes held publicly to the prejudice of his glory.

The Sultan, after a gloomy ſilence, formed his reſolution. He ordered Muſtapha to aſſemble the troops next morning;

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man who is ſurpriſed with an unexpected favour, burns for an opportunity to exert his gratitude, without having any affection for his benefactor: neither does deſire of vengeance for an attrocious injury, involve averſion.

It is perhaps not eaſy to ſay why moderate pleaſures gather ſtrength by cuſtom: but two cauſes concur to prevent that effect in the more intenſe pleaſures. Theſe, by an original law in our nature, increaſe quickly to their full growth, and decay with no leſs precipitation *; and cuſ-

morning; and then with precipitation retired to Irene's apartment. Never before did that princeſs appear ſo charming; never before did the prince beſtow ſo many warm careſſes. To give a new luſtre to her beauty, he exhorted her women, next morning, to beſtow their utmoſt art and care on her dreſs. He took her by the hand, led her into the middle of the army, and pulling off her vail, demanded of the Baſhas with a fierce look, whether they had ever beheld ſuch a beauty? After an awful pauſe, Mahomet with one hand laying hold of the young Greek by her beautiful locks, and with the other pulling out his ſcimitar, ſevered the head from the body at one ſtroke. Then turning to his grandees, with eyes wild and furious, "This ſword," ſaid he, "when it is my will, "knows to cut the bands of love." However ſtrange it may appear, we learn from experience, that deſire of enjoyment may conſiſt with the moſt brutal averſion, directed both to the ſame woman. Of this we have a noted example in the firſt book of Sully's Memoirs; to which I chooſe to refer the reader, for it is too groſs to be tranſcribed.

* See chap. 2. part 3.

tom

tom. is too ſlow in its operation to overcome that law. The other cauſe is no leſs powerful: exquiſite pleaſure is extremely fatiguing; occaſioning, as a naturaliſt would ſay, great expence of animal ſpirits *; and of ſuch the mind cannot bear ſo frequent gratification, as to ſuperinduce a habit: if the thing that raiſes the pleaſure return before the mind have recovered its tone and reliſh, diſguſt enſues inſtead of pleaſure.

A habit never fails to admoniſh us of the wonted time of gratification, by raiſing a pain for want of the object, and a deſire to have it. The pain of want is always firſt felt: the deſire naturally follows; and upon preſenting the object, both vaniſh inſtantaneouſly. Thus a man accuſtomed to tobacco, feels, at the end of the uſual interval, a confuſed pain of want; which at firſt points at nothing in particular, though it ſoon ſettles upon its accuſtomed object: and the ſame may be obſerved in perſons addicted to drinking, who are often in an uneaſy reſtleſs ſtate before they think of the bottle. In pleaſures indulged regularly, and at equal intervals, the appetite, remarkably obſequious to cuſtom, returns regularly with the uſual time of gratification; not ſooner, even though the object be

* Lady Eaſy, upon her huſband's reformation, expreſſes to her friend the following ſentiment: "Be ſatisfied; Sir Charles has made me happy, even to a pain of joy."

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preſented. This pain of want ariſing from habit, ſeems directly oppoſite to that of ſatiety; and it muſt appear ſingular, that frequency of gratification ſhould produce effects ſo oppoſite, as are the pains of exceſs and of want.

The appetites that reſpect the preſervation and propagation of our ſpecies, are attended with a pain of want ſimilar to that occaſioned by habit: hunger and thirſt are uneaſy ſenſations of want, which always precede the deſire of eating or drinking; and a pain for want of carnal enjoyment precedes the deſire of an object. The pain being thus felt independent of an object, cannot be cured but by gratification. Very different is an ordinary paſſion, in which deſire precedes the pain of want: ſuch a paſſion cannot exiſt but while the object is in view; and therefore, by removing the object out of thought, it vaniſheth, with its deſire, and pain of want *.

The natural appetites above mentioned differ from habit in the following particular: they have an undetermined direction toward all objects of gratification in general; whereas an habitual appetite is directed to a particular object: the attachment we have by habit to a particular woman, differs widely from the natural paſſion which comprehends the whole ſex; and the habitual reliſh for a particular diſh is far from being the ſame with a vague appetite for food.

* See chap. 2. part 3.

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That difference notwithſtanding, it is ſtill remarkable, that nature hath enforced the gratification of certain natural appetites eſſential to the ſpecies, by a pain of the ſame ſort with that which habit produceth.

The pain of habit is leſs under our power than any other pain that ariſes from want of gratification: hunger and thirſt are more eaſily endured, eſpecially at firſt, than an unuſual intermiſſion of any habitual pleaſure: perſons are often heard declaring, they would forego ſleep or food, rather than tobacco. We muſt not, however, conclude, that the gratification of an habitual appetite affords the ſame delight with the gratification of one that is natural; far from it; the pain of want only is greater.

The ſlow and reiterated acts that produce a habit, ſtrengthen the mind to enjoy the habitual pleaſure in greater quantity and more frequency than originally; and by that means a habit of intemperate gratification is often formed: after unbounded acts of intemperance, the habitual reliſh is ſoon reſtored, and the pain for want of enjoyment returns with freſh vigour.

The cauſes of the preſent emotions hitherto in view, are either an individual, ſuch as a companion, a certain dwelling-place, a certain amuſement; or a particular ſpecies, ſuch as coffee, mutton, or any other food. But habit is not confined to ſuch. A conſtant train of trifling diverſions, may form ſuch a habit in the mind, that

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that it cannot be eaſy a moment without amuſement: a variety in the objects prevents a habit as to any one in particular; but as the train is uniform with reſpect to amuſement, the habit is formed accordingly; and that ſort of habit may be denominated *a generic habit*, in oppoſition to the former, which is *a ſpecific habit*. A habit of a town-life, of country ſports, of ſolitude, of reading, or of buſineſs, where ſufficiently varied, are inſtances of generic habits. Every ſpecific habit hath a mixture of the generic; for the habit of any one ſort of food makes the taſte agreeable, and we are fond of that taſte where-ever found. Thus a man deprived of an habitual object, takes up with what moſt reſembles it; deprived of tobacco, any bitter herb will do, rather than want: a habit of punch, makes wine a good reſource: accuſtomed to the ſweet ſociety and comforts of matrimony, the man, unhappily deprived of his beloved object, inclines the ſooner to a ſecond. In general, when we are deprived of a habitual object, we are fond of its qualities in any other object.

The reaſons are aſſigned above, why the cauſes of intenſe pleaſure become not readily habitual: but now we diſcover, that theſe reaſons conclude only againſt ſpecific habits. In the caſe of a weak pleaſure, a habit is formed by frequency and uniformity of reiteration, which, in the caſe of an intenſe pleaſure, produceth ſatiety and diſguſt. But it is remarkable, that ſatiety and diſguſt

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guſt have no effect, except as to that thing ſingly which occaſions them: a ſurfeit of honey produceth not a loathing of ſugar; and intemperance with one woman produceth no diſreliſh of the ſame pleaſure with others. Hence it is eaſy to account for a generic habit in any intenſe pleaſure: the delight we had in the gratification of the appetite inflames the imagination, and makes us, with avidity, ſearch for the ſame gratification in whatever other ſubject it can be found. And thus uniform frequency in gratifying the ſame paſſion upon different objects, produceth at length a generic habit. In this manner, one acquires an habitual delight in high and poignent ſauces, rich dreſs, fine equipages, crowds of company, and in whatever is commonly termed *pleaſure*. There concurs, at the ſame time, to introduce this habit, a peculiarity obſerved above, that reiteration of acts enlarges the capacity of the mind, to admit a more plentiful gratification than originally, with regard to frequency as well as quantity.

Hence it appears, that tho' a ſpecific habit cannot be formed but upon a moderate pleaſure, a generic habit may be formed upon any ſort of pleaſure, moderate or immoderate, that hath variety of objects. The only difference is, that a weak pleaſure runs naturally into a ſpecific habit; whereas an intenſe pleaſure is altogether averſe to ſuch a habit. In a word, it is only in ſingular caſes that a moderate pleaſure produces

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a generic habit; but an intenſe pleaſure cannot produce any other habit.

The appetites that reſpect the preſervation and propagation of the ſpecies, are formed into habit in a peculiar manner: the time as well as meaſure of their gratification are much under the power of cuſtom; which, by introducing a change upon the body, occaſions a proportional change in the appetites. Thus, if the body be gradually formed to a certain quantity of food at ſtated times, the appetite is regulated accordingly; and the appetite is again changed, when a different habit of body is introduced by a different practice. Here it would ſeem, that the change is not made upon the mind, which is commonly the caſe in paſſive habits, but upon the body.

When rich food is brought down by ingredients of a plainer taſte, the compoſition is ſuſceptible of a ſpecific habit. Thus the ſweet taſte of ſugar, rendered leſs poignant in a mixture, may, in courſe of time, produce a ſpecific habit for ſuch mixture. As moderate pleaſures, by becoming more intenſe, tend to generic habits; ſo intenſe pleaſures, by becoming more moderate, tend to ſpecific habits.

The beauty of the human figure, by a ſpecial recommendation of nature, appears to us ſupreme, amid the great variety of beauteous forms beſtowed upon animals. The various degrees in which individuals enjoy that property, render

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render it an object, ſometimes of a moderate, ſometimes of an intenſe paſſion. The moderate paſſion, admitting frequent reiteration without diminution, and occupying the mind without exhauſting it, turns gradually ſtronger till it becomes a habit. Nay, inſtances are not wanting, of a face, at firſt diſagreeable, afterward rendered indifferent by familiarity, and at length agreeable by cuſtom. On the other hand, conſummate beauty, at the very firſt glance, fills the mind ſo as to admit no increaſe. Enjoyment leſſens the pleaſure *; and if often repeated, ends commonly in ſatiety and diſguſt. The impreſſions made by conſummate beauty, in a gradual ſucceſſion from lively to faint, conſtitute a ſeries oppoſite to that of faint impreſſions waxing gradually more lively, till they produce a ſpecific habit. But the mind, when accuſtomed to beauty, contracts a reliſh for it in general, though often repelled from particular objects by the pain of ſatiety: and thus a generic habit is formed, of which inconſtancy in love is the neceſſary conſequence; for a generic habit, comprehending every beautiful object, is an invincible obſtruction to a ſpecific habit, which is confined to one.

But a matter which is of great importance to the youth of both ſexes, deſerves more than a curſory view. Tho' the pleaſant emotion of beauty dif-

* See chap. 2. part 3.

fers

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fers widely from the corporeal appetite, yet when both are directed to the ſame object, they produce a very ſtrong complex paſſion *: enjoyment in that caſe muſt be exquiſite; and therefore more apt to produce ſatiety, than in any other caſe whatever. This is a never-failing effect, where conſummate beauty in the one party, meets with a warm imagination and great ſenſibility in the other. What I am here explaining, is true without exaggeration; and they muſt be inſenſible upon whom it makes no impreſſion: it deſerves well to be pondered by the young and the amorous, who, in forming the matrimonial ſociety, are too often blindly impelled by the animal pleaſure merely, enflamed by beauty. It may indeed happen, after the pleaſure is gone, and go it muſt with a ſwift pace, that a new connection is formed upon more dignified and more laſting principles: but this is a dangerous experiment; for even ſuppoſing good ſenſe, good temper, and internal merit of every ſort, yet a new connection upon ſuch qualifications is rarely formed: it commonly, or rather always happens, that ſuch qualifications, the only ſolid foundation of an indiſſoluble connection, are rendered altogether inviſible by ſatiety of enjoyment creating diſguſt.

One effect of cuſtom, different from any that have been explained, muſt not be omitted, be-

* See chap. 2. part 4.

cauſe

cauſe it makes a great figure in human nature: Tho' cuſtom augments moderate pleaſures, and leſſens thoſe that are intenſe, it has a different effect with reſpect to pain; for it blunts the edge of every ſort of pain and diſtreſs, faint or acute. Uninterrupted miſery, therefore, is attended with one good effect: if its torments be inceſſant, cuſtom hardens us to bear them.

The changes made in forming habits, are curious. Moderate pleaſures are augmented gradually by reiteration, till they become habitual; and then are at their height: but they are not long ſtationary; for from that point they gradually decay, till they vaniſh altogether. The pain occaſioned by want of gratification, runs a different courſe: it increaſes uniformly; and at laſt becomes extreme, when the pleaſure of gratification is reduced to nothing:

> ——————It ſo falls out,
> That what we have we prize not to the worth,
> While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
> Why then we rack the value; then we find
> The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
> Whilſt it was ours.
>
> *Much ado about nothing, act 4. ſc. 2.*

The effect of cuſtom with relation to a ſpecific habit, is diſplayed through all its varieties in the uſe of tobacco. The taſte of that plant is at firſt extremely unpleaſant: our diſguſt leſſens gradually, till it vaniſh altogether; at which period

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riod the taſte is neither agreeable nor diſagreeable: continuing the uſe of the plant, we begin to reliſh it; and our reliſh improves by uſe, till it arrive at perfection: from that period it gradually decays, while the habit is in a ſtate of increment, and conſequently the pain of want. The reſult is, that when the habit has acquired its greateſt vigour, the reliſh is gone; and accordingly we often ſmoke and take ſnuff habitually, without ſo much as being conſcious of the operation. We muſt except gratification after the pain of want; the pleaſure of which gratification is the greateſt when the habit is the moſt vigorous: it is of the ſame kind with the pleaſure one feels upon being delivered from the rack, the cauſe of which is explained above *. This pleaſure, however, is but occaſionally the effect of habit; and however exquiſite, is avoided as much as poſſible becauſe of the pain that precedes it.

With regard to the pain of want, I can diſcover no difference between a generic and a ſpecific habit. But theſe habits differ widely with reſpect to the poſitive pleaſure: I have had occaſion to obſerve, that the pleaſure of a ſpecific habit decays gradually till it turn imperceptible; the pleaſure of a generic habit, on the contrary, being ſupported by variety of gratification, ſuffers little or no decay after it comes

* Chap. 2. part 1. ſect. 3.

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to its height. However it may be with other generic habits, the obſervation, I am certain, holds with reſpect to the pleaſures of virtue and of knowledge: the pleaſure of doing good has an unbounded ſcope, and may be ſo variouſly gratified that it can never decay: ſcience is equally unbounded; our appetite for knowledge having an ample range of gratification, where diſcoveries are recommended by novelty, by variety, by utility, or by all of them.

In this intricate inquiry, I have endeavoured, but without ſucceſs, to diſcover by what particular means it is that cuſtom hath influence upon us: and now nothing ſeems left, but to hold our nature to be ſo framed as to be ſuſceptible of ſuch influence. And ſuppoſing it purpoſely ſo framed, it will not be difficult to find out ſeveral important final cauſes. That the power of cuſtom is a happy contrivance for our good, cannot have eſcaped any one who reflects, that buſineſs is our province, and pleaſure our relaxation only. Now ſatiety is neceſſary to check exquiſite pleaſures, which otherwiſe would engroſs the mind, and unqualify us for buſineſs. On the other hand, as buſineſs is ſometimes painful, and is never pleaſant beyond moderation, the habitual increaſe of moderate pleaſure, and the converſion of pain into pleaſure, are admirably contrived for diſappointing the malice of Fortune, and for reconciling us to whatever courſe of life may be our lot:

How

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How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here I can ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act 5. ſc. 4.

As the foregoing diſtinction between intenſe and moderate holds in pleaſure only, every degree of pain being ſoftened by time, cuſtom is a catholicon for pain and diſtreſs of every ſort; and of that regulation the final cauſe requires no illuſtration.

Another final cauſe of cuſtom will be highly reliſhed by every perſon of humanity, and yet has in a great meaſure been overlooked; which is, that cuſtom hath a greater influence than any other known cauſe, to put the rich and the poor upon a level: weak pleaſures, the ſhare of the latter, become fortunately ſtronger by cuſtom; while voluptuous pleaſures, the ſhare of the former, are continually loſing ground by ſatiety. Men of fortune, who poſſeſs palaces, ſumptuous gardens, rich fields, enjoy them leſs than paſſengers do. The goods of Fortune are not unequally diſtributed: the opulent poſſeſs what others enjoy.

And indeed, if it be the effect of habit, to produce the pain of want in a high degree while there is little pleaſure in enjoyment, a voluptu-

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ous life is of all the leaſt to be envied. Thoſe who are habituated to high feeding, eaſy vehicles, rich furniture, a croud of valets, much deference and flattery, enjoy but a ſmall ſhare of happineſs, while they are expoſed to manifold diſtreſſes. To ſuch a man, enſlaved by eaſe and luxury, even the petty inconveniencies in travelling, of a rough road, bad weather, or homely fare, are ſerious evils: he loſes his tone of mind, turns peeviſh, and would wreak his reſentment even upon the common accidents of life. Better far to uſe the goods of Fortune with moderation: a man who by temperance and activity hath acquired a hardy conſtitution, is, on the one hand, guarded againſt external accidents; and, on the other, is provided with great variety of enjoyment ever at command.

I ſhall cloſe this chapter with an article more delicate than abſtruſe, namely, what authority cuſtom ought to have over our taſte in the fine arts. One particular is certain, that we chearfully abandon to the authority of cuſtom things that nature hath left indifferent. It is cuſtom, not nature, that hath eſtabliſhed a difference between the right hand and the left, ſo as to make it aukward and diſagreeable to uſe the left where the right is commonly uſed. The various colours, though they affect us differently, are all of them agreeable in their purity: but cuſtom has regulated that matter in another manner; a black ſkin upon a human being, is to us

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us diſagreeable; and a white ſkin probably no leſs ſo to a negro. Thus things, originally indifferent, become agreeable or diſagreeable, by the force of cuſtom. Nor will this be ſurpriſing after the diſcovery made above, that the original agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of an object, is, by the influence of cuſtom, often converted into the oppoſite quality.

Proceeding to matters of taſte, where there is naturally a preference of one thing before another; it is certain, in the firſt place, that our faint and more delicate feelings are readily ſuſceptible of a bias from cuſtom; and therefore that it is no proof of a defective taſte to find theſe in ſome meaſure influenced by cuſtom: dreſs and the modes of external behaviour are regulated by cuſtom in every country: the deep red or vermilion with which the ladies in France cover their cheeks, appears to them beautiful in ſpite of nature; and ſtrangers cannot altogether be juſtified in condemning that practice, conſidering the lawful authority of cuſtom, or of the *faſhion*, as it is called:. It is told of the people who inhabit the ſkirts of the Alps facing the north, that the ſwelling they have univerſally in the neck is to them agreeable. So far has cuſtom power to change the nature of things, and to make an object originally diſagreeable take on an oppoſite appearance.

But, as to every particular that can be denominated proper or improper, right or wrong,

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cuſtom has little authority, and ought to have none. The principle of duty takes naturally place of every other; and it argues a ſhameful weakneſs or degeneracy of mind, to find it in any caſe ſo far ſubdued as to ſubmit to cuſtom.

Theſe few hints may enable us to judge in ſome meaſure of foreign manners, whether exhibited by foreign writers or our own. A compariſon between the ancients and the moderns was ſome time ago a favourite ſubject: thoſe who declared for ancient manners thought it ſufficient that theſe manners were ſupported by cuſtom: their antagoniſts, on the other hand, refuſing ſubmiſſion to cuſtom as a ſtandard of taſte, condemned ancient manners as in ſeveral inſtances irrational. In that controverſy, an appeal being made to different principles, without the ſlighteſt attempt to eſtabliſh a common ſtandard, the diſpute could have no end. The hints above given tend to eſtabliſh a ſtandard for judging how far the authority of cuſtom ought to be held lawful; and, for the ſake of illuſtration, we ſhall apply that ſtandard in a few inſtances.

Human ſacrifices, the moſt diſmal effect of blind and grovelling ſuperſtition, wore gradually out of uſe by the prevalence of reaſon and humanity. In the days of Sophocles and Euripides, traces of that practice were ſtill recent; and the Athenians, through the prevalence of cuſtom, could without diſguſt ſuffer human ſacrifices to be repreſented in their theatre, of which

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which the *Iphigenia* of Euripides is a proof. But a human sacrifice, being altogether inconsistent with modern manners as producing horror instead of pity, cannot with any propriety be introduced upon a modern stage. I must therefore condemn the *Iphigenia* of Racine, which, instead of the tender and sympathetic passions, substitutes disgust and horror. Another objection occurs against every fable that deviates so remarkably from improved notions and sentiments; which is, that if it should even command our belief by the authority of history, it appears too fictitious and unnatural to produce a perception of reality *: a human sacrifice is so unnatural, and to us so improbable, that few will be affected with the representation of it more than with a fairy tale. The objection first mentioned strikes also against the *Phedra* of that author: the Queen's passion for her stepson, transgressing the bounds of nature, creates aversion and horror rather than compassion. The author in his preface observes, that the Queen's passion, however unnatural, was the effect of destiny and the wrath of the gods; and he puts the same excuse in her own mouth. But what is the wrath of a heathen God to us Christians? we acknowledge no destiny in passion; and if love be unnatural, it never can be relished. A supposition like what our author lays hold of,

* See chap. 2. part 1. sect. 7.

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may poſſibly cover ſlight improprieties; but it will never engage our ſympathy for what appears to us frantic or extravagant.

Neither can I reliſh the cataſtrophe of that tragedy. A man of taſte may peruſe, without diſguſt, a Grecian performance deſcribing a ſea-monſter ſent by Neptune to deſtroy Hippolytus: he conſiders, that ſuch a ſtory might agree with the religious creed of Greece, and may be pleaſed with the ſtory, as what probably had a ſtrong effect upon a Grecian audience. But he cannot have the ſame indulgence for ſuch a repreſentation upon a modern ſtage; becauſe no ſtory that carries a violent air of fiction can ever move us in any conſiderable degree.

In the *Coëphores* of Eſchylus *, Oreſtes is made to ſay, that he was commanded by Apollo to avenge his father's murder; and yet if he obeyed, that he was to be delivered to the furies, or be ſtruck with ſome horrid malady: the tragedy accordingly concludes with a chorus, deploring the fate of Oreſtes, obliged to take vengeance againſt a mother, and involved thereby in a crime againſt his will. It is impoſſible for any modern to bend his mind to opinions ſo irrational and abſurd, which muſt diſguſt him in peruſing even a Grecian ſtory. Again, among the Greeks, groſsly ſuperſtitious, it was a common opinion that the report of a man's death was a

* Act 2.

preſage

preſage of his death; and Oreſtes, in the firſt act of *Electra*, ſpreading a report of his own death in order to blind his mother and her adulterer, is even in that caſe affected with the preſage. Such imbecility can never find grace with a modern audience: it may indeed produce ſome compaſſion for a people afflicted with abſurd terrors, ſimilar to what is felt in peruſing a deſcription of the Hottentots; but ſuch manners will not intereſt our affections, nor attach us to the perſonages repreſented.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

EXTERNAL SIGNS OF EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

SO intimately connected are the ſoul and body, that every agitation in the former produceth a viſible effect upon the latter. There is, at the ſame time, a wonderful uniformity in that operation; each claſs of emotions and paſſions being invariably attended with an external appearance peculiar to itſelf *. Theſe external appearances or ſigns may not improperly be conſidered as a natural language, expreſſing to all beholders emotions and paſſions as they ariſe in the heart. Hope, fear, joy, grief, are diſplayed externally: the character of a man can be read in his face; and beauty, which makes ſo deep an impreſſion, is known to reſult, not ſo much from regular features and a fine complexion, as from good nature, good ſenſe, ſprightlineſs, ſweetneſs, or other mental quality, expreſſed upon the countenance. Tho' perfect ſkill in that language be rare, yet what is generally known is ſufficient for the ordinary

* Omnis enim motus animi, ſuum quemdam a natura habet vultum et ſonum et geſtum. *Cicero, l.* 3. *De Oratore.*

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dinary purpoſes of life But by what means we come to underſtand the language, is a point of ſome intricacy: it cannot be by ſight merely; for, upon the moſt attentive inſpection of the human face, all that can be diſcerned, are figure, colour, and motion, which, ſingly or combined, never can repreſent a paſſion, nor a ſentiment: the external ſign is indeed viſible; but to underſtand its meaning we muſt be able to connect it with the paſſion that cauſes it, an operation far beyond the reach of eye-ſight. Where then is the inſtructor to be found that can unveil this ſecret connection? If we apply to experience, it is yielded, that from long and diligent obſervation, we may gather, in ſome meaſure, in what manner thoſe we are acquainted with expreſs their paſſions externally: but with reſpect to ſtrangers, we are left in the dark; and yet we are not puzzled about the meaning of theſe external expreſſions in a ſtranger, more than in a boſom-companion. Further, had we no other means but experience for underſtanding the external ſigns of paſſion, we could not expect any degree of ſkill in the bulk of individuals: yet matters are ſo much better ordered, that the external expreſſions of paſſion form a language underſtood by all, by the young as well as the old, by the ignorant as well as the learned: I talk of the plain and legible characters of that language: for undoubtedly we are much indebted to experience in deciphering the dark

dark and more delicate expreſſions. Where then ſhall we apply for a ſolution of this intricate problem, which ſeems to penetrate deep into human nature? In my mind it will be convenient to ſuſpend the inquiry, till we are better acquainted with the nature of external ſigns, and with their operations. Theſe articles, therefore, ſhall be premiſed.

The external ſigns of paſſion are of two kinds, voluntary and involuntary. The voluntary ſigns are alſo of two kinds: ſome are arbitrary, ſome natural. Words are obviouſly voluntary ſigns: and they are alſo arbitrary; excepting a few ſimple ſounds expreſſive of certain internal emotions, which ſounds being the ſame in all languages, muſt be the work of nature; thus the unpremeditated tones of admiration are the ſame in all men; as alſo of compaſſion, reſentment, and deſpair. Dramatic writers ought to be well acquainted with this natural language of paſſion: the chief talent of ſuch a writer is a ready command of the expreſſions that nature dictates to every perſon, when any vivid emotion ſtruggles for utterance; and the chief talent of a fine reader is a ready command of tones ſuited to theſe expreſſions.

The other kind of voluntary ſigns comprehends certain attitudes or geſtures that naturally accompany certain emotions with a ſurpriſing uniformity; exceſſive joy is expreſſed by leaping, dancing, or ſome elevation of the body: exceſſive grief, by ſinking

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ſinking or depreſſing it: and proſtration and kneeling have been employed by all nations, and in all ages, to ſignify profound veneration. Another circumſtance, ſtill more than uniformity, demonſtrates theſe geſtures to be natural, viz. their remarkable conformity or reſemblance to the paſſions that produce them *. Joy, which is a chearful elevation of mind, is expreſſed by an elevation of body: pride, magnanimity, courage, and the whole tribe of elevating paſſions, are expreſſed by external geſtures that are the ſame as to the circumſtance of elevation, however diſtinguiſhable in other reſpects; and hence an erect poſture is a ſign or expreſſion of dignity:

Two of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all.

Paradiſe Loſt, book 4.

Grief, on the other hand, as well as reſpect, which depreſs the mind, cannot, for that reaſon, be expreſſed more ſignificantly than by a ſimilar depreſſion of the body; and hence, *to be caſt down*, is a common phraſe, ſignifying to be grieved or diſpirited †.

One

* See chap. 2. part 6.

† Inſtead of a complimental ſpeech in addreſſing a ſuperior, the Chineſe deliver the compliment in writing, the

One would not imagine who has not given peculiar attention, that the body ſhould be ſuſceptible of ſuch variety of attitude and motion, as readily to accompany every different emotion with a correſponding expreſſion. Humility, for example, is expreſſed naturally by hanging the head; arrogance, by its elevation; and languor or deſpondence by reclining it to one ſide. The expreſſions of the hands are manifold: by different attitudes and motions, they expreſs deſire, hope, fear; they aſſiſt us in promiſing, in inviting, in keeping one at a diſtance; they are made inſtruments of threatening, of ſupplication, of praiſe, and of horror; they are employed in approving, in refuſing, in queſtioning; in ſhowing our joy, our ſorrow, our doubts, our regret, our admiration. Theſe expreſſions, ſo obedient to paſſion, are extremely difficult to be imitated in a calm ſtate: the ancients, ſenſible of the advantage as well as difficulty of having theſe expreſſions at command, beſtowed much time and care in collecting them from obſervation, and in digeſting them into a practical art,

the ſmallneſs of the letters being proportioned to the degree of reſpect; and the higheſt compliment is, to make the letters ſo ſmall as not to be legible. Here is a clear evidence of a mental connection between reſpect and littleneſs: a man humbles himſelf before his ſuperior; and endeavours to contract himſelf and his hand-writing within the ſmalleſt bounds.

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which was taught in their ſchools as an important branch of education. Certain ſounds are by nature allotted to each paſſion for expreſſing it externally. The actor who has theſe ſounds at command to captivate the ear, is mighty: if he have alſo proper geſtures at command to captivate the eye, he is irreſiſtible.

The foregoing ſigns, tho' in a ſtrict ſenſe voluntary, cannot however be reſtrained but with the utmoſt difficulty when prompted by paſſion. We ſcarce need a ſtronger proof than the geſtures of a keen player at bowls: obſerve only how he writhes his body, in order to reſtore a ſtray bowl to the right track. It is one article of good breeding, to ſuppreſs, as much as poſſible, theſe external ſigns of paſſion, that we may not in company appear too warm, or too intereſted. The ſame obſervation holds in ſpeech: a paſſion, it is true, when in extreme, is ſilent *; but when leſs violent it muſt be vented in words, which have a peculiar force not to be equalled in a ſedate compoſition. The eaſe and ſecurity we have in a confident, may encourage us to talk of ourſelves and of our feelings: but the cauſe is more general; for it operates when we are alone as well as in company. Paſſion is the cauſe; for in many inſtances it is no ſlight gratification, to vent a paſſion externally by words as well as by geſtures. Some paſſions, when at a certain height, impel us ſo ſtrongly to vent

* See chap. 17.

them

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them in words, that we ſpeak with an audible voice even when there is none to liſten. It is that circumſtance in paſſion which juſtifies ſoliloquies; and it is that circumſtance which proves them to be natural *. The mind ſometimes favours this impulſe of paſſion, by beſtowing a temporary ſenſibility upon any object at hand, in order to make it a confident. Thus in the *Winter's Tale* †, Antigonus addreſſes himſelf to an infant whom he was ordered to expoſe;

Come, poor babe,
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead,

* Tho' a ſoliloquy in the perturbation of paſſion is undoubtedly natural, and indeed not unfrequent in real life; yet Congreve, who himſelf has penned ſeveral good ſoliloquies, yields, with more candour than knowledge, that they are unnatural; and he only pretends to juſtify them from neceſſity. This he does in his dedication of the *Double Dealer*, in the following words: "When a "man in a ſoliloquy reaſons with himſelf, and *pro's* and "*con's*, and weighs all his deſigns; we ought not to imagine, that this man either talks to us, or to himſelf: "he is only thinking, and thinking (frequently) ſuch "matter as it were inexcuſable folly in him to ſpeak. "But becauſe we are concealed ſpectators of the plot in "agitation, and the poet finds it neceſſary to let us know "the whole myſtery of his contrivance, he is willing to "inform us of this perſon's thoughts; and to that end "is forced to make uſe of the expedient of ſpeech, no "other better way being yet invented for the communication of thought."

† Act 3. ſc. 6.

May

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May walk again; if ſuch things be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking.

The involuntary ſigns, which are all of them natural, are either peculiar to one paſſion, or common to many. Every vivid paſſion hath an external expreſſion peculiar to itſelf; not excepting pleaſant paſſions; witneſs admiration and mirth. The pleaſant emotions that are leſs vivid have one common expreſſion; from which we may gather the ſtrength of the emotion, but ſcarce the kind: we perceive a chearful or contented look; and we can make no more of it. Painful paſſions, being all of them violent, are diſtinguiſhable from each other by their external expreſſions: thus fear, ſhame, anger, anxiety, dejection, deſpair, have each of them peculiar expreſſions; which are apprehended without the leaſt confuſion: ſome painful paſſions produce violent effects upon the body, trembling, for example, ſtarting, and ſwooning; but theſe effects, depending in a good meaſure upon ſingularity of conſtitution, are not uniform in all men.

The involuntary ſigns, ſuch of them as are diſplayed upon the countenance, are of two kinds: ſome are temporary, making their appearance with the emotions that produce them, and vaniſhing with theſe emotions; others, being formed gradually by ſome violent paſſion often recurring, become permanent ſigns of that

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paſſion, and ſerve to denote the diſpoſition or temper. The face of an infant indicates no particular diſpoſition, becauſe it cannot be marked with any character, to which time is neceſſary: even the temporary ſigns are extremely awkward, being the firſt rude eſſays of Nature to diſcover internal feelings; thus the ſhrieking of a new born infant, without tears or ſobbings, is plainly an attempt to weep; and ſome of theſe temporary ſigns, as ſmiling and frowning, cannot be obſerved for ſome months after birth. Permanent ſigns, formed in youth while the body is ſoft and flexible, are preſerved entire by the firmneſs and ſolidity that the body acquires, and are never obliterated even by a change of temper. Such ſigns are not produced after the fibres become rigid; ſome violent caſes excepted, ſuch as reiterated fits of the gout or ſtone through a courſe of time: but theſe ſigns are not ſo obſtinate as what are produced in youth; for when the cauſe is removed, they gradually wear away, and at laſt vaniſh.

The natural ſigns of emotions, voluntary and involuntary, being nearly the ſame in all men, form an univerſal language, which no diſtance of place, no difference of tribe, no diverſity of tongue, can darken or render doubtful: even education, tho' of mighty influence, hath not power to vary nor ſophiſticate, far leſs to deſtroy, their ſignification. This is a wiſe appointment of Providence: for if theſe ſigns were, like words, arbitrary

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arbitrary and variable, the thoughts and volitions of ſtrangers would be entirely hid from us; which would prove a great, or rather invincible, obſtruction to the formation of ſocieties: but as matters are ordered, the external appearances of joy, grief, anger, fear, ſhame, and of the other paſſions, forming an univerſal language, open a direct avenue to the heart. As the arbitrary ſigns vary in every country, there could be no communication of thoughts among different nations, were it not for the natural ſigns, in which all agree: and as the diſcovering paſſions inſtantly at their birth, is eſſential to our well-being, and often neceſſary for ſelf-preſervation, the author of our nature, attentive to our wants, hath provided a paſſage to the heart, which never can be obſtructed while eye-ſight remains.

In an inquiry concerning the external ſigns of paſſion, actions muſt not be overlooked: for tho' ſingly they afford no clear light, they are, upon the whole, the beſt interpreters of the heart *.

By

* The actions here chiefly in view, are what a paſſion ſuggeſts in order to its gratification. Beſide theſe, actions are occaſionally exerted to give ſome vent to a paſſion, without any view to an ultimate gratification. Such occaſional action is characteriſtical of the paſſion in a high degree; and for that reaſon, when happily invented, has a wonderfully good effect:

Hamlet. Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!

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By obſerving a man's conduct for a courſe of time, we diſcover unerringly the various paſſions that move him to action, what he loves, and what he hates. In our younger years, every ſingle action is a mark, not at all ambiguous, of the temper; for in childhood there is little or no diſguiſe: the ſubject becomes more intricate in advanced age; but even there, diſſimulation is ſeldom carried on for any length of time. And thus the conduct of life is the moſt perfect expreſſion of the internal diſpoſition. It merits not indeed the title of an univerſal language; becauſe it is not thoroughly underſtood but by thoſe of penetrating genius or extenſive obſervation: it is a language, however, which every one can decipher in ſome meaſure; and which, joined with the other external ſigns, affords ſufficient means for the direction of our conduct with regard to others: if we commit any miſtake when ſuch light is afforded, it never can be the effect of unavoidable ignorance, but of raſhneſs or inadvertence.

Reflecting on the various expreſſions of our emotions, we recogniſe the anxious care of Nature to diſcover men to each other. Strong emotions, as above hinted, beget an impatience

My tables—meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmark. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are.

Hamlet, act 1. *ſc.* 8.

to

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to expreſs them externally by ſpeech and other voluntary ſigns, which cannot be ſuppreſſed without a painful effort: thus a ſudden fit of paſſion, is a common excuſe for indecent behaviour or opprobrious language. As to involuntary ſigns, theſe are altogether unavoidable: no vollition nor effort can prevent the ſhaking of the limbs nor a pale viſage, in a fit of terror: the blood flies to the face upon a ſudden emotion of ſhame, in ſpite of all oppoſition:

Vergogna, che'n altrui ſtampo natura,
Non ſi puo' rinegar: che ſe tu' tenti
Di cacciarla dal cor, fugge nel volto.

Paſtor Fido, act 2. *ſc.* 5.

Emotions indeed, properly ſo called, which are quieſcent, produce no remarkable ſigns externally. Nor is it neceſſary that the more deliberate paſſions ſhould, becauſe the operation of ſuch paſſions is neither ſudden nor violent: theſe, however, remain not altogether in obſcurity; for being more frequent than violent paſſion, the bulk of our actions are directed by them. Actions therefore diſplay, with ſufficient evidence, the more deliberate paſſions; and complete the admirable ſyſtem of external ſigns, by which we become ſkilful in human nature.

What comes next in order is, to examine the effects produced upon a ſpectator by external

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ſigns of paſſion. None of theſe ſigns are beheld with indifference; they are productive of various emotions, tending all of them to ends wiſe and good. This curious ſubject makes a capital branch of human nature: it is peculiarly uſeful to writers who deal in the pathetic; and to hiſtory-painters it is indiſpenſable.

It is mentioned above, that each paſſion, or claſs of paſſions, hath its peculiar ſigns; and, with reſpect to the preſent ſubject, it muſt be added, that theſe invariably make certain impreſſions on a ſpectator: the external ſigns of joy, for example, produce a chearful emotion; the external ſigns of grief produce pity; and the external ſigns of rage produce a ſort of terror even in thoſe who are not aimed at.

Secondly, It is natural to think, that pleaſant paſſions ſhould expreſs themſelves externally by ſigns that to a ſpectator appear agreeable, and painful paſſions by ſigns that to him appear diſagreeable. This conjecture, which Nature ſuggeſts, is confirmed by experience. Pride poſſibly may be thought an exception, the external ſigns of which are diſagreeable, tho' it be commonly reckoned a pleaſant paſſion; but pride is not an exception, being in reality a mixed paſſion, partly pleaſant, partly painful; for when a proud man confines his thoughts to himſelf, and to his own dignity or importance, the paſſion is pleaſant, and its external ſigns agreeable; but

as

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as pride chiefly conſiſts in undervaluing or contemning others, it is ſo far painful, and its external ſigns diſagreeable.

Thirdly, It is laid down above, that an agreeable object produceth always a pleaſant emotion, and a diſagreeable object one that is painful *. According to this law, the external ſigns of a pleaſant paſſion, being agreeable, muſt produce in the ſpectator a pleaſant emotion: and the external ſigns of a painful paſſion, being diſagreeable, muſt produce in him a painful emotion.

Fourthly, in the preſent chapter it is obſerved, that pleaſant paſſions are, for the moſt part, expreſſed externally in one uniform manner; but that all the painful paſſions are diſtinguiſhable from each other by their external expreſſions. The emotions accordingly raiſed in a ſpectator by external ſigns of pleaſant paſſions, have little variety: theſe emotions are pleaſant or chearful, and we have not words to reach a more particular deſcription. But the external ſigns of painful paſſions produce in the ſpectator emotions of different kinds: the emotions, for example, raiſed by external ſigns of grief, of remorſe, of anger, of envy, of malice, are clearly diſtinguiſhable from each other.

Fifthly, External ſigns of painful paſſions are ſome of them *attractive*, ſome *repulſive*. Of

* See chap. 2. part 7.

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every painful paſſion that is alſo diſagreeable *, the external ſigns are repulſive, repelling the ſpectator from the object: and the paſſion raiſed by ſuch external ſigns may be alſo conſidered as repulſive. Painful paſſions that are agreeable produce an oppoſite effect: their external ſigns are attractive, drawing the ſpectator to them, and producing in him benevolence to the perſon upon whom theſe ſigns appear; witneſs diſtreſs painted on the countenance, which inſtantaneouſly inſpires the ſpectator with pity, and impels him to afford relief. And the paſſion raiſed by ſuch external ſigns may alſo be conſidered as attractive. The cauſe of this difference among the painful paſſions raiſed by their external ſigns may be readily gathered from what is laid down, chap. 2. part 7.

It is now time to look back to the queſtion propoſed in the beginning, How we come to underſtand external ſigns, ſo as to refer each ſign to its proper paſſion? We have ſeen that this branch of knowledge cannot be derived originally from ſight, nor from experience. Is it then implanted in us by nature? The following conſiderations will incline us to anſwer the queſtion in the affirmative. In the firſt place, the external ſigns of paſſion muſt be natural; for they are invariably the ſame in every country, and among the different tribes of men:

* See paſſions explained as agreeable or diſagreeable, chap. 2. part 2.

pride,

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pride, for example, is always expreſſed by an erect poſture, reverence by proſtration, and ſorrow by a dejected look. Secondly, we are not even indebted to experience for the knowledge that theſe expreſſions are natural and univerſal: for we are ſo framed as to have an innate conviction of the fact: let a man change his habitation to the other ſide of the globe, he will, from the accuſtomed ſigns, infer the paſſion of fear among his new neighbours, with as little heſitation as he did at home. But why, after all, involve ourſelves in preliminary obſervations, when the doubt may be directly ſolved as follows? That, if the meaning of external ſigns be not derived to us from ſight, nor from experience, there is no remaining ſource whence it can be derived but from nature.

We may then venture to pronounce, with ſome degree of aſſurance, that man is provided by nature with a ſenſe or faculty that lays open to him every paſſion by means of its external expreſſions. And we cannot entertain any reaſonable doubt of this, when we reflect, that the meaning of external ſigns is not hid even from infants: an infant is remarkably affected with the paſſions of its nurſe expreſſed in her countenance; a ſmile chears it, a frown makes it afraid: but fear cannot be without apprehending danger; and what danger can the infant apprehend, unleſs it be ſenſible that its nurſe is angry? We muſt therefore admit, that a child can read anger

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ger in its nurſe's face; of which it muſt be ſenſible intuitively, for it has no other mean of knowledge. I do not affirm, that theſe particulars are clearly apprehended by the child; for to produce clear and diſtinct perceptions, reflection and experience are requiſite: but that even an infant, when afraid, muſt have ſome notion of its being in danger, is evident.

That we ſhould be conſcious intuitively of a paſſion from its external expreſſions, is conformable to the analogy of nature: the knowledge of that language is of too great importance to be left upon experience; becauſe a foundation ſo uncertain and precarious, would prove a great obſtacle to the formation of ſocieties. Wiſely therefore is it ordered, and agreeably to the ſyſtem of Providence, that we ſhould have nature for our inſtructor.

Manifold and admirable are the purpoſes to which the external ſigns of paſſion are made ſubſervient by the author of our nature: thoſe occaſionally mentioned above, make but a part. Several final cauſes remain to be unfolded; and to that taſk I proceed with alacrity. In the firſt place, the ſigns of internal agitation diſplayed externally to every ſpectator, tend to fix the ſignification of many words. The only effectual means to aſcertain the meaning of any doubtful word, is an appeal to the thing it repreſents: and hence the ambiguity of words expreſſive of things that are not objects of external

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ternal ſenſe; for in that caſe an appeal is denied. Paſſion, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is not an object of external ſenſe: but its external ſigns are; and by means of theſe ſigns, paſſions may be appealed to with tolerable accuracy: thus the words that denote our paſſions, next to thoſe that denote external objects, have the moſt diſtinct meaning. Words ſignifying internal action and the more delicate feelings, are leſs diſtinct. This defect with regard to internal action, is what chiefly occaſions the intricacy of logic: the terms of that ſcience are far from being ſufficiently aſcertained, even after much care and labour beſtowed by an eminent writer *; to whom, however, the world is greatly indebted, for removing a mountain of rubbiſh, and moulding the ſubject into a rational and correct form. The ſame defect is remarkable in criticiſm, which has for its object the more delicate feelings; the terms that denote theſe feelings being not more diſtinct than thoſe of logic. To reduce the ſcience of criticiſm to any regular form, has never once been attempted: however rich the ore may be, no critical chemiſt has been found, to analyſe its conſtituent parts, and to diſtinguiſh each by its own name.

In the ſecond place, Society among individuals is greatly promoted by that univerſal language. Looks and geſtures give direct acceſs to the heart, and lead us to ſelect, with tolerable accuracy,

* Locke.

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curacy, the perſons who are worthy of our confidence. It is ſurpriſing how quickly, and for the moſt part how correctly, we judge of character from external appearance.

Thirdly, After ſocial intercourſe is commenced, theſe external ſigns, which diffuſe through a whole aſſembly the feelings of each individual, contribute above all other means to improve the ſocial affections. Language, no doubt, is the moſt comprehenſive vehicle for communicating emotions: but in expedition, as well as in power of conviction, it falls ſhort of the ſigns under conſideration; the involuntary ſigns eſpecially, which are incapable of deceit. Where the countenance, the tones, the geſtures, the actions, join with the words in communicating emotions, theſe united have a force irreſiſtible: thus all the pleaſant emotions of the human heart, with all the ſocial and virtuous affections, are, by means of theſe external ſigns, not only perceived but felt. By this admirable contrivance, converſation becomes that lively and animating amuſement, without which life would at beſt be inſipid: one joyful countenance ſpreads chearfulneſs inſtantaneouſly through a multitude of ſpectators.

Fourthly, Diſſocial paſſions, being hurtful by prompting violence and miſchief, are noted by the moſt conſpicuous external ſigns, in order to put us upon our guard: thus anger and revenge, eſpecially when ſudden, diſplay themſelves on the countenance

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countenance in legible characters *. The external ſigns again of every paſſion that threatens danger raiſe in us the paſſion of fear: which frequently operating without reaſon or reflection, moves us by a ſudden impulſe to avoid the impending danger †.

In the fifth place, Theſe external ſigns are remarkably ſubſervient to morality. A painful paſſion, being accompanied with diſagreeable external ſigns, muſt produce in every ſpectator a painful emotion: but then, if the paſſion be ſocial, the emotion it produces is attractive, and connects the ſpectator with the perſon who ſuffers. Diſſocial paſſions only are productive of

* Rough and blunt manners are allied to anger by an internal feeling, as well as by external expreſſions reſembling in a faint degree thoſe of anger: therefore ſuch manners are eaſily heightened into anger; and ſavages for that reaſon are prone to anger. Thus rough and blunt manners are unhappy in two reſpects: firſt, they are readily converted into anger; and next, the change being imperceptible becauſe of the ſimilitude of their external ſigns, the perſon againſt whom the anger is directed is not put upon his guard. It is for theſe reaſons a great object in ſociety, to correct ſuch manners, and to bring on a habit of ſweetneſs and calmneſs. This temper has two oppoſite good effects. Firſt, it is not eaſily provoked to wrath. Next, the interval being great between it and real anger, a perſon of that temper who receives an affront, has many changes to go through before his anger be inflamed: theſe changes have each of them their external ſign; and the offending party is put upon his guard, to retire, or to endeavour a reconciliation.

† See chap. 2. part 1. ſect 6.

repulſive

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repulsive emotions, involving the spectator's aversion, and frequently his indignation. This beautiful contrivance makes us cling to the virtuous, and abhor the wicked.

Sixthly, Of all the external signs of passion, those of affliction or distress are the most illustrious with respect to a final cause. They are illustrious by the singularity of their contrivance, and also by inspiring sympathy, a passion to which human society is indebted for its greatest blessing, that of providing relief for the distressed. A subject so interesting deserves a leisurely and attentive examination. The conformity of the nature of man to his external circumstances is in every particular wonderful: his nature makes him prone to society; and society is necessary to his well-being, because in a solitary state he is a helpless being, destitute of support, and in his manifold distresses destitute of relief: but mutual support, the shining attribute of society, is of too great moment to be left dependent upon cool reason; it is ordered more wisely, and with greater conformity to the analogy of nature, that it should be enforced even instinctively by the passion of sympathy. Here sympathy makes a capital figure, and contributes, more than any other means, to make life easy and comfortable. But, however essential the sympathy of others may be to our well-being, one beforehand would not readily conceive how it could be raised by external signs of distress: for

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for conſidering the analogy of nature, if theſe ſigns be agreeable, they muſt give birth to a pleaſant emotion leading every beholder to be pleaſed with human woes; if diſagreeable, as they undoubtedly are, ought they not naturally to repel the ſpectator from them, in order to be relieved from pain? Such would be the reaſoning beforehand; and ſuch would be the effect were man purely a ſelfiſh being. But the benevolence of our nature gives a very different direction to the painful paſſion of ſympathy, and to the deſire involved in it: inſtead of avoiding diſtreſs, we fly to it in order to afford relief: and our ſympathy cannot be otherwiſe gratified but by giving all the ſuccour in our power *. Thus external ſigns of diſtreſs, tho' diſagreeable, are attractive: and the ſympathy they inſpire is a powerful cauſe, impelling us to afford relief even to a ſtranger as if he were our friend or relation †.

The effects produced in all beholders by external ſigns of paſſion, tend ſo viſibly to advance the

* See chap. 2. part 7.

† It is a noted obſervation, that the deepeſt tragedies are the moſt crouded; which in a ſlight view will be thought an unaccountable bias in human nature. Love of novelty, deſire of occupation, beauty of action, make us fond of theatrical repreſentations; and, when once engaged, we muſt follow the ſtory to the concluſion, whatever diſtreſs it may create. But we generally become wiſe by experience; and when we foreſee what pain we ſhall ſuffer during the courſe of the repreſentation, is it not ſurpriſing that perſons of reflection do not avoid ſuch ſpectacles altogether? And yet one who has ſcarce recovered

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the ſocial ſtate, that I muſt indulge my heart with a more narrow inſpection of this admirable branch of the human conſtitution. Theſe external ſigns, being all of them reſolvable into colour, figure, and motion, ſhould not naturally make any deep impreſſion on a ſpectator: and ſuppoſing them qualified for making deep impreſſions, we have ſeen above, that the effects they produce are not ſuch as might be expected. We cannot therefore account otherwiſe for the operation of theſe external ſigns, but by aſcribing it to the original conſtitution of human nature: to improve the ſocial ſtate, by making us inſtinctively rejoice with the glad of heart, weep with the mourner, and ſhun thoſe who threaten danger, is a contrivance no leſs illuſtrious for its wiſdom than for its benevolence. With reſpect to the external ſigns of diſtreſs in particular, to judge of the excellency of their contrivance, we need only reflect upon ſeveral other means ſeemingly more natural, that would not have anſwered the end purpoſed. What if the external ſigns of joy were diſagree-

vered from the diſtreſs of a deep tragedy, reſolves coolly and deliberately to go to the very next, without the ſlighteſt obſtruction from ſelf-love. The whole myſtery is explained by a ſingle obſervation, That ſympathy, tho' painful, is attractive, and attaches us to an object in diſtreſs, the oppoſition of ſelf-love notwithſtanding, which ſhould prompt us to fly from it. And by this curious mechaniſm it is, that perſons of any degree of ſenſibility are attracted by affliction ſtill more than by joy.

able,

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able, and the external ſigns of diſtreſs agreeable? This is no whimſical ſuppoſition, becauſe there appears not any neceſſary connection between theſe ſigns and the emotions produced by them in a ſpectator. Admitting then the ſuppoſition, the queſtion is, How would our ſympathy operate? There is no occaſion to deliberate for an anſwer: ſympathy would be deſtructive, and not beneficial: for, ſuppoſing the external ſigns of joy diſagreeable, the happineſs of others would be our averſion; and ſuppoſing the external ſigns of grief agreeable, the diſtreſſes of others would be our entertainment. I make a ſecond ſuppoſition, That the external ſigns of diſtreſs were indifferent to us, and productive neither of pleaſure nor of pain. This would annihilate the ſtrongeſt branch of ſympathy, that which is raiſed by means of ſight: and it is evident, that reflective ſympathy, felt by thoſe only who have great ſenſibility, would not have any extenſive effect. I ſhall draw nearer to truth in a third ſuppoſition, That the external ſigns of diſtreſs being diſagreeable, were productive of a painful repulſive emotion. Sympathy upon that ſuppoſition would not be annihilated: but it would be rendered uſeleſs; for it would be gratified by flying from or avoiding the object, inſtead of clinging to it and affording relief: the condition of man would in reality be worſe than if ſympathy were totally eradicated; becauſe ſympa-

thy would only ſerve to plague thoſe who feel it, without producing any good to the afflicted.

Loath to quit ſo intereſting a ſubject, I add a reflection, with which I ſhall conclude. The external ſigns of paſſion are a ſtrong indication, that man, by his very conſtitution, is framed to be open and ſincere. A child, in all things obedient to the impulſes of nature, hides none of its emotions: the ſavage and clown, who have no guide but pure nature, expoſe their hearts to view, by giving way to all the natural ſigns. And even when men learn to diſſemble their ſentiments, and when behaviour degenerates into art, there ſtill remain checks, that keep diſſimulation within bounds, and prevent a great part of its miſchievous effects: the total ſuppreſſion of the voluntary ſigns during any vivid paſſion, begets the utmoſt uneaſineſs, which cannot be endured for any conſiderable time: this operation becomes indeed leſs painful by habit; but, luckily, the involuntary ſigns cannot, by any effort, be ſuppreſſed, nor even diſſembled. An abſolute hypocriſy, by which the character is concealed, and a fictitious one aſſumed, is made impracticable; and nature has thereby prevented much harm to ſociety. We may pronounce, therefore, that Nature, herſelf ſincere and candid, intends that mankind ſhould preſerve the ſame character, by cultivating ſimplicity and truth, and baniſhing every ſort of diſſimulation that tends to miſchief.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

SENTIMENTS.

EVERY thought prompted by paſſion, is termed *a ſentiment* *. To have a general notion of the different paſſions, will not alone enable an artiſt to make a juſt repreſentation of any paſſion: he ought, over and above, to know the various appearances of the ſame paſſion in different perſons. Paſſions receive a tincture from every peculiarity of character; and for that reaſon it rarely happens, that a paſſion, in the different circumſtances of feeling, of ſentiment, and of expreſſion, is preciſely the ſame in any two perſons. Hence the following rule concerning dramatic and epic compoſitions, That a paſſion be adjuſted to the character, the ſentiments to the paſſion, and the language to the ſentiments. If nature be not faithfully copied in each of theſe, a defect in execution is perceived: there may appear ſome reſemblance; but the picture, upon the whole, will be inſipid, through want of grace and delicacy. A painter, in order to repreſent the various attitudes of the body, ought to be intimately acquainted with

* See Appendix, § 32.

muſcular

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muſcular motion: no leſs intimately acquainted with emotions and characters ought a writer to be, in order to repreſent the various attitudes of the mind. A general notion of the paſſions, in their groſſer differences of ſtrong and weak, elevated and humble, ſevere and gay, is far from being ſufficient: pictures formed ſo ſuperficially have little reſemblance, and no expreſſion; yet it will appear by and by, that in many inſtances our artiſts are deficient even in that ſuperficial knowledge.

In handling the preſent ſubject, it would be endleſs to trace even the ordinary paſſions through their nice and minute differences. Mine ſhall be an humbler taſk; which is, to ſelect from the beſt writers inſtances of faulty ſentiments, after paving the way by ſome general obſervations.

To talk in the language of muſic, each paſſion hath a certain tone, to which every ſentiment proceeding from it ought to be tuned with the greateſt accuracy: which is no eaſy work, eſpecially where ſuch harmony ought to be ſupported during the courſe of a long theatrical repreſentation. In order to reach ſuch delicacy of execution, it is neceſſary that a writer aſſume the preciſe character and paſſion of the perſonage repreſented; which requires an uncommon genius. But it is the only difficulty; for the writer, who, annihilating himſelf, can thus become another perſon, need be in no pain about the ſentiments that belong to the aſ-

ſumed

ſumed character: theſe will flow without the leaſt ſtudy, or even preconception; and will frequently be as delightfully new to himſelf as to his reader. But if a lively picture even of a ſingle emotion require an effort of genius, how much greater the effort, to compoſe a paſſionate dialogue with as many different tones of paſſion as there are ſpeakers? With what ductility of feeling muſt that writer be endowed, who approaches perfection in ſuch a work; when it is neceſſary to aſſume different and even oppoſite characters and paſſions, in the quickeſt ſucceſſion? Yet this work, difficult as it is, yields to that of compoſing a dialogue in genteel comedy, exhibiting characters without paſſion. The reaſon is, that the different tones of character are more delicate and leſs in ſight, than thoſe of paſſion; and, accordingly, many writers, who have no genius for drawing characters, make a ſhift to repreſent, tolerably well, an ordinary paſſion in its ſimple movements. But of all works of this kind, what is truly the moſt difficult, is a characteriſtical dialogue upon any philoſophical ſubject: to interweave characters with reaſoning, by ſuiting to the character of each ſpeaker, a peculiarity not only of thought, but of expreſſion, requires the perfection of genius, taſte, and judgment.

How nice dialogue-writing is, will be evident, even without reaſoning, from the miſerable compoſitions of that kind found without number in

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all languages. The art of mimicking any ſingularity in geſture or in voice, is a rare talent, though directed by ſight and hearing, the acuteſt and moſt lively of our external ſenſes: how much more rare muſt the talent be, of imitating characters and internal emotions, tracing all their different tints, and repreſenting them in a lively manner by natural ſentiments properly expreſſed? The truth is, ſuch execution is too delicate for an ordinary genius; and for that reaſon, the bulk of writers, inſtead of expreſſing a paſſion as one does who feels it, content themſelves with deſcribing it in the language of a ſpectator. To awake paſſion by an internal effort merely, without any external cauſe, requires great ſenſibility: and yet that operation is neceſſary, no leſs to the writer than to the actor; becauſe none but thoſe who actually feel a paſſion, can repreſent it to the life. The writer's part is the more complicated: he muſt add compoſition to paſſion; and muſt, in the quickeſt ſucceſſion, adopt every different character. But a very humble flight of imagination, may ſerve to convert a writer into a ſpectator; ſo as to figure, in ſome obſcure manner, an action as paſſing in his ſight and hearing. In that figured ſituation, being led naturally to write like a ſpectator, he entertains his readers with his own reflections, with cool deſcription, and florid declamation; inſtead of making them eye-witneſſes, as it were, to a real event, and

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and to every movement of genuine paſſion *. Thus moſt of our plays appear to be caſt in the ſame mould; perſonages without character, the mere outlines of paſſion, a tireſome monotony, and a pompous declamatory ſtyle †.

This deſcriptive manner of repreſenting paſſion, is a very cold entertainment: our ſympathy is not raiſed by deſcription; we muſt firſt be lulled into a dream of reality, and every thing muſt appear as paſſing in our ſight ‡. Unhappy is the player of genius who acts a capital part in what may be termed a *deſcriptive tragedy*; after aſſuming the very paſſion that is

* In the *Æneid*, the hero is made to deſcribe himſelf in the following words: *Sum pius Æneas, fama ſuper æthera notus.* Virgil could never have been guilty of an impropriety ſo groſs, had he aſſumed the perſonage of his hero, inſtead of uttering the ſentiments of a ſpectator. Nor would Xenophon have made the following ſpeech for Cyrus the younger, to his Grecian auxiliaries, whom he was leading againſt his brother Artaxerxes: "I have "choſen you, O Greeks! my auxiliaries, not to enlarge "my army, for I have *Barbarians* without number; "but becauſe you ſurpaſs all the *Barbarians* in valour "and military diſcipline." This ſentiment is Xenophon's; for ſurely Cyrus did not reckon his countrymen Barbarians.

† Chez Racine tout eſt ſentiment; il a ſu faire parler *chacun pour ſoi*, et c'eſt en cela qu'il eſt vraiment unique parmi les auteurs dramatiques de ſa nation.

Rouſſeau.

‡ See chap. 2. part 1. ſect. 7.

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to be repreſented, how is he cramped in action, when he muſt utter, not the ſentiments of the paſſion he feels, but a cold deſcription in the language of a byſtander? It is that imperfection, I am perſuaded, in the bulk of our plays, which confines our ſtage almoſt entirely to Shakeſpear, notwithſtanding his many irregularities. In our late Engliſh tragedies, we ſometimes find ſentiments tolerably well adapted to a plain paſſion: but we muſt not, in any of them, expect a ſentiment expreſſive of character; and, upon that very account, our late performances of the dramatic kind are for the moſt part intolerably inſipid.

Looking back upon what is ſaid, I am in ſome apprehenſion of not being perfectly underſtood; for it is not eaſy to avoid obſcurity in handling a matter ſo complicated: but I promiſe to ſet it in the cleareſt light, by adding example to precept. The firſt examples ſhall be of ſentiments that appear the legitimate offspring of paſſion; to which ſhall be oppoſed what are deſcriptive only, and illegitimate: and in making this compariſon, I borrow my inſtances from Shakeſpear and Corneille, who for genius in dramatic compoſition ſtand uppermoſt in the rolls of fame.

Shakeſpear ſhall furniſh the firſt example, being of ſentiments dictated by a violent and perturbed paſſion:

Lear.

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Lear. ——————Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as if this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more.——In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out!——Pour on, I will endure.
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all—
O! that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.——————

Kent. Good, my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe,
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more:—but I'll go in;
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty ——
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep—
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?——O I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſic, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhow the heavens more juſt.

King Lear, act 3. ſc. 5.

I give another example of the ſame kind, expreſſing ſentiments ariſing from remorſe and deſpair:

Othello. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,

That

That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very ſea-mark of my outmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear.
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould Othello go?
Now—how doſt thou look now? Oh ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. O curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire——
Oh, Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead! dead! oh! oh!

Othello, act 5. ſc. 9.

The ſentiments here diſplayed flow ſo naturally from the paſſions repreſented, that we cannot conceive any imitation more perfect.

With regard to the French author, truth obliges me to acknowledge, that he deſcribes in the ſtyle of a ſpectator, inſtead of expreſſing paſſion like one who feels it; which naturally betrays him into a tireſome monotony, and a pompous declamatory

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declamatory ſtyle *. It is ſcarce neceſſary to give examples, for he never varies from that tone. I ſhall, however, take two paſſages at a venture, in order to be confronted with thoſe tranſcribed above. In the tragedy of *Cinna*, Æmilia,

* This criticiſm reaches the French dramatic writers in general, with very few exceptions: their tragedies, excepting thoſe of Racine, are moſtly, if not totally, deſcriptive. Corneille led the way; and later writers, imitating his manner, have accuſtomed the French ear to a ſtyle, formal, pompous, declamatory, which ſuits not with any paſſion. Hence, to burleſque a French tragedy, is not more difficult than to burleſque a ſtiff ſolemn fop. The facility of the operation has in Paris introduced a ſingular amuſement, which is, to burleſque the more ſucceſsful tragedies in a ſort of farce, called *a parody*. La Motte, who himſelf appears to have been ſorely galled by ſome of theſe productions, acknowledges, that no more is neceſſary to give them currency but barely to vary the *dramatis perſonæ*, and inſtead of kings and heroes, queens and princeſſes, to ſubſtitute tinkers and taylors, milkmaids and ſeamſtreſſes. The declamatory ſtyle, ſo different from the genuine expreſſion of paſſion, paſſes in ſome meaſure unobſerved, when great perſonages are the ſpeakers; but in the mouths of the vulgar, the impropriety with regard to the ſpeaker as well as to the paſſion repreſented, is ſo remarkable as to become ridiculous. A tragedy, where every paſſion is made to ſpeak in its natural tone, is not liable to be thus burleſqued: the ſame paſſion is by all men expreſſed nearly in the ſame manner; and, therefore, the genuine expreſſions of a paſſion cannot be ridiculous in the mouth of any man who is ſuſceptible of the paſſion.

It

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Æmilia, after the conſpiracy was diſcovered, having nothing in view but racks and death to herſelf and her lover, receives a pardon from Auguſtus, attended with the brighteſt circumſtances of magnanimity and tenderneſs. This is a lucky ſituation for repreſenting the paſſions of ſurpriſe and gratitude in their different ſtages, which ſeem naturally to be what follow. Theſe paſſions, raiſed at once to the utmoſt pitch, and

It is a well known fact, that to an Engliſh ear, the French actors appear to pronounce with too great rapidity: a complaint much inſiſted on by Cibber in particular, who had frequently heard the famous Baron upon the French ſtage. This may in ſome meaſure be attributed to our want of facility in the French tongue; as foreigners generally imagine that every language is pronounced too quick by natives. But that it is not the ſole cauſe, will be probable from a fact directly oppoſite, that the French are not a little diſguſted with the languidneſs, as they term it, of the Engliſh pronunciation. May not this difference of taſte be derived from what is obſerved above? The pronunciation of the genuine language of a paſſion is neceſſarily directed by the nature of the paſſion, particularly by the ſlowneſs or celerity of its progreſs: plaintive paſſions, which are the moſt frequent in tragedy, having a ſlow motion, dictate a ſlow pronunciation: in declamation, on the contrary, the ſpeaker warms gradually; and, as he warms, he naturally accelerates his pronunciation. But, as the French have formed their tone of pronunciation upon Corneille's declamatory tragedies, and the Engliſh upon the more natural language of Shakeſpear, it is not ſurpriſing that cuſtom ſhould produce ſuch difference of taſte in the two nations.

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being at firſt too big for utterance, muſt, for ſome moments be expreſſed by violent geſtures only: as ſoon as there is vent for words, the firſt expreſſions are broken and interrupted: at laſt we ought to expect a tide of intermingled ſentiments, occaſioned by the fluctuation of the mind between the two paſſions. Æmilia is made to behave in a very different manner: with extreme coolneſs ſhe deſcribes her own ſituation, as if ſhe were merely a ſpectator, or rather the poet takes the taſk off her hands:

Et je me rens, Seigneur, à ces hautes bontés:
Je recouvre la vûe auprès de leurs clartés.
Je connois mon forfait qui me ſembloit juſtice;
Et ce que n'avoit pû la terreur du ſupplice,
Je ſens naitre en mon ame un repentir puiſſant,
Et mon cœur en ſecret me dit, qu'il y conſent.
Le ciel a réſolu votre grandeur ſuprême;
Et pour preuve, Seigneur, je n'en veux que moi-même.
J'oſe avec vanité me donner cet éclat,
Puiſqu'il change mon cœur, qu'il veut changer l'état,
Ma haine va mourir, que j'ai cruo immortelle;
Elle eſt morte, et ce cœur devient ſujet fidele;
Et prenant déſormais cette haine en horreur,
L'ardeur de vous ſervir ſuccede à ſa fureur.

Act 5. *ſc.* 3.

In the tragedy of *Sertorius*, the Queen, ſurpriſed with the news that her lover was aſſaſſinated, inſtead of venting any paſſion, degenerates into a cool

cool ſpectator, and undertakes to inſtruct the by-ſtanders how a queen ought to behave on ſuch an occaſion:

Viriate. Il m'en fait voir enſemble, et l'auteur, et la cauſe.
Par cet aſſaſſinat c'eſt de moi qu'on diſpoſe,
C'eſt mon trône, c'eſt moi qu'on pretend conquerir;
Et c'eſt mon juſte choix qui ſeul l'a fait perir.
Madame, après ſa perte, et parmi ces alarmes,
N'attendez point de moi de ſoupirs, ni de larmes;
Ce ſont amuſemens que dédaigne aiſement
Le prompt et noble orgueil d'un vif reſſentiment.
Qui pleure, l'affoiblit; qui ſoupire, l'exhale:
Il faut plus de fierté dans une ame royale;
Et ma douleur ſoumiſe aux ſoins de le venger, &c.
Act 5. *ſc.* 3.

So much in general upon the genuine ſentiments of paſſion. I proceed to particular obſervations. And, firſt, paſſions ſeldom continue uniform any conſiderable time: they generally fluctuate, ſwelling and ſubſiding by turns, often in a quick ſucceſſion *; and the ſentiments cannot be juſt unleſs they correſpond to ſuch fluctuation. Accordingly, a climax never ſhows better than in expreſſing a ſwelling paſſion: the following paſſages may ſuffice for an illuſtration.

Oroonoko. ——Can you raiſe the dead?
Purſue and overtake the wings of time?

* See chap. 2. part 3.

And

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And bring about again, the hours, the days,
The years, that made me happy?

Oroonoko, act 2. sc. 2.

Almeria. ——How hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?

Mourning Bride, act 1. sc. 7.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich earth to boot.

Macbeth, act 4. sc. 4.

The following passage expresses finely the progress of conviction.

Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form, of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e're it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

Mourning Bride, act 2. sc. 6.

In the progress of thought, our resolutions become more vigorous as well as our passions:

If ever I do yield or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then just heav'n show'r down, &c.

Mourning Bride, act 1. sc. 1.

And

And this leads to a ſecond obſervation, That the different ſtages of a paſſion, and its different directions, from birth to extinction, muſt be carefully repreſented in their order; becauſe otherwiſe the ſentiments, by being miſplaced, will appear forced and unnatural. Reſentment, for example, when provoked by an attrocious injury, diſcharges itſelf firſt upon the author: ſentiments therefore of revenge come always firſt, and muſt in ſome meaſure be exhauſted before the perſon injured think of grieving for himſelf. In the *Cid* of Corneille, Don Diegue having been affronted in a cruel manner, expreſſes ſcarce any ſentiment of revenge, but is totally occupied in contemplating the low ſituation to which he is reduced by the affront:

O rage! ô deſeſpoir! ô vieilleſſe ennemie!
N'ai je donc tant vecu que pour cette infamie?
Et ne ſuis-je blanchi dans les travaux guerriers,
Que pour voir en un jour fletrir tant de lauriers?
Mon bras, qu'avec reſpect toute l'Eſpagne admire,
Mon bras, qui tant de fois a ſauvé cet empire,
Tant de fois affermi le trône de ſon Roi,
Trahit donc ma querelle, et ne fait rien pour moi!
O cruel ſouvenir de ma gloire paſſée!
Oeuvre de tant de jours en un jour effacée!
Nouvelle dignité fatale à mon bonheur!
Precipice elevé d'où tombe mon honneur!
Faut il de votre éclat voir triompher le Comte,
Et mourir ſans vengeance, ou vivre dans la honte?
Comte, ſois de mon Prince à preſent governeur,
Ce haut rang n'admet point un homme ſans honneur;
Et

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Et ton jaloux orgueil par cet affront inſigne,
Malgré le choix du Roi, m'en a ſû rendre indigne.
Et toi, de mes exploits glorieux inſtrument,
Mais d'un corps tout de glace inutile ornement,
Fer jadis tant à craindre, et qui dans cette offenſe,
M'as ſervi de parade, et non pas de defenſe,
Va, quitte deſormais le dernier des humains,
Paſſe pour me venger en de meilleures mains,

Le Cid, act 1. *ſc.* 7.

Theſe ſentiments are certainly not the firſt that are ſuggeſted by the paſſion of reſentment. As the firſt movements of reſentment are always directed to its object, the very ſame is the caſe of grief. Yet with relation to the ſudden and ſevere diſtemper that ſeized Alexander bathing in the river Cydnus, Quintus Curtius deſcribes the firſt emotions of the army as directed to themſelves, lamenting that they were left without a leader, far from home, and had ſcarce any hopes of returning in ſafety: their King's diſtreſs, which muſt naturally have been their firſt concern, occupies them but in the ſecond place, according to that author. In the *Aminta* of Taſſo, Sylvia, upon a report of her lover's death, which ſhe believed certain, inſtead of bemoaning the loſs of her beloved, turns her thoughts upon herſelf, and wonders her heart does not break:

Ohime, ben ſon di ſaſſo,
Poi che queſta novella non m'uccide.

Act 4. *ſc.* 2.

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In the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, Alicia, in the full purpoſe of deſtroying her rival, has the following reflection:

Oh Jealouſy! thou bane of pleaſing friendſhip,
Thou worſt invader of our tender boſoms;
How does thy rancour poiſon all our ſoftneſs,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterneſs?
See where ſhe comes! once my heart's deareſt bleſſing,
Now my chang'd eyes are blaſted with her beauty,
Loathe that known face, and ſicken to behold her.
Act 3. ſc. 1.

Theſe are the reflections of a cool ſpectator. A paſſion while it has the aſcendant, and is freely indulged, ſuggeſts not to the perſon who feels it any ſentiment to its own prejudice: reflections like the foregoing occur not readily till the paſſion has ſpent its vigour.

A perſon ſometimes is agitated at once by different paſſions; and the mind, in that caſe, vibrating like a pendulum, vents itſelf in ſentiments that partake of the ſame vibration. This I give as a third obſervation:

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this Engliſh earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What ſhall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
(To her women.

Shipwreck'd

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Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almoſt no grave allow'd me.

Henry VIII. *act* 3. *ſc.* 1.

Othello. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my ſight!

Deſdemona. I will not ſtay t'offend you. (*going.*

Lodovico, Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip, call her back.

Oth. Miſtreſs——

Def. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep:
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well painted paſſion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.——Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit Deſdemona.*

Othello, act 4. *ſc.* 6.

Æmilia. Oh! my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Othello. Yes, 'tis Æmilia—By and by—She's dead.
'Tis like ſhe come's to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
The noiſe was high—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?

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I think ſhe ſtirs again—No—What's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! What wife! I have no wife;
Oh inſupportable! o heavy hour!

Othello, act 5. ſc. 7.

A fourth obſervation is, That nature, which gave us paſſions, and made them extremely beneficial when moderate, intended undoubtedly that they ſhould be ſubjected to the government of reaſon and conſcience *. It is therefore againſt the order of nature, that paſſion in any caſe ſhould take the lead in contradiction to reaſon and conſcience: ſuch a ſtate of mind is a ſort of anarchy, which every one is aſhamed of, and endeavours to hide or diſſemble. Even love, however laudable, is attended with a conſcious ſhame when it becomes immoderate: it is covered from the world, and diſcloſed only to the beloved object:

Et que l'amour ſouvent de remors combattu
Paroiſſe une foibleſſe, et non une vertu.

Boileau, L'art poet. chant. 3. l. 101.

O, they love leaſt that let men know their love.

Two gentlemen of Verona, act 1. ſc. 3.

Hence a capital rule in the repreſentation of immoderate paſſions, that they ought to be hid or diſſembled as much as poſſible. And this holds in

* See chap. 2. part 7.

all

an eſpecial manner with reſpect to criminal paſſions: one never counſels the commiſſion of a crime in plain terms: guilt muſt not appear in its native colours, even in thought: the propoſal muſt be made by hints, and by repreſenting the action in ſome favourable light. Of the propriety of ſentiment upon ſuch an occaſion, Shakeſpear, in the *Tempeſt*, has given us a beautiful example, in a ſpeech by the uſurping Duke of Milan, adviſing Sebaſtian to murder his brother the King of Naples:

Antonio.——————What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian,—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhouldſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Act 2. *ſc.* 1.

There never was drawn a more complete picture of this kind, than that of King John ſoliciting Hubert to murder the youg Prince Arthur:

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.

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By heav'n, Hubert, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hubert. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
King John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet———
But thou ſhalt have—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay——but let it go;
The ſun is in the heav'n; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did with his iron-tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one into the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes);
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'ſt me well.
Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n, I'd do't.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldſt?

Good

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Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very ſerpent in my way.
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

King John, act 3. *ſc.* 5.

As things are beſt illuſtrated by their contraries, I proceed to faulty ſentiments, diſdaining to be indebted for examples to any but the moſt approved authors. The firſt claſs ſhall conſiſt of ſentiments that accord not with the paſſion; or, in other words, ſentiments that the paſſion does not naturally ſuggeſt. In the ſecond claſs, ſhall be ranged ſentiments that may belong to an ordinary paſſion, but unſuitable to it as tinctured by a ſingular character. Thoughts that properly are not ſentiments, but rather deſcriptions, make a third. Sentiments that belong to the paſſion repreſented, but are faulty as being introduced too early or too late, make a fourth. Vicious ſentiments expoſed in their native dreſs, inſtead of being concealed or diſguiſed, make a fifth. And in the laſt claſs, ſhall be collected ſentiments ſuited to no character nor paſſion, and therefore unnatural.

The firſt claſs contains faulty ſentiments of various kinds, which I ſhall endeavour to diſtinguiſh from each other; beginning with ſentiments that are faulty by being above the tone of the paſſion:

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Othello. ——————— O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!

Othello, act 2. ſc. 6.

This ſentiment may be ſuggeſted by violent and inflamed paſſion, but is not ſuited to the calm ſatisfaction that one feels upon eſcaping danger.

Philaſter. Place me, ſome god, upon a pyramid
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may diſcourſe to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him.

Philaſter of Beaumont and Fletcher, act 4.

Second. Sentiments below the tone of the paſſion. Ptolemy, by putting Pompey to death, having incurred the diſpleaſure of Cæſar, was in the utmoſt dread of being dethroned: in that agitating ſituation, Corneille makes him utter a ſpeech full of cool reflection, that is in no degree expreſſive of the paſſion.

Ah! ſi je t'avois crû, je n'aurois pas de maitre,
Je ſerois dans le trône où le Ciel m'a fait naître;
Mais c'eſt une imprudence aſſez commune aux rois,
D'écouter trop d'avis, et ſe tromper aux choix.
Le Deſtin les aveugle au bord du précipice,
Où ſi quelque lumiere en leur ame ſe gliſſe,

Cette

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Cette fauſſe clarté dont il les eblouit,
Le plonge dans une gouffre, et puis s'evanouit.
La mort de Pompée, act 4. ſc. 1.

In *Les Freres ennemies* of Racine, the ſecond act is opened with a love-ſcene: Hemon talks to his miſtreſs of the torments of abſence, of the luſtre of her eyes, that he ought to die no where but at her feet, and that one moment of abſence is a thouſand years. Antigone on her part acts the coquette; pretends ſhe muſt be gone to wait on her mother and brother, and cannot ſtay to liſten to his courtſhip. This is odious French gallantry, below the dignity of the paſſion of love: it would ſcarce be excuſable in painting modern French manners; and is inſufferable where the ancients are brought upon the ſtage. The manners painted in the *Alexandre* of the ſame author are not more juſt: French gallantry prevails there throughout.

Third. Sentiments that agree not with the tone of the paſſion; as where a pleaſant ſentiment is grafted upon a painful paſſion, or the contrary. In the following inſtances the ſentiments are too gay for a ſerious paſſion:

No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Eloiſa to Abelard, l. 47.

Again,

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Again,

Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.

Eloiſa to Abelard, l. 51.

Theſe thoughts are pretty: they ſuit Pope, but not Eloiſa.

Satan, enraged by a threatening of the angel Gabriel, anſwers thus:

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of heav'n *ſtar-pav'd.*

Paradiſe loſt, book 4.

The concluding epithet forms a grand and delightful image, which cannot be the genuine offſpring of rage.

Fourth. Sentiments too artificial for a ſerious paſſion.

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paſſion. I give for the firſt example a ſpeech of Piercy expiring:

O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my growth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my flesh.
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop.

Firſt part, Henry IV. act 5. ſc. 9.

Livy inſerts the following paſſage in a plaintive oration of the Locrenſes, accuſing Pleminius the Roman legate of oppreſſion.

In hoc legato veſtro, nec hominis quicquam eſt, Patres Conſcripti, præter figuram et ſpeciem; neque Romani civis, præter habitum veſtitumque, et ſonum linguæ Latinæ. Peſtis et bellua immanis, quales fretum, quondam, quo ab Sicilia dividimur, ad perniciem navigantium circumſediſſe, fabulæ ferunt *.

The ſentiments of the *Mourning Bride* are for the moſt part no leſs delicate than juſt copies of nature: in the following exception the picture is beautiful, but too artful to be ſuggeſted by ſevere grief.

Almeria. O no! Time gives increaſe to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes

* Titus Livius, l. 29. § 17.

Which

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Which are diffus'd through the revolving year,
Come heavy laden with th' oppreſſive weight
To me; with me, ſucceſſively they leave
The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight:
They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head;
Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me.

Act 1. *ſc.* 1.

In the ſame play, Almeria ſeeing a dead body, which ſhe took to be Alphonſo's, expreſſes ſentiments ſtrained and artificial, which nature ſuggeſts not to any perſon upon ſuch an occaſion:

Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did this dead?
Could eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel hands?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to ſtone?
—I do not weep! The ſprings of tears are dry'd,
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my huſband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn: I'll fluice this heart,
The ſource of wo, and let the torrent looſe.

Act 5. *ſc.* 11.

Lady Trueman. How could you be ſo cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I muſt receive from your preſence? You have robb'd my life of ſome hours of happineſs that ought to have been in it.

Drummer, act 5.

Pope's Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady, expreſſes delicately the moſt tender concern and ſorrow that one can feel for the deplorable

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plorable fate of a perſon of worth. Such a poem, deeply ſerious and pathetic, rejects with diſdain all fiction. Upon that account, the following paſſage deſerves no quarter; for it is not the language of the heart, but of the imagination indulging its flights at eaſe; and by that means is eminently diſcordant with the ſubject. It would be a ſtill more ſevere cenſure, if it ſhould be aſcribed to imitation, copying indiſcreetly what has been ſaid by others:

What though no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

Fifth. Fanciful or finical ſentiments. Sentiments that degenerate into point or conceit, however they may amuſe in an idle hour, can never be the offſpring of any ſerious or important paſſion. In the *Jeruſalem* of Taſſo, Tancred, after a ſingle combat, ſpent with fatigue and loſs of blood, falls into a ſwoon; in which ſituation, underſtood to be dead, he is diſcovered by Erminia, who was in love with him to diſtraction. A more happy ſituation cannot be imagined, to raiſe

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raiſe grief in an inſtant to its height; and yet, in venting her ſorrow, ſhe deſcends moſt abominably into antitheſis and conceit, even of the loweſt kind:

E in lui versò d'inefficabil vena
Lacrime, e voce di ſoſpiri miſta.
In che miſero punto hor qui me mena
Fortuna? a che veduta amara e triſta?
Dopo gran tempo i' ti ritrovo à pena
Tancredi, e ti riveggio, e non ſon viſta,
Viſta non ſon da te, benche preſente
E trovando ti perdo eternamente.

Canto 19. *ſt.* 105.

Armida's lamentation reſpecting her lover Rinaldo *, is in the ſame vicious taſte.

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world,
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear Lord Edward.

King Richard III. *act.* 2. *ſc.* 2.

Jane Shore. Let me be branded for the public ſcorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendleſs and forſaken, ſeek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and deſolate waſte,
Feed on my ſighs, and drink my falling tears;
Ere I conſent to teach my lips injuſtice,
Or wrong the Orphan who has none to ſave him.

Jane Shore, act 4.

* Canto 20. ſtan. 124. 125. & 126.

Give

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Give me your drops, ye ſoft-deſcending rains,
Give me your ſtreams, ye never-ceaſing ſprings,
That my ſad eyes may ſtill ſupply my duty,
And feed an everlaſting flood of ſorrow.

Jane Shore, act 5.

Jane Shore utters her laſt breath in a witty conceit.

Then all is well, and I ſhall ſleep in peace—
'Tis very dark, and I have loſt you now—
Was there not ſomething I would have bequeath'd you?
But I have nothing left me to beſtow,
Nothing but one ſad ſigh. Oh mercy, Heav'n! [*Dies.*

Act 5.

Gilford to Lady Jane Gray, when both were condemned to die:

Thou ſtand'ſt unmov'd;
Calm temper ſits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy Eyes that flow'd ſo faſt for Edward's loſs,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee,
As if thou hadſt reſolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midſt of deſolation.
Ha! ſee, it ſwells, the liquid cryſtal riſes,
It ſtarts in ſpight of thee—but I will catch it,
Nor let the earth be wet with dew ſo rich.

Lady Jean Gray, act 4. near the end.

The concluding ſentiment is altogether finical, unſuitable to the importance of the occaſion, and even to the dignity of the paſſion of love.

Corneille,

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Corneille, in his *Examen of the Cid* *, anſwering an objection, That his ſentiments are ſometimes too much refined for perſons in deep diſtreſs, obſerves, that if poets did not indulge ſentiments more ingenious or refined than are prompted by paſſion, their performances would often be low, and extreme grief would never ſuggeſt but exclamations merely. This is in plain language to aſſert, that forced thoughts are more agreeable than thoſe that are natural, and ought to be preferred.

The ſecond claſs is of ſentiments that may belong to an ordinary paſſion, but are not perfectly concordant with it, as tinctured by a ſingular character.

In the laſt act of that excellent commedy, *The Careleſs Huſband*, Lady Eaſy, upon Sir Charles's reformation, is made to expreſs more violent and turbulent ſentiments of joy, than are conſiſtent with the mildneſs of her character:

Lady Eaſy. O the ſoft treaſure! O the dear reward of long-deſiring love.—Thus! thus to have you mine, is ſomething more than happineſs; 'tis double life, and madneſs of abounding joy.

If the ſentiments of a paſſion ought to be ſuited to a peculiar character, it is ſtill more neceſſary that actions be ſuited to the character. In the 5th act of the *Drummer*, Addiſon makes his gardener act even below the character of an ignorant credulous ruſtic: he gives him the behaviour of a gaping idiot.

* Page 316.

The

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The following inſtances are deſcriptions rather than ſentiments, which compoſe a third claſs.

Of this deſcriptive manner of painting the paſſions, there is in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, act 5. an illuſtrious inſtance, namely, the ſpeech of Theſeus, upon hearing of his ſon's diſmal exit. In Racine's tragedy of *Eſther*, the Queen hearing of the decree iſſued againſt her people, inſtead of expreſſing ſentiments ſuitable to the occaſion, turns her attention upon herſelf, and deſcribes with accuracy her own ſituation:

Juſte Ciel! tout mon ſang dans mes veines ſe glace.
Act 1. *ſc.* 3.

Again,

Aman. C'en eſt fait. Mon orgueil eſt forcé de plier.
L'inexorable Aman eſt reduit à prier.
Eſther, act 3. *ſc.* 5.

Athalie. Quel prodige nouveau me trouble et m'embarraſſe?
La douceur de ſa voix, ſon enfance, ſa grace,
Font inſenſiblement à mon inimitié
Succeder—Je ſerois ſenſible à la pitié?
Athalie, act 2. *ſc.* 7.

Titus. O de ma paſſion fureur deſeſperée!
Brutus of Voltaire, act 3. *ſc.* 6.

What other are the foregoing inſtances but deſcribing the paſſion another feels?

A man ſtabbed to the heart in a combat with his enemy expreſſes himſelf thus:

So, now I am at reſt:——
I feel death riſing higher ſtill, and higher,
Within my boſom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a ſhorter compaſs:
And like the vaniſhing ſound of bells, grows leſs
And leſs each pulſe, 'till it be loſt in air.

Dryden.

Captain Flaſh, in a farce compoſed by Garrick, endeavours to hide his fear by ſaying, "What a damn'd paſſion I am in."

An example is given above of remorſe and deſpair expreſſed by genuine and natural ſentiments. In the fourth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, Satan is made to expreſs his remorſe and deſpair in ſentiments, which, though beautiful, are not altogether natural: they are rather the ſentiments of a ſpectator, than of a perſon who actually is tormented with theſe paſſions.

The fourth claſs is of ſentiments introduced too early or too late.

Some examples mentioned above belong to this claſs. Add the following from *Venice Preſerv'd*, act 5. at the cloſe of the ſcene between Belvidera and her father Priuli. The account given by Belvidera of the danger ſhe was in, and of her huſband's threatening to murder her, ought naturally to have alarmed her relenting father,

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father, and to have made him expreſs the moſt perturbed ſentiments. Inſtead of which, he diſſolves into tenderneſs and love for his daughter, as if he had already delivered her from danger, and as if there were a perfect tranquillity:

Canſt thou forgive me all my follies paſt?
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never
Never more thus expoſe, but cheriſh thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as thoſe eyes that weep in fondneſs o'er thee:
Peace to thy heart.

Immoral ſentiments expoſed in their native colours, inſtead of being concealed or diſguiſed, compoſe the fifth claſs.

The Lady Macbeth, projecting the death of the King, has the following ſoliloquy:

——————The raven himſelf's not hoarſe
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come all you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direct cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctions viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe.

Macbeth, act 1. *ſc.* 7.

This ſpeech is not natural. A treacherous murder was never perpetrated even by the moſt hardened

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dened miſcreant, without compunction: and that the lady here muſt have been in horrible agitation, appears from her invoking the infernal ſpirits to fill her with cruelty, and to ſtop up all avenues to remorſe. But in that ſtate of mind, it is a never-failing artifice of ſelf-deceit, to draw the thickeſt veil over the wicked action, and to extenuate it by all the circumſtances that imagination can ſuggeſt: and if the crime cannot bear diſguiſe, the next attempt is to thruſt it out of mind altogether, and to ruſh on to action without thought. This laſt was the huſband's method:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted ere they muſt be ſcann'd.
Act 3. *ſc.* 5.

The lady follows neither of theſe courſes, but in a deliberate manner endeavours to fortify her heart in the commiſſion of an execrable crime, without even attempting to colour it. This I think is not natural; I hope there is no ſuch wretch to be found as is here repreſented. In the *Pompey* of Corneille *, Photine counſels a wicked action in the plaineſt terms without diſguiſe:

Seigneur, n'attirez point le tonnerre en ces lieux,
Rangez vous du parti des deſtins et des dieux,
Et ſans les accuſer d'injuſtice, ou d'outrage;
Puis qu'ils ſont les heureux, adorez leur ouvrage;

* Act 1. ſc. 1.

Quels

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Quels que ſoient leurs decrets, déclarez-vous pour eux,
Et pour leur obéir, perdez le malheureux.
Preſs de toutes parts des coléres celeſtes,
Il en vient deſſus vous faire fondre les reſtes ;
Et ſa tête qu' à peine il a pû dérober,
Tout prête dechoir, cherche avec qui tomber.
Sa retraite chez vous en effet n'eſt qu'un crime ;
Elle marque ſa haine, et non pas ſon eſtime ;
Il ne vient que vous perdre en venant prendre port,
Et vous pouvez douter s'il eſt digne de mort !
Il devoit mieux remplir nos vœux et notre attente,
Faire voir ſur ſes nefs la victoire flotante ;
Il n'eût ici trouvé que joye et que feſtins ;
Mais puiſqu'il eſt vaincu, qu'il s'en prenne aux deſtins.
J'en veux à ſa diſgrace et non à ſa perſonne,
J' exécute à regret ce que le ciel ordonne,
Et du même poignard, pour Céſar deſtiné,
Je perce en ſoupirant ſon cœur infortuné.
Vous ne pouvez enfin qu' aux dépens de ſa tête
Mettre à l'abri la vôtre, et parer la tempête.
Laiſſez nommer ſa mort un unjuſte attentat,
La juſtice n'eſt pas une vertu d'état.
Le choix des actions, ou mauvaiſes, ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu' anéantir la force des couronnes ;
Le droit des rois conſiſte à ne rien épargner ;
La timide équité détruit l'art de regner ;
Quand on craint d'être injuſte on a toûjours à craindre ;
Et qui veut tout pouvoir doit oſer tout enfraindre,
Fuir comme un deſhonneur la vertu qui le pert,
Et voler ſans ſcrupule au crime qui lui ſert.

In the tragedy of *Eſther* *, Haman acknow-

* Act 2. ſc. 1.

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ledges, without diſguiſe, his cruelty, inſolence, and pride. And there is another example of the ſame kind in the *Agamemnon* of Seneca *. In the tragedy of *Athalie* †, Mathan, in cool blood, relates to his friend many black crimes he had been guilty of, to ſatisfy his ambition.

In Congreve's *Double-dealer*, Maſkwell, inſtead of diſguiſing or colouring his crimes, values himſelf upon them in a ſoliloquy:

Cynthia, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatſoever I commit of treachery or deceit, ſhall be imputed to me as a merit.——Treachery! what treachery? Love cancels all the bonds of friendſhip, and ſets men right upon their firſt foundations.

Act 2. *ſc.* 8.

In French plays, love, inſtead of being hid or diſguiſed, is treated as a ſerious concern, and of greater importance than fortune, family, or dignity. I ſuſpect the reaſon to be, that, in the capital of France, love, by the eaſineſs of intercourſe, has dwindled down from a real paſſion to be a connection that is regulated entirely by the mode or faſhion ‡. This may in ſome meaſure excuſe

* Beginning of act 2. † Act 3. ſc. 3. at the cloſe.

‡ A certain author ſays humorouſly, "Les mots "mêmes d'amour et d'amant ſont bannis de l'intime ſo-"ciété des deux ſexes, et relegués avec ceux de *chaine* et "de

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excuſe their writers, but will never make their plays be reliſhed among foreigners:

Maxime. Quoi, trahir mon ami?
Euphorbe. ———L'amour rend tout permis,
Un véritable amant ne connoît point d'amis.
Cinna, act 3. *ſc.* 1.

Ceſar. Reine, tout eſt plaiſible, et la ville calmée,
Qu'un trouble aſſez leger avoit trop allarmée,
N'a plus à redouter le divorce inteſtin
Du ſoldat inſolent, et du peuple mutin.
Mais, ô Dieux! ce moment que je vous ai quittée,
D'un trouble bien plus grand à mon ame agitée,
Et ces ſoins importuns qui m'arrachoient de vous
Contre ma grandeur même allumoient mon courroux.
Je lui voulois du mal de m'être ſi contraire,
De rendre ma preſence ailleurs ſi neceſſaire.
Mais je lui pardonnois au ſimple ſouvenir
Du bonheur qu'à ma flâme elle fait obtenir.
C'eſt elle dont je tiens cette haute eſpérance,
Qui flate mes deſirs d'une illuſtre apparence,
Et fait croire à Céſar qu'il peut former de vœux,
Qu'il n'eſt pas tout-à-fait indigne de vos feux,
Et qu'il peut en pretendre une juſte conquête,
N'ayant plus que les Dieux au deſſus de ſa tête.
Oui, Reine, ſi quelqu' un dans ce vaſte univers
Pouvoit porter plus haut la gloire de vos fers;
S'il étoit quelque trône oú vous pouiſſiez paroître
Plus dignement aſſiſe en captivant ſon maître,

" de *flame* dans les Romans qu'on ne lit plus." And where nature is once baniſhed, a fair field is open to every fantaſtic imitation, even the moſt extravagant.

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J'irois, j'irois à lui, moins pour le lui ravir,
Que pour lui diſputer le droit de vous ſervir ;
Et je n'aſpirerois au bonheur de vous plaire,
Qu'après avoir mis bas un ſi grand adverſaire.
C'étoit pour acquerir un droit ſi précieux,
Que combattoit par tout mon bras ambitieux,
Et dans Pharſale même il a tiré l'epée
Plus pour le conſervir, que pour vaincre Pompée.
Je l'ai vaincu, Princeſſe, et le Dieu de combats
M'y favoriſoit moins que vos divins appas.
Ils conduiſoient ma main, ils enfloient mon courage,
Cette pleine victoire eſt leur dernier ouvrage,
C'eſt l'effet des ardeurs qu'ils daignoient m'inſpirer ;
Et vos beaux yeux enfin m'ayant fait ſoûpirer,
Pour faire que votre ame avec gloire y réponde,
M'ont rendu le premier, et de Rome, et du monde ;
C'eſt ce glorieux titre, à préſent effectif,
Que je viens ennoblir par celui de captif ;
Heureux, ſi mon eſprit gagne tant ſur le vôtre,
Qu'il en eſtime l'un, et me permette l'autre.

Pompée, act 4. *ſc.* 3.

The laſt claſs comprehends ſentiments that are unnatural, as being ſuited to no character nor paſſion. Theſe may be ſubdivided into three branches : firſt, ſentiments unſuitable to the conſtitution of man, and to the laws of his nature ; ſecond, inconſiſtent ſentiments ; third, ſentiments that are pure rant and extravagance.

When the fable is of human affairs, every event, every incident, and every circumſtance, ought to be natural, otherwiſe the imitation is imperfect.

But

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But an imperfect imitation is a venial fault, compared with that of running croſs to nature. In the *Hippolytus* of Euripides *, Hippolytus, wiſhing for another ſelf in his own ſituation, How much (ſays he) ſhould I be touched with his misfortune! as if it were natural to grieve more for the misfortunes of another than for one's own.

Oſmyn. Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, Eyes, and view my thought.
So ſhall you ſtill behold her—'twill not be.
O impotence of ſight! mechanic ſenſe
Which to exterior objects ow'ſt thy faculty,
Not ſeeing of election, but neceſſity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding images.
Nor what they would, but muſt; a ſtar or toad;
Juſt as the hand of chance adminiſters!

Mourning Bride, act 2. ſc. 8.

No man, in his ſenſes, ever thought of applying his eyes to diſcover what paſſes in his mind; far leſs of blaming his eyes for not ſeeing a thought or idea. In Moliere's *L'Avare* †, Harpagon being robbed of his money, ſeizes himſelf by the arm, miſtaking it for that of the robber. And again he expreſſes himſelf as follows:

Je veux aller querir la juſtice, et faire donner la queſtion à toute ma maiſon; à ſervantes, à valets, à fils, a fille, et a moi auſſi.

* Act 4. ſc. 5. † Act 4. ſc. 7.

This

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This is ſo abſurd as ſcarce to provoke a ſmile, if it be not at the author.

Of the ſecond branch the following are examples.

——————Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them.

Julius Cæſar, act 2. ſc. 3.

Vos mains ſeules ont droit de vaincre un invincible.

Le Cid, act 5. ſc. laſt.

Que ſon nom ſoit beni. Que ſon nom ſoit chanté,
Que l'on celebre ſes ouvrages
Au de la de l'eternité.

Eſther, act 5. ſc. laſt.

Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell: myſelf am hell;
And in the *loweſt* deep, a *lower* deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heav'n.

Paradiſe loſt, book 4.

Of the third branch, take the following ſamples.

Lucan, talking of Pompey's ſepulchre,

——————Romanum nomen, et omne
Imperium Magno eſt tumuli modus. Obrue ſaxa
Crimine plena deum. Si tota eſt Herculis Oete,
Et juga tota vacant Bromio Nyſeia; quare

Unus

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Unus in Egypto Magno lapis? Omnia Lagi
Rura tenere poteſt, ſi nullo cæſpite nomen
Hæſerit. Erremus populi, cinerumque tuorum,
Magne, metu nullas Nili calcemus arenas. *L.* 8. *l.* 798.

Thus in Row's tranſlation:

Where there are ſeas, or air, or earth, or ſkies,
Where-e'er Rome's empire ſtretches, Pompey lies.
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this ſtone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyſa's hill for Bacchus only ſtand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom
That fought the cauſe of liberty and Rome?
If Fate decrees he muſt in Egypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave ſupply,
Yield the wide country to his awful ſhade
Nor let us dare on any part to tread,
Fearful we violate the mighty dead.

The following paſſages are pure rant. Coriolanus, ſpeaking to his mother,

What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.

Coriolanus, act 5. *ſc.* 3.

Cæſar. ——— Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.

We

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We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Julius Cæſar, act 2. ſc. 4.

Almahide. This day ———
I gave my faith to him, he his to me.
Almanzor. Good Heav'n, thy book of fate before me lay
But to tear out the journal of this day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when ſhe made that vow,
That minute ev'n the happy from their bliſs might give,
And thoſe who live in grief a ſhorter time would live,
So ſmall a link if broke, th' eternal chain
Would like divided waters join again.

Conqueſt of Granada, act 3.

Almanzor. ——— ——— I'll hold it faſt
As life: and when life's gone, I'll hold this laſt.
And if thou tak'ſt it after I am ſlain,
I'll ſend my ghoſt to fetch it back again.

Conqueſt of Granada, part 2. act 3.

Lyndiraxa. A crown is come, and will not fate allow,
And yet I feel ſomething like death is near.
My guards, my guards ———
Let not that ugly ſkeleton appear.
Sure Deſtiny miſtakes; this death's not mine;
She doats, and meant to cut another line.
Tell her I am a queen—but 'tis too late;
Dying, I charge rebellion on my fate;
Bow down, ye ſlaves ——

Bow

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Bow quickly down and your ſubmiſſion ſhow;
I'm pleas'd to taſte an empire ere I go. [*Dies.*
Conqueſt of Granada, part 2. *act* 5.

Ventidius. But you, ere love miſled your wand'ring eyes,
Were, ſure, the chief and beſt of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boaſt of nature,
So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own ſkill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
has mended our deſign.
Dryden, All for Love, act 1.

Not to talk of the impiety of this ſentiment, it is ludicrous inſtead of being lofty.

The famous epitaph on Raphael is no leſs abſurd than any of the foregoing paſſages:

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Imitated by Pope in his Epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller:

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herſelf might die.

Such is the force of imitation; for Pope of himſelf would never have been guilty of a thought ſo extravagant.

So much upon ſentiments: the language proper for expreſſing them, comes next in order.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

LANGUAGE OF PASSION.

AMONG the particulars that compoſe the ſocial part of our nature, a propenſity to communicate our opinions, our emotions, and every thing that affect us, is remarkable. Bad fortune and injuſtice affect us greatly; and of theſe we are ſo prone to complain, that if we have no friend nor acquaintance to take part in our ſufferings, we ſometimes utter our complaints aloud, even where there are none to liſten.

But this propenſity operates not in every ſtate of mind. A man immoderately grieved, ſeeks to afflict himſelf, rejecting all conſolation: immoderate grief accordingly is mute: complaining is ſtruggling for conſolation.

It is the wretch's comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall reſerve of near and inward wo,
Some unſuſpected hoard of inward grief,
Which they unſeen may wail, and weep, and mourn.
And glutton-like alone devour.

Mourning Bride, act 1. *ſc.* 1.

When grief ſubſides, it then and no ſooner finds a tongue: we complain, becauſe complaining is

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is an effort to diſburden the mind of its diſtreſs *.

Surpriſe and terror are ſilent paſſions for a different reaſon: they agitate the mind ſo violently as for a time to ſuſpend the exerciſe of its faculties, and among others the faculty of ſpeech.

Love and revenge, when immoderate, are not more loquacious than immoderate grief. But when theſe paſſions become moderate, they ſet the tongue free, and, like moderate grief, become loquacious: moderate love, when un-

* This obſervation is finely illuſtrated by a ſtory which Herodotus records, b. 3. Cambyſes, when he conquered Egypt, made Pſammenitus the King priſoner; and for trying his conſtancy, ordered his daughter to be dreſſed in the habit of a ſlave, and to be employed in bringing water from the river; his ſon alſo was led to execution with a halter about his neck. The Egyptians vented their ſorrow in tears and lamentations; Pſammenitus only, with a downcaſt eye, remained ſilent. Afterward meeting one of his companions, a man advanced in years, who, being plundered of all, was begging alms, he wept bitterly, calling him by his name. Cambyſes, ſtruck with wonder, demanded an anſwer to the following queſtion: "Pſammenitus, thy maſter, Cambyſes, is deſirous to "know, why, after thou hadſt ſeen thy daughter ſo ig-"nominiouſly treated, and thy ſon led to execution, with-"out exclaiming or weeping, thou ſhouldſt be ſo highly "concerned for a poor man, no way related to thee?" Pſammenitus returned the following anſwer: "Son of "Cyrus, the calamities of my family are too great to "leave me the power of weeping; but the misfortunes "of a companion, reduced in his old age to want of "bread, is a fit ſubject for lamentation."

ſucceſsful,

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ſucceſsful, is vented in complaints; when ſucceſsful, is full of joy expreſſed by words and geſtures.

As no paſſion hath any long uninterrupted exiſtence *, nor beats always with an equal pulſe, the language ſuggeſted by paſſion is not only unequal, but frequently interrupted: and even during an uninterrupted fit of paſſion, we only expreſs in words the more capital ſentiments. In familiar converſation, one who vents every ſingle thought is juſtly branded with the character of *loquacity;* becauſe ſenſible people expreſs no thoughts but what make ſome figure: in the ſame manner, we are only diſpoſed to expreſs the ſtrongeſt pulſes of paſſion, eſpecially when it returns with impetuoſity after interruption.

I formerly had occaſion to obſerve †, that the ſentiments ought to be tuned to the paſſion, and the language to both. Elevated ſentiments require elevated language: tender ſentiments ought to be clothed in words that are ſoft and flowing: when the mind is depreſſed with any paſſion, the ſentiments muſt be expreſſed in words that are humble, not low. Words being intimately connected with the ideas they repreſent, the greateſt harmony is required between them: to expreſs, for example, an humble ſentiment in high ſounding words, is diſagreeable by a

* See chap. 2. part 3. † Chap. 16.

diſcordant

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diſcordant mixture of feelings; and the diſcord is not leſs when elevated ſentiments are dreſſed in low words:

> Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.
> Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
> Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyeſtæ.
>
> *Horace, Ars poet. l.* 89.

This however excludes not figurative expreſſion, which, within moderate bounds, communicates to the ſentiment an agreeable elevation. We are ſenſible of an effect directly oppoſite, where figurative expreſſion is indulged beyond a juſt meaſure: the oppoſition between the expreſſion and the ſentiment, makes the diſcord appear greater than it is in reality *.

At the ſame time, figures are not equally the language of every paſſion: pleaſant emotions, which elevate or ſwell the mind, vent themſelves in ſtrong epithets and figurative expreſſion; but humbling and diſpiriting paſſions affect to ſpeak plain:

> Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri
> Telephus et Peleus: cum pauper et exul uterque;
> Projicit ampullas et ſeſquipedalia verba,
> Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querela.
>
> *Horace, Ars poet. l.* 95.

Figurative expreſſion, being the work of an enli-

* See this explained more particularly in chap. 8.

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vened imagination, cannot be the language of anguiſh or diſtreſs. Otway, ſenſible of this, has painted a ſcene of diſtreſs in colours finely adapted to the ſubject: there is ſcarce a figure in it, except a ſhort and natural ſimile with which the ſpeech is introduced. Belvidera talking to her father of her huſband:

Think you ſaw what paſt at our laſt parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his ſteps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you ſaw his one hand
Fix'd on my throat, while the extended other
Graſp'd a keen threat'ning dagger; oh, 'twas thus
We laſt embrac'd, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my boſom
Preſented horrid death; cry'd out, My friends!
Where are my friends? ſwore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd;
For he yet lov'd, and that dear love preſerv'd me
To this laſt trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand ſhould do th' unfriendly office;
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the ſenate, ſave the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the ſacrifice.

Venice Preſerv'd, act 5.

To preſerve the foreſaid reſemblance between words and their meaning, the ſentiments of active and hurrying paſſions ought to be dreſſed in

in words where ſyllables prevail that are pronounced ſhort or faſt; for theſe make an impreſſion of hurry and precipitation. Emotions, on the other hand, that reſt upon their objects, are beſt expreſſed by words where ſyllables prevail that are pronounced long or ſlow. A perſon affected with melancholy has a languid and ſlow train of perceptions: the expreſſion beſt ſuited to that ſtate of mind, is where words, not only of long but of many ſyllables, abound in the compoſition; and, for that reaſon, nothing can be finer than the following paſſage.

In thoſe deep ſolitudes, and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns.

Pope, Eloiſa to Abelard.

To preſerve the ſame reſemblance, another circumſtance is requiſite, that the language, like the emotion, be rough or ſmooth, broken or uniform. Calm and ſweet emotions are beſt expreſſed by words that glide ſoftly: ſurpriſe, fear, and other turbulent paſſions, require an expreſſion both rough and broken.

It cannot have eſcaped any diligent inquirer into nature, that, in the hurry of paſſion, one generally expreſſes that thing firſt which is moſt at heart *: which is beautifully done in the following paſſage.

Me,

* Demetrius Phalereus (of Elocution, ſect. 28.) juſtly obſerves,

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Me, me; adſum qui feci: in me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli, mea fraus omnis.

Æneid ix. 427.

Paſſion has often the effect of redoubling words, the better to make them expreſs the ſtrong conception of the mind. This is finely imitated in the following examples.

——————Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light!
And thou enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay!
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!
And ye that live, and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here.——————

Paradiſe loſt, book viii. 273.

——————Both have ſinn'd! but thou
Againſt God only; I, 'gainſt God and thee:
And to the place of judgment will return.
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The ſentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this wo;
Me! Me! only juſt object of his ire.

Paradiſe loſt, book x. 930.

Shakeſpear is ſuperior to all other writers in delineating paſſion. It is difficult to ſay in what

obſerves, that an accurate adjuſtment of the words to the thought, ſo as to make them correſpond in every particular, is only proper for ſedate jubjects; for that paſſion ſpeaks plain, and rejects all refinements.

part

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part he moſt excels, whether in moulding every paſſion to peculiarity of character, in diſcovering the ſentiments that proceed from various tones of paſſion, or in expreſſing properly every different ſentiment: he diſguſts not his reader with general declamation and unmeaning words, too common in other writers: his ſentiments are adjuſted to the peculiar character and circumſtances of the ſpeaker: and the propriety is no leſs perfect between his ſentiments and his diction. That this is no exaggeration, will be evident to every one of taſte, upon comparing Shakeſpear with other writers in ſimilar paſſages. If upon any occaſion he fall below himſelf, it is in thoſe ſcenes where paſſion enters not: by endeavouring in that caſe to raiſe his dialogue above the ſtyle of ordinary converſation, he ſometimes deviates into intircate thought and obſcure expreſſion *: ſometimes, to throw his

* Of this take the following ſpecimen.

They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since Nature cannot chooſe his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;

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his language out of the familiar, he employs rhyme. But may it not in ſome meaſure excuſe Shakeſpear, I ſhall not ſay his works, that he had no pattern, in his own or in any living language, of dialogue fitted for the theatre? At the ſame time, it ought not to eſcape obſervation, that the ſtream clears in its progreſs, and that in his later plays he has attained the purity and perfection of dialogue; an obſervation that, with greater certainty than tradition, will direct us to arrange his plays in the order of time. This ought to be conſidered by thoſe who rigidly exaggerate every blemiſh of the fineſt genius for the drama ever the world enjoyed: they ought alſo for their own ſake to conſider, that it is eaſier to diſcover his blemiſhes, which lie generally at the ſurface, than his beauties, which cannot be truly reliſhed but by thoſe who dive deep into human nature. One thing muſt be evident to the meaneſt capacity, that where-ever paſſion is to be diſplayed, Nature ſhows itſelf mighty in him, and is conſpicuous

> Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
> The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
> Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
> (Being Nature's livery, or Fortune's ſcar,)
> Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
> As infinite as man can may undergo,
> Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
> From that particular fault.
>
> *Hamlet, act* 1. *ſc.* 7.

by

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by the moſt delicate propriety of ſentiment and expreſſion *.

I return to my ſubject from a digreſſion I cannot repent of. That perfect harmony which ought to ſubſiſt among all the conſtituent parts of a dialogue, is a beauty, no leſs rare than conſpicuous: as to expreſſion in particular, were I to give inſtances, where, in one or other of the reſpects above mentioned, it correſponds not preciſely to the characters, paſſions, and ſentiments, I might from different authors collect volumes. Following therefore the method laid down in the chapter of ſentiments, I ſhall confine my quotations to the groſſer errors, which every writer ought to avoid.

And, firſt, of paſſion expreſſed in words flowing in an equal courſe without interruption.

In the chapter above cited, Corneille is cenſured for the impropriety of his ſentiments; and here, for the ſake of truth, I am obliged to attack

* The critics ſeem not perfectly to comprehend the genius of Shakeſpear. His plays are defective in the mechanical part; which is leſs the work of genius than of experience, and is not otherwiſe brought to perfection but by diligently obſerving the errors of former compoſitions. Shakeſpear excells all the ancients and moderns in knowledge of human nature, and in unfolding even the moſt obſcure and refined emotions. This is a rare faculty, and of the greateſt importance in a dramatic author; and it is that faculty which makes him ſurpaſs all other writers in the comic as well as tragic vein.

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him a ſecond time. Were I to give inſtances from that author of the fault under conſideration, I might tranſcribe whole tragedies; for he is no leſs faulty in this particular, than in paſſing upon us his own thoughts as a ſpectator, inſtead of the genuine ſentiments of paſſion. Nor would a compariſon between him and Shakeſpear, upon the preſent article, redound more to his honour, than the former upon the ſentiments. Racine is here leſs incorrect than Corneille; and from him therefore I ſhall gather a few inſtances. The firſt ſhall be the deſcription of the ſea-monſter in his *Phædra*, given by Theramene, the companion of Hippolytus. Theramene is repreſented in terrible agitation, which appears from the following paſſage, ſo boldly figurative as not to be excuſed but by violent perturbation of mind;

Le ciel avec horreur voit ce monſtre ſauvage,
Le terre s'en émeut, l'air en eſt infecté,
Le flot, qui l'apporta, recule epouvanté.

Yet Theramene gives a long pompous connected deſcription of that event, dwelling upon every minute circumſtance, as if he had been only a cool ſpectator:

A peine nous ſortions des portes de Trézéne,
Il étoit ſur ſon char. Ses gardes affligés
Imitoient ſon ſilence, autour de lui rangés.
Il ſuivoit tout penſif le chemin de Mycénes.
Sa main ſur les chevaux laiſſoit flotter les rênes.

Ses

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Ses ſuperbs courſiers qu'on voyoit autrefois
Pleins d'une ardeur ſi noble obéir à ſa voix,
L'œil morne maintenant et la tête baiſſée,
Sembloient ſe conformer à ſa triſte penſée, &c.

Act 5. ſc 6.

The laſt ſpeech of Atalide, in the tragedy of *Bajazet*, of the ſame author, is a continued diſcourſe; and but a faint repreſentation of the violent paſſion which forced her to put an end to her own life:

Enfin, c'en eſt donc fait. Et par mes artifices,
Mes injuſtes ſoupçons, mes funeſtes caprices,
Je ſuis donc arrivée au douloureux moment,
Où je vois, par mon crime, expirer mon amant.
N'étoit-ce pas aſſez, cruelle deſtinée,
Qu'à lui ſurvivre, hélas! je fuſſe condamnée?
Et falloit-il encore que, pour comble d'horreurs,
Je ne puſſe imputer ſa mort qu'à mes fureurs!
Oui, c'eſt moi, cher amant, qui t'arrache la vie;
Roxane, ou le Sultan, ne te l'ont ravie.
Moi ſeule, j'ai tiſſu le lien malheureux
Dont tu viens d'éprouver les deteſtables nœuds.
Et je puis, ſans mourir, en ſouffrir la penſée?
Moi, qui n'ai pû tantôt, de ta mort menacée,
Retentir mes eſprits, prompts à m'abandonner!
Ah! n'ai-je eu de l'amour que pour t'aſſaſſiner?
Mais c'en eſt trop. Il faut par un prompt ſacrifice,
Que ma fidelle main te venge, et me puniſſe.
Vous, de qui j'ai troublé la gloire et le repos,
Héros, qui deviez tous revivre en ce héros,
Toi, mere malheureuſe, et qui dès notre enfance,
Me confias ſon cœur dans une autre eſperance,

Infortuné

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Infortuné Viſir, amis déſeſpérés,
Roxane, venez tous contre moi conjurez,
Tourmenter à la fois une amante eperdue; [*Elle ſe tue.*
Et prenez la vengeance enfin qui vois eſt dûe.
Act 5. ſc. laſt.

Tho' works, not authors, are the profeſſed ſubject of this critical undertaking, I am tempted by the preſent ſpeculation to tranſgreſs once again the limits preſcribed, and to venture a curſory reflection upon that juſtly celebrated author, That he is always ſenſible, generally correct, never falls low, maintains a moderate degree of dignity without reaching the ſublime, paints delicately the tender affections, but is a ſtranger to the genuine language of enthuſiaſtic or fervid paſſion.

If, in general, the language of violent paſſion ought to be broken and interrupted, ſoliloquies ought to be ſo in a peculiar manner: language is intended by nature for ſociety; and a man when alone, tho' he always clothes his thoughts in words, ſeldom gives his words utterance, unleſs when prompted by ſome ſtrong emotion; and even then by ſtarts and intervals only *. Shakeſpear's ſoliloquies may be juſtly eſtabliſhed as a model; for it is not eaſy to conceive any model more perfect: of his many incomparable ſoliloquies, I confine myſelf to the two following, being different in their manner.

* Soliloquies accounted for, chap. 15.

Hamlet.

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Hamlet. Oh, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed: things rank and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it merely.——That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember—why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is *Woman!*
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe——
(O heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Hamlet, act 1. *ſc.* 3.

Ford.

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Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? Mr Ford, awake; awake, Mr Ford; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, Mr Ford! this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck baſkets! Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a halfpenny-purſe, nor into a pepper-box. But leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places, tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame.

Merry Wives of Windſor, act 3. ſc. laſt.

Theſe ſoliloquies are accurate and bold copies of nature: in a paſſionate ſoliloquy one begins with thinking aloud; and the ſtrongeſt feelings only, are expreſſed; as the ſpeaker warms, he begins to imagine one liſtening, and gradually ſlides into a connected diſcourſe.

How far diſtant are ſoliloquies generally from theſe models? So far, indeed, as to give diſguſt inſtead of pleaſure. The firſt ſcene of *Iphigenia* in Tauris diſcovers that Princeſs, in a ſoliloquy, gravely reporting to herſelf her own hiſtory. There is the ſame impropriety in the firſt ſcene of *Alceſtes*, and in the other introductions of Euripides, almoſt without exception. Nothing can be more ridiculous: it puts one in mind of a moſt curious device in Gothic paintings, that of making every figure explain itſelf by a written label iſſuing from its mouth. The deſcription

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tion which a paraſite, in the *Eunach* of Terence *, gives of himſelf, makes a ſprightly ſoliloquy: but it is not conſiſtent with the rules of propriety; for no man, in his ordinary ſtate of mind, and upon a familiar ſubject, ever thinks of talking aloud to himſelf. The ſame objection lies againſt a ſoliloquy in the *Adelphi* of the ſame author †. The ſoliloquy which makes the third ſcene, act third, of his *Heicyra*, is inſufferable; for there Pamphilus, ſoberly and circumſtantially, relates to himſelf an adventure which had happened to him a moment before.

Corneille is not more happy in his ſoliloquies than in his dialogue. Take for a ſpecimen the firſt ſcene of *Cinna*.

Racine alſo is extremely faulty in the ſame reſpect. His ſoliloquies are regular harangues, a chain completed in every link, without interruption or interval: that of Antiochus in *Berenice* ‡ reſembles a regular pleading, where the parties *pro* and *con* diſplay their arguments at full length. The following ſoliloquies are equally faulty: *Bajazet*, act 3. ſc. 7.; *Mithridate*, act 3. ſc. 4. & act 4. ſc. 5.; *Iphigenia*, act 4. ſc. 8.

Soliloquies upon lively or intereſting ſubjects, but without any turbulence of paſſion, may be carried on in a continued chain of thought. If, for example, the nature and ſprightlineſs of the

* Act 2. ſc. 2. † Act 1. ſc. 1. ‡ Act 1. ſc. 2.

ſubject

ſubject prompt a man to ſpeak his thoughts in the form of a dialogue, the expreſſion muſt be carried on without break or interruption, as in a dialogue between two perſons; which juſtifies Falſtaff's ſoliloquy upon honour:

What need I be ſo forward with Death, that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can Honour ſet a leg? No: or an arm? No: or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is Honour? A word.—What is that word *honour?* Air; a trim reckoning.——Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No? Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it. Therefore I'll none of it; honour is a mere ſcutcheon; and ſo ends my catechiſm.

Firſt part, Henry IV. *act* 5. *ſc.* 2.

And even without dialogue, a continued diſcourſe may be juſtified, where a man reaſons in a ſoliloquy upon an important ſubject; for if in ſuch a caſe it be at all excuſable to think aloud, it is neceſſary that the reaſoning be carried on in a chain; which juſtifies that admirable ſoliloquy in *Hamlet* upon life and immortality, being a ſerene meditation upon the moſt intereſting of all ſubjects. And the ſame conſideration will juſtify the ſoliloquy that introduces the 5th act of Addiſon's *Cato*.

The

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The next claſs of the groſſer errors which all writers ought to avoid, ſhall be of language elevated above the tone of the ſentiment; of which take the following inſtances.

Zara. Swift as occaſion, I
Myſelf will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes paſt arriv'd, which ſeem'd
To ſhake the temper of the King.——Who knows
What racking cares diſeaſe a monarch's bed?
Or love, that late at night ſtill lights his lamp,
And ſtrikes his rays through duſk, and folded lids,
Forbidding reſt, may ſtretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

Mourning Bride, act 3. ſc. 4.

The language here is undoubtedly too pompous and laboured for deſcribing ſo ſimple a circumſtance as abſence of ſleep. In the following paſſage, the tone of the language, warm and plaintive, is well ſuited to the paſſion, which is recent grief: but every one will be ſenſible, that in the laſt couplet ſave one, the tone is changed, and the mind ſuddenly elevated to be let fall as ſuddenly in the laſt couplet:

Il déteſt à jamais ſa coupable victoire,
Il renonce à la cour, aux humains, à la gloire;
Et ſe fuïant lui-même, au milieu des deſerts,
Il va cacher ſa peine aut bout de l'univers;

Là,

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Là, ſoit que le ſoleil rendît le jour au monde;
Soit qu'il finît ſa courſe au vaſte ſein de l'onde,
Sa voix faiſoit redire aux echos attendris,
Le nom, le triſte nom, de ſon malheureux fils.
Henriade, chant. viii. 229.

Language too artificial or too figurative for the gravity, dignity, or importance, of the occaſion, may be put in a third claſs.

Chimene demanding juſtice againſt Rodrigue who killed her father, inſtead of a plain and pathetic expoſtulation, makes a ſpeech ſtuffed with the moſt artificial flowers of rhetoric:

Sire, mon pere eſt mort, mes yeux ont vû ſon ſang
Couler à gros bouillons de ſon généreux flanc;
Ce ſang qui tant de fois garantit vos murailles,
Ce ſang qui tant de fois vous gagna des battailes,
Ce ſang qui, tout ſorti, fume encore de courroux
De ſe voir répandu pour d'autres que pour vous,
Qu'au milieu des hazards n'oſoit verſer la guerre,
Rodrigue en votre cour vient d'en couvrir la terre.
J'ai couru ſur le lieu ſans force, et ſans couleur:
Je l'ai trouvé ſans vie. Excuſez ma douleur,
Sire; la voix me manque à ce recit funeſte,
Mes pleurs et mes ſoupirs vous diront mieux le reſte.

And again,

Son flanc étoit ouvert, et, pour mieux m'emouvoir,
Son ſang ſur la pouſſiere écrivoit mon devoir;

Ou

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Ou plûtôt ſa valeur en cet état réduite
Me parloit par ſa plaie, et hâtoit ma purſuite,
Et pour ſe faire entendre au plus juſte des Rois,
Par cette triſte bouche elle empruntoit ma voix.

Act 2. *ſc.* 9.

Nothing can be contrived in language more averſe to the tone of the paſſion than this florid ſpeech: I ſhould imagine it apt more to provoke laughter than to inſpire concern or pity.

In a fourth claſs ſhall be given ſpecimens of language too light or airy for a ſevere paſſion.

Imagery and figurative expreſſion are diſcordant, in the higheſt degree, with the agony of a mother, who is deprived of two hopeful ſons by a brutal murder. Therefore the following paſſage is undoubtedly in a bad taſte.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flow'rs, new appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Richard III. *act* 4. *ſc.* 4.

Again,

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

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Conſtance. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.

King John, act 3. *ſc.* 6.

A thought that turns upon the expreſſion inſtead of the ſubject, commonly called *a play of words*, being low and childiſh, is unworthy of any compoſition, whether gay or ſerious, that pretends to any degree of elevation: thoughts of this kind make a fifth claſs.

In the *Amynta* of Taſſo *, the lover falls into a mere play of words, demanding how he who had loſt himſelf, could find a miſtreſs. And for the ſame reaſon, the following paſſage in Corneille has been generally condemned:

Chimene. Mon pere eſt mort, Elvire, et la premiere épée
Dont s'eſt armée Rodrigue a ſa trame coupée.
Pleurez, pleurez, mes yeux, et fondez-vous en eau,
La moitié de ma vie a mis l'autre au tombeau,
Et m'oblige à venger, après ce coup funeſte,
Celle que je n'ai plus, ſur celle que me reſte.

Cid, act. 3. *ſc.* 3.

* Act 1. ſc 2.

To

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To die is to be baniſh'd from myſelf:
And Sylvia is myſelf; baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act 3. *ſc.* 3.

Counteſs. I pray thee, Lady, have a better cheer:
If thou ingroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety.

All's well that ends well, act 3. *ſc.* 3.

K. Henry. O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

Second part Henry IV. *act* 4. *ſc.* 11.

Cruda Amarilli, che col nome ancora
D'amar, ahi laſſo, amaramente inſegni.

Paſtor Fido, act 1. *ſc.* 2

Antony, ſpeaking of Julius Ceſar:

O world! thou waſt the foreſt of this hart:
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtriken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie!

Julius Cæſar, act 3. *ſc.* 3.

Playing thus with the ſound of words, which is ſtill worſe than a pun, is the meaneſt of all conceits.

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ceits. But Shakeſpear, when he deſcends to a play of words, is not always in the wrong; for it is done ſometimes to denote a peculiar character, as in the following paſſage:

K. Philip. What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf
Till now infixed I beheld myſelf
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

Faulconbridge. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpy
Himſelf Love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love ſo vile a lout as he.

King John, act 2. ſc. 5.

A jingle of words is the loweſt ſpecies of that low wit; which is ſcarce ſufferable in any caſe, and leaſt of all in an heroic poem: and yet Milton, in ſome inſtances, has deſcended to that puerility:

And brought into the world a world of wo.
—— begirt th' Almighty throne
Beſeeching

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Beſeeching or beſieging———
Which tempted our attempt———
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound.
———————With a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number.

One ſhould think it unneceſſary to enter a caveat againſt an expreſſion that has no meaning, or no diſtinct meaning; and yet ſomewhat of that kind may be found even among good writers. Such make a ſixth claſs.

Sebaſtian. I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your earth:
If burnt and ſcatter'd in the air; the winds
That ſtrow my duſt, diffuſe my royalty,
And ſpread me o'er your clime; for where one atom
Of mine ſhall light, know there Sebaſtian reigns.
Dryden, Don Sebaſtian King of Portugal, act. 1.

Cleopatra. Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forſake me?
Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his anſwer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.
Dryden, All for Love, act 2.

If ſhe be coy, and ſcorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move;
Why, I'll enjoy the very love,
And make a miſtreſs of my own deſire.
Cowly, poem inſcribed, The Requeſt.

His

His whole poem, inſcribed, *My picture*, is a jargon of the ſame kind.

——————— 'Tis he, they cry, by whom
Not men, but war itſelf is overcome.

Indian Queen.

Such empty expreſſions are finely ridiculed in the *Rehearſal*:

Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her breath,
And in life's ſtead to leave us nought but death.

Act 4. ſc. 1.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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